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THE

Second Volume

OF

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy

Who lived Five and Forty Years

Undiscover'd, at

PARIS

Giving an Impartial Account to

Divan at *Constantinople*, of the most

markable Transactions of *Europe*; And

covering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets*

Christian Courts (especially of the

France) continued from the Year 16

the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *Translated*

Italian, *and from thence into* English, *by*

Translator of the First Volume.

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UMI

TO THE READER.

THree Years are now elaps'd, since the First Volume of Letters, written by a Spy at Paris, was publish'd in English. And, it was expected, that a Second should have come out long before this. The favourable Reception which that found amongst all Sorts of Readers, would have encouraged a speedy Translation of the Rest, had there been extant any French Edition, of more than the First Part. But, after the strictest Enquiry, none could be heard of: And, as for the Italian, our Booksellers have not that Correspondence in those Parts, as they have in the more Neighbouring Countries, of France and Holland. So, that it was a Work despaired of, to recover any more of this Arabian's Memoirs. We little dreamt, that the Florentines had been so busie in Printing, and so successful in Selling the continued Translation of these Arabian Epistles; till it was the

To the Reader.

Fortune of an Engliſh *Gentleman to travel in thoſe Parts laſt* Summer, *and diſcover the happy News. I will not foreſtal his* Letter, *which is annexed to this* Preface, *for the Satisfaction of the World: but only acquaint you, that upon the Receipt of it, the Perſon to whom it was directed, was ſo well pleaſed with the Propoſal, That he made it his immediate Buſineſs, to find out the* Engliſh *Tranſlator of the Firſt Volume, as judging him to be the fitteſt Perſon; which being done, he immediately gave an Account of his Proceedings to Mr.* Saltmarſh *at* Amſterdam, *who ſent him over Two* Tomes *of the* Turkiſh Spy *in* Italian, *with promiſe of the Reſt when theſe were made* Engliſh.

One *of theſe I here preſent you with, and the* Other *will ere long be ready for the Preſs.*

I need not ſay any Thing of the Original Arabic, *or of the* Author, *the* Place *of his* Abode, *and how his* Writings *came to Light. Sufficient has been ſpoken on that Subject, in the* Preface

face *to the* First Part. *I shall only add, That if his Style may seem in* this *Part, to vary sometimes from the* First Volume, *it must be attributed to the Difference of the* Languages *from whence they are* Translated; *it being impossible to observe an equal* Idiom, *in following Two such different* Languages, *as* French *and* Italian: *The* One *dancing in soft Measures, delicate Cadencies and smooth Periods; the* Other, *advancing in lofty Strains, keeping a* Roman *Pace, full of Masculine and Sententious Gravity.*

Neither can the Arabian *himself, be supposed always in the same Temper; or, that his Style should be all of a Piece. In some Places, where he treats of Sieges and Battles, he seems to foot the* Pyrrick *Measures in* Prose; *there breathes a certain* Martial *Ardor in his Words. In other Places, on the same Subject, he goes on like an Impartial* Historian, *barely relating Matter of Fact, without any Flowers or Glosses. He seems not to trifle with* Philosophy, *or* Religion;

but, handles the One *in the peculiar* Dialect *of the* East, *and treats of the* Other, *in the vestigate* Language *of the* Western Schools, *to shew, he had been conversant in the* Academies; *as he himself professes,* Letter XX. Book I. Vol. I. *In a Word, throughout all his* Letters, *there is a Queintness of Expression, peculiar to the* Arabians: *And, however he may vary in his Style, yet his Sence retains the same Edge; he is lively to the very last. Nay, as far as I can perceive, both his Language, Sence, and Judgment grow more correct, as he advances in Years. And, you'll find some Difference between his* Letters *of* 1637. *and* 1660.

Expect the whole Series *of them, as fast as they can conveniently be publish'd, the* Third Volume *being almost ready for the Press: In which, the Reader will find the strangest Revolutions and most amazing Accidents, that ever happ'ned in the World since the* Creation; *with many* French *Intrigues and* Court-*Policies, which would never have come to Light, had it not been for this subtle* Arabian. Farewel.

A LETTER

From Mr. *Daniel Saltmarſh*, to his Friend in *London*, concerning the *Italian* Copy of the *Turkiſh Spy*.

SIR,

TRavelling through *Italy* this *Summer*, and coming to *Ferrara* about the Middle of *June*, I made ſome ſtay in that City, in Compliance with the Importunity of my Siſter, the Wife of *Signior Nicolao Valentini*, formerly *Merchant* in *London*. During my Abode at her Houſe, I was brought acquainted with that Eminent and Learned *Phyſician*, *Julio de Medicis*, of the *Houſe* of *Florence*, and late *Student* at *Padua*. This accompliſh'd Perſon, receiv'd me with ſingular Humanity and Friendſhip: In all his Deportment, giving Proofs of a Diſpoſition worthy of his Character, and the Blood which runs in his Veins. He is univerſally Learned; and, by his prodigious Reading, (which cannot be hid from thoſe who converſe with him,) he ſeem'd to me a *Walking Library*. You cannot name an *Author* of Note, with whom he is not acquainted; being a curious Collector

lector, or rather an Engrosser of all remarkable Books. He gave me familiar Access to his *Library*, which, according to the best Computation I could make, consisted of no less than Six Thousand choice *Treatises*. You know my Inclination, and will easily believe, that I took no small Delight, in the Liberty I had not only to survey, but also to make use of this Treasure, so long as I stay'd in *Ferrara*. I was there daily, and thought that Time misspent, which my other Obligations took from my Study. Among other Books, I chanc'd to open the *Italian Translation* of the *Turkish Spy*, which was so celebrated all over *Europe*, and which I had read both in *French* and *English*. I had the Curiosity to peruse it over, and found it exactly to agree with those *Translations* I had seen: which made me ask this *Gentleman*, Whether there were no more *Volumes* of it printed? He presently shewed me *Six* more, and told me, the *Eighth* was in the Press. Over-joy'd at this News, I asked him, Where I might furnish my self with those *Seven Volumes* already Printed? He assured me, the First Impressions were all Sold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expressed some Sorrow and Concern, that I could

not

not procure thoſe Books; when, with an unparallel'd Generoſity, he frankly beſtowed thoſe *Seven Volumes* upon me. 'Tis true, at our firſt Acquaintance, I had obliged him with a *Preſent*, on which, I believe, he ſet a greater Price, than on theſe Books; it being a *Watch* of moſt curious Workmanſhip, made by One of the greateſt Artiſts in *Italy*. However, I phancy'd my Gift returned Seven-fold in theſe Books. I brought them along with me through *Germany* into *Holland*, where I keep them as a Secret Treaſure; being deſirous, if poſſible, that the *Six Volumes* which are not yet *Tranſlated* out of *Italian*, might firſt ſpeak my Native Tongue, that ſo we may not always be obliged to the *French*, for the moſt acceptable Products of the Preſs. Knowing therefore, the ſingular Delight you take in Enterprizes of this Nature, and how much it may lie in your Way to procure a *Tranſlation* of theſe *Volumes*, by reaſon of your great Acquaintance with Learned and Ingenious Men, I offer you the Refuſal of this Undertaking; both for the Friendſhip that is between us, and becauſe I know none ſo fit to manage this Deſign, as your ſelf. I will willingly venture a Share in the Coſt, but I would have no more than a Third

Perſon.

Person concern'd in it. If you accept of this Proposal, I will send you the *Italian Volumes*, and leave the Success to your Conduct. I can assure you, that none but the *First Part* is as yet translated into *French*, or any other Language except the *Italian*; and, the following *Tomes*, are not to be had for Money. Therefore, we have a fair Opportunity of obliging the Nation, with a Work so long expected, and so much desired by all that have seen the *First Volume*. My Occasions require me, to spend this *Winter* at *Amsterdam*; but, I hope in the *Spring*, to see you at *London*. In the Interim am,

SIR,

Amsterdam Sept. 9. 1692.

Your, &c.

Daniel Saltmarsh.

A TABLE OF THE LETTERS and *Matters* contained in this *Volume*.

VOL. II.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

M*Ahmut* the *Arabian*, faithful Slave of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to *Bechir Bassa*, his *Highness's Chief Treasurer* at *Constantinople*. p. 1.

Of Carcoa's *long Silence, and* Mahmut's *Suspicion thereof; of his Removal from* Paris *on that Account.*

II. To the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*. 3

Of the Suedish Amazons; *the Death of* Duke Albert; *the Taking of* Glogow, Succiniez *and* Olmitz, *by General* Torstenson.

III. To *Ibrahim Chauregil*, Chief *Bostangi*, or Gardiner to the *Sultan*. 5

Of an Herb call'd the Ill Neighbour, *and of the* Sensible Plant; *of* Mahmut's *Enemies at the* Seraglio.

IV. To

IV. To *Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of *State* at *Constantinople.* 7
Of Carcoa's *Death at* Vienna, *and of* Nathan Ben Saddi's *succeeding him in his* Commission; *of* Mahmut's *Return to* Paris.

V. To the *Kaimacham.* 9
Of the Death of the Queen-Mother *of* France; *of her Apparition to* Cardinal Richlieu, *and of his Sickness.*

VI. To the *Venerable Mufti, Sovereign* of the *True* and *Undefiled Faith.* 12
Of the Death of Mary de Medicis, Queen-mother *and* Dowager *of* France; *of* Cardinal Richlieu's *Letter to her, and of the Rich* Church *of* St. Dennis *in* France.

VII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 17
Of a violent Tempest of Thunder and Lightning; of what happened to Mahmut *during this Storm; and of the Custom of Ringing the Bells at* Paris *on such Occasions.*

VIII. To the same. 21
Of his Friendship and Conversation with a Carmelite Friar; *of Images and Pictures.*

IX. To the *Kaimacham.* 25
Of the Wars in Catalonia *and* Rossillion; *of the Siege of* Perpignan, *and the Generosity of the* French *King.*

X. To *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of *State.* 30
Of the Injuries done to the Two French *Lords by the* Subbassee *of* Sahia *near* Arabia.

XI. To *Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.* 33
Of Carcoa's *Death, and of his Vertues, which he exhorts Him to imitate; he desires* Carcoa's Journal *and Papers may be sent to* Paris.

XII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 35

Of

Of the French *Ladies addicting themselves to* Philosophy. *A Character of* Monsieur des Cartes. *He desires him to send him the* Inscriptions *of the* Obelisks *and* Columns *in the* Hyppodrome *at* Constantinople.

XIII. To *Cara Haly*, a *Physician at* Constantinople. 38

Of the King's Physick-*Garden in* Paris; *of a famous Library in that City; of the Palaces and Hospitals; particularly of the* Hospital *of God. A Digression concerning Friendship.*

XIV. To the *Kaimachan.* 44

A Continuation of the Siege of Perpignan; *the Exploits of the* Mareschal de la Mothe; *his Taking the Towns of* Tamarit *and* Mouson; *and of a Sea-Fight between the* French *and the* Spaniards.

XV. To *Isouf* his *Kinsman.* 47

He Congratulates his safe Return to Constantinople; *Thanks him for the Alms and Sacrifice he perform'd for the Health of his Soul; Expostulates with him concerning his Three Years Travel.*

XVI. To *Berber Mustapha Aga* at *Constantinople.* 52

Of the Duke *of* Lorrain's Excommunication; *and of his* Protest *against it. Of the unaccountable Power the* Popes *have over the* Christian *Princes.*

XVII. To *Bedredin, Superior* of the *Dervises, of* the *Convent* of *Cogny* in *Natolia.* 55

He sends him a Character of Jesus Christ; *with a Description of his Person, which* Publius Lentulus, President *of* Judea, *sent to the Senate of* Rome.

XVIII. To the *Caimacham.* 58

Of the Reduction of Asac.

XIX. To *Mustapha, Bassa* of *Silistria.* 60

He Congratulates his Victory over the Cossacks; *tells*

tells him what the French *say of him; acquaints him with the Wars between the* Pope *and the* Duke *of* Parma.

XX. To *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of *State.* 65

Of the Disappointment the Turks *met with in their Design to take* Rab.

XXI. To *Enguruli Emir Cheik*, a Man of the Law. 67

He complains of the General Wickedness of Europe: *The Corruption of the* French Court; *whereof he gives him an Instance, in the Story of* Monsieur Belville.

XXII. To the most Illustrious *Vizir Azem*, at the *Port.* 70

Of the Birth of Sultan Mahomet; *and the Sentiments of the* French *Ladies on that Occasion.*

XXIII. To the same. 72

He applauds his Justice, in putting to Death the Persian Emir, *who first taught* Sultan Amurath *to drink Wine: advises him to do the same to* Mustapha Bassa.

XXIII. To the *Venerable Mufti, Prince* of the *Religion* of the *Turks.* 74

He discourses of Holy Water; *and of Dogs being permitted to enter the* Christian Churches: *he reproaches the* Christians, *with prophaning their* Temples, *by making Love in them.*

XXIV. To the *Vizir Azem*, Prime Director of the *Affairs* of the Ottoman Empire. 78

He informs him of the Commotions *in* England.

XXV. To *Abdel Melec Muly Omar, Superintendent* of the *College* of *Sciences* at *Fez.* 89

Of the Motion of the Earth: That the Planets are habitable; of Virginius being put to Death, for

for asserting the Antipodes, and that Galileus had like to run the same Fate, for maintaining Copernicus's Doctrine.

XXVI. To *Cara Haly*, the *Physician* at *Constantinople.* 93

He asserts, That Beasts have Reason, or a Faculty very analogous to it; in Opposition to the Cartesian Philosophy.

XXVII. To *Hassein Bassa.* 97

He reproaches the Tutor *of the Pages in the Seraglio, with Envy and ill Offices.*

XXVIII. To *Solyman* his *Cousin at Constantinople.* 100

He accepts his Apology for defaming Him; gives him Counsel how to deport himself toward his Wife, and exhorts him to keep a good Conscience.

XXIX. To the *Kaimacham.* 103

Of the Surrender of Perpignan; *of* Olivarez *his hindring its Relief; and his being distracted at the News of its Loss. Of* Cardinal Richelieu's *falling into Disgrace, and his Restauration to the King's Favour.*

XXX. To *Nathan Ben Saudi*, a *Jew* at *Vienna.* 107

Of the Receipt of his Letter, with Carcoa's *Journal and Legacy. He desires him to order his Bills better for the future.*

XXXI. To the *Venerable Master, Prince of the True and Undefiled Faith.* 109

He discourses of Christ's *Incarnation, of the* Angel Gabriel's *brushing the* Moon *with his Wing, and causing the dark Spots in that* Planet: *Of* Renatus des Cartes.

XXXII. To the *Vizir Azem* at the *Port.* 113

Of a Greek *Merchant, who was forc'd out of his Country by the Insolence of the* Janizaries.

XXXIII. To *Cara Haly*, the *Physician* at *Constantinople.* 114

The TABLE.

Touching the various Sects *of* Mahometans *and* Christians: *of the* Golden Age, *and many Absurdities taught by the* Mahometan *Doctors.*

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the *Kaimacham.* 119

Of Cardinal Richlieu's *Death; of his Descent, Education, Preferments, and the Jealousie of the Grandees.*

II. To the *Venerable Mufti.* 122

On the same Subject, and of the Cardinal's *Legacies. His Character.*

III. To *Fasmir Sgire Rugial*, an *Astrologer at* Aleppo. 125

He Paraphrases on his Name, drolls on his Profession, and wishes him to return to his old Trade, of teaching Pigeons to carry Letters.

IV. To the *Grand Signior*'s Chief Treasurer. 128

He excuses the Infrequencies of his Letters; mentions the King of Persia's *Death; relates the Surrender of* Tortona, *and the Marriage of the* Prince *of* Savoy *with his* Niece.

V. To *Darnish Mehemet Bassa.* 131

Of Cardinal Julio Mazarini, Richlieu's *Successor.*

VI. To *Yousf* his *Kinsman.* 133

He desires him, to make an Offering *for him to* Sheh Boubac, *a* Santone *at* Aleppo: *the Story of* Syntana Fissa: *he requires an Account of his Travels.*

VII. To *Mahomet, Bassa* of *Damascus.* 136

Of Mansour, *the youngest Son of* Facardine, *the brave* Emir *of* Sidon. *And, of a Battel fought before* Lepsick.

VIII. To the *Venerable Mufti, Arbitrator* of the *Problems*

Problems and *Myſteries* of *Faith.* 138
He anſwers all the Scruples of his former Letter to the Mufti; *and, aſſerts the Bodily delights of* Paradiſe.
IX. To the *Kaimachan.* 146
Of the extraordinary Honours done to the Prince *of* Morgues *by the* French *King, as a Reward of his Services.*
X. To *Achmet Beig.* 148
Of the Deſign which the Spaniſh Ambaſſador *had, of murdering the* Portugueze Ambaſſador *at* Rome.
XI. To the *Vizir Azem* at the *Port.* 152
He expoſtulates with him, concerning the Threatnings of the Baſſa's *of the* Port.
XII. To *Murat Baſſa.* 155
Of the Siege of Fribergh; *and of the Defeat of the* Germans *before* Leipſick; *of the Surrender of that Place, and the Confuſion of the* German Court.
XIII. To the *Kaimacham.* 160
Touching Cardinal Mazarini's *Conduct.*
XIV. To the Venerable *Mufti, Prince* of the *Interpreters* of the *Law,* and *Judges* of *Equity.* 165
Of the Death *of* Lewis XIII. *King of* France. *An Apology for his making war with the* Houſe *of* Auſtria. *A Rehearſal of the* Spaniſh *Uſurpations, Plots and Cruelties.*
XV. To *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of *State.* 169
Of King Lewis's *Death; That ſome ſuſpected he was poiſon'd. Of his Piety and Vertues.*
XIV. To the *Kaimachan.* 173
Touching the early Diſcoveries *of King* Lewis's *Valour; and of the* Civil Wars *of* France.
XV. To the *Venerable Mufti, Succeſſor* of the *Prophets* and *Meſſengers of God.* 177
He gives him a large Account of the Eaſtern *and* Weſtern Patriarchs. *Of the Immunities of the* French Church. *A Deſcription of the* Maſs. *A Character of the* Spaniards, French *and* Italians. *Of Reliques. Of* Proteſtants. *Of the* Hierarchy.
XVI. To

XVI. To the *Caimacham.* 188
Of the French Dauphin.
XVII. To the *Vizir Azem* at the *Port.* 190
Of the Wars between Spain *and* Portugal. *A particular Relation of the Imprisonment and cruel Usage of* Dom Duartus, *Brother to the new King of* Portugal. *A farther Account of* Spanish *Cruelties; and of a second Conspiracy against the King of* Portugal.
XVIII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 196
Touching Melancholy, and his Method of curing it.
XIX. To the *Tefterdar*, or *Lord Treasurer.* 201
Of the Battel of Rocroy.
XX. To the *Vizir Azem*, at the *Port.* 203
He discovers a Conspiracy of the Bassa's *and Governours of the* Isles *in the* Archipelago, *against the* Ottoman Empire.
XXI. To *Chiurgi Mahammet Bassa.* 207
He relates a Passage at the Dauphin's *Christning: calculates the Number of the* French Clergy: *talks of the King's Revenues, and of the* French *Dragoons.*
XXII. To *Egry Beinon*, a *White Eunuch.* 213
Of the French *King's Brothers; of the* Princes *of the* Blood, *and the* Nobility *of* France.
XXIII. To the *Captain Bassa.* 217
Of a great Number of Slaves, *that escaped from* Alexandria.
XXIV. To *Mustapha Cuir*, an *Eunuch-Page.* 220
Of the Murder of the Duke *of* Orleans *his Page. Of mercenary* Ruffians. *The* Duke *of* Beaufort, *suspects* Cardinal Mazarini *to be the Author of that Murder. The* Duke *is sent Prisoner to the Castle of the Wood of* Vincennes.
XXVI. To *Peftelibali* his Brother. 224
He desires him to send him some News of his Mother; conjures him to an entire Friendship, and to joyn with him in the Imitation of their Kindreds Vertues. Discourses of his Travels *in the* Indies.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

TO *Ibrahim Ali Cheik*, a Man of the *Law*. 229
Of the Wandring Jew; *and, of* Mahmut's *Converſation with him on ſeveral Subjects; particularly, of the* Ten Tribes *of* Iſrael, *which are loſt.*
II. To the *Selictar Aga*, or *Sword bearer*. 236
Of the Wars of Suedeland *and* Denmark.
III. To *Cara Haly*, a *Phyſician* at *Conſtantinople*. 239
Of a Man who revive'd, after he had been dead 35 *Hours. Of another, who as he was carried to the Grave, roſe up and ſpake Three Times, pronouncing himſelf damned. Of the* Carthuſians.
IV. To *William Voſpel*, a *Chriſtian Recluſe of Auſtria*.
Touching a Monaſtick *Life*.
VI. To *Berber Muſtapha Aga*. 248
Of the Reception which the Sophi *of* Perſia *gave the* Cham *of the* Usbeck Tartars. *Of a Preſent given the* French *by* John de Werde, *and* General Mercy.
VI. To the *Vizir Azem* at the *Port*. 250
Of the Dardanels *in the* Helleſpont. *What ſome* French *Seamen ſaid of them. A Project of* Mahmut, *to erect Platforms along the* Helleſpont.
VII. To *Oucoumiche his Mother*, at Grand Cairo. 252
He expreſſes his Joy, to hear of her Health; and, exhorts her, not to mourn in vain for her dead Husband.
VI. To *Muzla Reis Efendi*, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire*. 256
Of the Hatred which Madam de Chevreux, *and the* Duke *of* Beaufort *have* Cardinal Mazarini. *Of an Old Courtier, from whom* Mahmut *hoped to gain ſome Secrets.*
IX. To *Signior Lorenzo dei Caſa Bianca*, a *Genoeſe at Marſeilles*. 259

Mahmut

Mahmut *undeceives him, as to the Story of* Sultan Mahomet's *being taken Prisoner by the* Malteses.

X. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 261

More on the same Subject.

XI. To the *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary* of the *Ottoman Empire.* 263

Of the Wars between the Duke *of* Parma, *and the* Barbarini's. *Of the Divisions among the* Italian Princes.

XII. To *Libano Abusei Saad,* an *Ægyptian Kt.* 268

Of a Finlander *at* Paris 8 *Foot high. Of a* Muscovite-*Wrestler at* Constantinople. *Of* Sultan Amurat's *Cruelty. Of a* Spanish *Cavalier, that murder'd his Wife, his Servants and himself out of Jealousie.*

XIII. To the *Kaimacham.* 271

Of the Parliament *of* Paris. *A Description of* Paris *and St.* Germain en Lay. *Of the King's* Waterworks.

XIV. To the most Illustrious *Vizir Azem,* at the *Port.* 278

He perswades him, That it is necessary for the Sultan *to abett Prince* Ragotski's *Quarrel against the* German Emperor.

XV. To *Asis Bassa,* at the *Port.* 279

He discourses of Destiny and Chance; tells a Story, of a poor Man strangely enrich'd by finding of Treasures; and of the Death of a Soldier in the Duke *of* Anguien's *Army.*

XVI. To *Nathan Ben Saddi,* a *Jew* at *Vienna.* 282

He acquaints him, that he has learn'd to make Watches; whereof he has sent some to his Friends at Constantinople. *Of the* German Emperour's *Sickness, and of Prodigies.*

XVII. To *Sulyman Aga,* Chief *Eunuch* of the Women. 285

He compares one of the Sultan's *Adventures, to an Accident that happened to One of the King's of Ægypt.*

XVIII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 287
He relates, how he had like to have been discover'd, by his former Master at Palermo
XIX. To the *Kaimacham.* 290
Of the Pope's *Death, with some choice Remarks on that Subject. Of his Successor.*
XX. To the *Vizir Azem*, at the *Port.* 293
Of the Preparations, which the Venetians *are making against the* Sultan. *The Speech of a* Venetian Senator.
XXI. To *Mirza Muhammed Effendi, Vicar* to the *Mufti.* 298
He discourses of Industry and Idleness; acquaints him, That he has learn'd to make Watches.
XXII. To *Halil Omri Bassa.* 301
He treats of the Qualities requisite in a Favourite: Of Olivarez *his Disgrace and Downfal.*
XXIII. To *Dgnet-Oglou.* 306
He acquaints him, That he has conquer'd his Passion for Daria; *and tells him a Story of a Man who lost his Ass.*
XXIV. To the Invincible *Vizir Azem* at the *Port.* 308
He Congratulates his taking on him, the Office of Bassa *of the Sea: Describes the Arsenal of* Venice, *with other Remarks on that City.*
XXV. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 312
He exhorts him, to forget the former Loss he sustain'd in the Fire at Constantinople, *and to rely on* Providence. *Relates a Remarkable Story of certain Merchants, who were burnt to Death in their Inn, being over-greedy to save their Money.*
XXVI. To the *Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.* 316
A Character of the Spanish *Pride and Humour; of their* Rhodomontado's.
XXVII. To *Dicheu Hussein Bassa.* 318
A further Account of the Troubles in England, *with a Relation of a* Prophecy *on the* English *King, when an Infant.*

XXVIII. To *Bajazet Ali Hagia*, Preacher to the Seraglio. 325
Of Atheists *in General, and several Infamous Ones in Particular.*
XXIX. To *Ezri Bainau*, a White Eunuch. 332
Touching the Salvation of Pagans, *and of honest Men of all* Religions.
XXX. To the *Selictar Aga*, or *Sword-bearer* 337
Of Monsieur la Tuillerie, *the* French Ambassador's *deceitful Negotiation for Peace between the* Swedes *and* Danes; *Of* Galasso's *ineffectual Assistance.* Cardinal Mazarini *vindicated from the Guilt of these Miscarriages.*
XXXI. To the *Reis Effendi*, Principal Secretary of the *Ottoman Empire.* 338
Of the Exploits of Torstenson, Coningsmark *and* Papenheim.
XXXII. To *Berber Mustapha Aga.* 342
Of the bloody Battel of Junkow, *and of the Removal of the* German *Court thereupon.*
XXXIII. To *Osman Adrooneth*, an *Agent* at Scio. 348
He acquaints him with an extraordinary Hurricane that happened near Paris: *He discourses of the Nature of Storms, and Danger of Earthquakes.*
XXXIV. To the *Kaimacham.* 348
Of Mahmut's *Imprisonment at* Paris; *of* Khachin's *Fidelity; and of a Friar's Friendship and Assistance to him.*
XXXV. To the *Venerable Mustic* 351
He acquaints him, with his Release from the Bastile. *Discourses of the* Spanish *Inquisition. Asks his Absolution, for eating of Swines Flesh, and drinking of Wine.*
XXXVI. To *Mehmet*, an *Eunuch Page* in the Seraglio. 358
Touching his Imprisonment; and how a Man ought to be prepared for Misfortunes. Of Wine, and his Inclination to it.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. II.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *faithful Slave of* Sultan Ibrahim, *to* Bechir Baſſa, *His Highneſſes Chief Treaſurer at* Conſtantinople.

I Know not whether it be a Vice or a Virtue, to be fearful in my Circumſtances. I am no *Stoick*, nor can I pretend an Exemption from the Common Paſſions of Men. However, 'tis not for my ſelf I am ſolicitous, but I conſult the Good of my *Commiſſion*. There is a Difference between Caution and Fear; and, Ap-

prehenſion of Danger, is not to be termed Puſillanimity.

I have written Six Letters to *Carcoa* at *Vienna*, but have received no Anſwer theſe Four *Moons*. This Neglect puts me upon Thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an Excuſe for him. I would fain continue my good Opinion of his Honeſty, without forfeiting my Senſe. For, although I am not naturally ſuſpicious, yet Experience has taught me, to number *Jealouſie* among the *Cardinal* Virtues.

Not to amuſe thee, I am afraid of Treachery. *Carcoa* knows the Secret of my *Commiſſion*, and it lies in his Power to do much Miſchief. Yet I may wrong the Man; perhaps he is dead: And there are no *Poſts* that bring News from the *Grave*. If he be in the Region of Silence, and expired in his Integrity, the *Two Black Angels* ſhall have no Power to hurt him. But, I wonder I ſhould have no Intelligence of his Death, neither from the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, nor from *Eliachim* the *Jew*. I tell thee, I am uneaſie till I know the Truth.

When I ſit in my Chamber, and hear any diſcourſing in the Houſe, I imagine 'tis about me; when I go along the Streets, if any Man faſtens his Eyes on me, he arreſts me with Fear and Apprehenſion. 'Tis true, I am willing to undergo the worſt they can inflict; but, it would extreamly enhaunce the Sorrows of Death, to ſee the *Secrets* of the *Sublime Port*, become the Scorn and Deriſion of *Infidels*.

For theſe Reaſons, I have removed my Gliff about a League from *Paris*, pretending it

it is for my Health, truſting the Conveyance of my Letters and other Buſineſs to *Eliachim*, who, for ought I know, may prove a *Reed* of *Ægypt*.

I deſire thee, nay I conjure thee, to ſend a ſpeedy Supply of Money, without which 'tis impoſſible for poor *Mahmut*, the Vileſt Slave of the Great and Invincible *Ibrahim*, to perform what is expected of him.

The *Great God*, reward thy Fidelity with unfading Treaſures.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642,
according to the Chriſtian *Style*.

LETTER II.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

THE *God* of *War* ſeems to eſpouſe the Quarrel of the *Swedes*; and all the *Planets* contribute to their Proſperity; Even *Venus* her ſelf, has for a while laid aſide her uſual Softneſs, appearing now in the Field arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with a Train of *Swediſh Amazons* at her Heels.

Thou wilt think I Romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy *Genius*, having often heard thee paſſionately admire the valiant Acts of *Semiramis* and other *Eaſtern*

ſtern Virago's; but, aſſure thy Self, that the *Suedes* after ſome late Battles, when they went to bury their Dead, ſtripping them of their Cloaths, found ſeveral of the *Fair Sex* under the Diſguiſe of *Men*, among which there were ſome of *Quality*.

It is ſaid, that one of theſe, was ſeen to engage *Duke Albert* himſelf, with a matchleſs Bravery and Courage; the *Duke* being twice unhorſed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant *Squires*.

Thoſe that pretend to know more than the Common Sort, ſay, that Revenge was the Motive which brought this *Lady* into the Field, having received a groſs Affront from *Duke Albert* in the *German Court*. However, the *Duke* dyed of the Wounds he received of this *Bellona*, and ſhe ſurvived not to triumph over her dead Enemy.

After this, the *Suedes*, under the Command of *General Torſtenſon*, marched into *Sileſia*; took *Glowgow* by *Storm* the 12th of the 5th *Moon*; and *Suciniez*, the 7th of the 6th *Moon*.

And, as if nothing were able to diſcourage or baffle the Indefatigable Mind of this *Great General*, he inveſted the ſtrong Town of *Olmitz* in *Moravia*, and took it after fourteen Days Siege. The *Poſts* are arrived this Morning with this News.

Be ſtrong and of good Courage, and *God* ſhall give thee Victory in Battle, when thou fighteſt againſt the *Infidels*. Abſtain from Wine, and from Oppreſſion. And receive this Advice,

Advice, as a Teſtimony of my Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER III.

To Ibrahim Chanregil, *Chief* Boſtangi, *or Gardiner to the* Sultan.

THou that art daily converſant with the Eldeſt Products of the Earth, and canſt call the whole *Vegetable* Family by their *Proper* Names, tell me whether there be ſuch a Plant, as by its baneful Influence blaſts all that grows within ten Cubits of its Root. I would not put ſuch a Queſtion to thee, had I not lately ſeen ſomething in the Garden of a certain *Nobleman* near *Paris*, which makes me think 'tis true. They call it here [*the ill Neighbour*] becauſe it preys (they ſay) on all the Herbage that is near it, riſing and flouriſhing by their Fall. Indeed, at that time I ſaw it, there was a wither'd Circle round it; whilſt this devouring Sprout look'd gay and full, augmented by the Spoils of Neighbouring Graſs. A proper *Emblem* of Oppreſſion; I wiſh 'twere growing in the Gardens of all *cruel Tyrants*, that in this Natural Glaſs they might behold their Voracious Spirits.

I will not thus call in Queſtion thy Know-

ledge of an Herb, which ſhuns all Humane Touch. Here is one in the ſame Garden, which the *Nobleman* boaſts was by thy Hands cropt from the *Sultan*'s Garden, and being ſet in a Pot of Earth, preſented to him. Thou didſt not well conſult thy Safety, in ſuch a grand Preſumption, nor yet the Honour of thy *Sovereign Maſter*, who (ſhould it ever reach his Ears) would ſoon tranſplant thee from the Garden of the *Seraglio*, to the *Elyſian* Fields.

Thou oughteſt to receive this Reprimand with higheſt Gratitude, ſince it will not ſhut thee out of thoſe pleaſant Walks and Groves within the *High Imperial Walls*. Uſe more Prudence another Time; and ſcorn ſuch eaſie Condeſcenſions to *Infidels*. Say, that I am thy Friend in this Advice; and, in Recompence, I only deſire this good Office of thee, To watch the Motions of my Enemies. There are no leſs than Three Great Officers of the *Seraglio*, hammering out my Ruine. Thou knoweſt who I mean. Keep thy Integrity. The ſly inſinuating Words of *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*, ſpoken not long ago in my Diſgrace to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, quickly ecchoed to my Chamber in *Paris*. Be Silent and Wiſe.

Paris, 20th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State at* Conſtantinople.

IF it were lawful for me to take the Oath of our *Holy Prophet*; I would ſwear *by the Hour of the Evening*, that thy News is welcome.

I had ſcarce finiſh'd our appointed Devotions after Sun-ſet, when the *Poſt* brought me thy *Diſpatch*, which informs me, that *Carcoa* at *Vienna* is dead.

I rejoyce not in the Death of an honeſt Slave to *Ibrahim*; let Flowers ſpring from the Duſt of his Grave. Neither can I mourn for a Man, that may be gone to *New* and richer Poſſeſſions; Yet I am pleaſed, that he quitted the *Old* fairly, and has left behind him an Odour of Vertue. A Man in *his* Poſt, is attaqu'd with ſtrong Temptations, and he that reſiſts to the End, merits a Wreath gather'd from the *Tree of Life*.

Thou mayſt think, 'tis with more eaſe I receive the News of *Carcoa*'s Death than of his Infidelity; not, that I value the Rack or any other Tortures, with which the Policy of State uſes to draw Confeſſions of Capital Crimes. But, I would not have the Grand Affairs of the *Ottoman Port*, come within the Verge of a Scrutiny.

This

This News is the beſt Cure for the Illneſs I pretended, when I exchang'd *Paris* for the Country Air, ten Days ago; whereof *Bechir Baſſa* has received an Account.

I am now returned to my old Lodging, and am congratulated for my ſpeedy Recovery, by them that knew not my true Diſtemper.

Thou informeſt me, that by the Order of the *Divan*, one *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a *Jew*, is appointed Succeſſour of *Carcoa*. I wiſh he may acquit himſelf as well.

The five hundred *Zechins* thou haſt ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a Man who has been forced to retrench many Charges, that he might the better ſerve the *Grand Signior*.

The King of *Spain* may wiſh, that he could conclude a Peace on as eaſy Terms with the *French* King, as the *Sophy* of *Perſia* has with *Sultan Ibrahim*.

None but *God* and his *Prophet* know the Zeal with which I ſerve the, *Sublime Port*.

Paris 20th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

I Shall now acquaint thee with the Death of the *Queen-Mother* and *Dowager* of *France*, who fell a Sacrifice to the Ambition of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, as thoſe of her Party do commonly ſuggeſt. For, being highly diſguſted at his Counſels, and Intreagues, eſpecially his playing the Incendiary, and inflaming thoſe of the *Blood-Royal* one againſt another, ſhe departed from *France*, and by a kind of Voluntary Baniſhment, expoſed her ſelf to ſo many Inconveniences, Hardſhips, and Rigors of Fortune, as ſeemed to haſten her End; Her Great Spirit chuſing rather to break, than bow to the turbulent *Cardinal*.

She Sojourned in *Flanders*, *Holland*, *England* and the *Empire*. Her Travels being checquer'd all along with a Mixture of Good and Evil. Here meeting with Reſpect, there with Indifference and Coldneſs, if not Contempt. In ſome Places, her Misfortunes were pitied, and the *Cardinal* blamed for Perſecuting ſo Great and Good a *Queen*: In others, the *Cardinal* was Juſtified, and her Conduct cenſured and condemned. And ſhe accuſed her ſelf, for raiſing him to the power of doing her theſe Injuries. At length, tired out with the Fatigues of *State*, and grown ſick of the World, ſhe betook her ſelf to a *Monaſtery* in

Colen, where, after ſhe had ſpent ſome time in Religious Preparations for another World, ſhe expired the 3d. of this Inſtant *Moon*.

It was placed among the Remarkables by ſome, that the ſame day She died the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu* fell ſick, which Sickneſs yet continues upon him. But, whether to appeaſe the *Ghoſt* of his deceaſed Miſtriſs, whom he had ſo unjuſtly perſecuted; or, to mollify the Reſentments of the People, is uncertain. Yet, notwithſtanding his dangerous Illneſs, he every day ventures to the *Temple*, and performs the *Myſteries* of their *Law* for her Soul. The whole *Court* and City, is in Mourning for this Great Queen; and general Murmurings and Complaints, are raiſed againſt the *Cardinal* on this Occaſion; eſpecially among the Common People, who are ſo far from entertaining a better Opinion of him, for his daily Appearance at the Altar on Behalf of the *Queen*'s Soul, that they eſteem it but an Officious Hypocriſie, a Medly of Prieſt-Craft and State-Artifice.

Here is a Report about the City, that the Queens *Ghoſt* appear'd to the *Cardinal*, as ſoon as ſhe was dead, ſeverely reproaching him with his Ambition and Ingratitude, and telling him, That tho' he was laying the Foundation of an Immortal Project, yet he ſhould never live to ſee it thrive, but warned him to prepare for *Judgment*, for that he ſhould not ſee another Year in Mortal State; upon which, they ſay, he immediately ſickned. And here are Prophecies privately ſcattered about, foretelling

telling his Death in a ſhort time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable Diſtemper, his Body ſtrangely waſting, as if it would evaporate it ſelf into Air; for, he ſeems to be in a manner dried up.

My Duty and Devoir to thee, Sage Miniſter, would not let me be at Reſt till I had prevented the *Poſts*, by giving thee a more timely Account of theſe Occurrences, by a Merchant for whom his Veſſel waits at *Marſeilles*. To morrow he takes his Leave of *Paris*, and once aboard he makes directly for *Conſtantinople*, whither he will bring the firſt News of the Death of one of the Greateſt *Queens* upon Earth, in whoſe *Royal* Veins ran the Blood of the *Emperours*, *Ferdinand* and *Charles* V. She was married to *Henry the Great*; and, beſides her Son now Reigning in *France*, ſhe matched her Daughters to the Two Potent Monarchs of *England* and *Spain*.

The moſt High and Omnipotent, ſole Monarch of Heaven and Earth, reward thy Services and Fidelity to our *Invincible Sultan*, with the ſupream Joys of Paradiſe.

Paris, 20th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Sovereign *of the* True *and* Undefiled Faith.

PErmit me to enter into thy Preſence, and withdraw thy Raviſh'd Eyes awhile from the Contemplation of Sublimeſt Objects, to caſt them on a Spectacle of Mortality. It is the Great and Renowned *Mary de Medicis, Queen-Mother* of *France*, who lies now dead at *Cologne*.

I will not trouble thee with Impertinencies; but, becauſe I know that various Reports will reach thy Ears concerning the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu* his being Inſtrumental to her Death, by driving her to ſuch a height of Indignation as was the Cauſe of her Voluntary Exile and wandring from *France*, and from one Country to another; I will here Inſert a Letter from the ſaid *Cardinal* to *her Majeſty*, wherein he vindicates himſelf, and diſcovers (if not his Integrity, yet) the beſt Counterfeit of that Vertue, that I have ſeen any where penn'd. It was written to her when ſhe was in *Holland*, and runs thus,

MADAM,

I cannot but eſteem it the greateſt Infelicity that ever befell me, that my Enemies have prevailed ſo far, as to draw upon me your Majeſty's

Majesty's *displeasure. That they have by all the Arts of Malice, fastned the Publick* Odium *on me, is a great Unhappiness; but, this is the Master-piece of their Enmity, to render me suspected by you. I could pardon their frequent Attempts upon my Life, by private Conspiracies and Assassinations, tho' Humane Nature recoils at those who are our Murderers: But, to deprive me of that, without which Life it self is a burden to me, I mean, your* Royal *Favour, transports me beyond my self; And, I beg, that it may pass for an Excuse of this Presumption. I could easily have pass'd over in Silence all their barbarous Plots against me! I could easily have parted with my Life, and all those Honours and Dignities with which it has been bless'd. But, to rob me of your Esteem, which first rais'd me to this Envied Greatness, and which I value more than all the Grandeurs of the Earth, breaks the Barrs which aw'd my Tongue and Pen, and makes me bold to throw my self at your* Royal *Feet, with All that I have; for, I received All from your Princely Hands. Deal as you please, Madam, with your own Creature; I cannot murmur at your proceedings. But, Madam, let your Native Piety prompt you to favour the* Purple *of the* Church, *with which your Bounty has Invested me. Let it not lose its proper Lustre and Esteem, because the Enemies of the* Church *and* State, *have cast such Dirt upon it. Is it possible, that a Man the most obliged of all his Race, should become the onely Pattern of the basest Ingratitude? Besides the Ties of*

Conscience

Conſcience and the Natural Force of Inclination, my Intereſt chains me to your Service; How can I then withdraw my ſelf from it, and not proclaim my ſelf at once a Traytor to the Beſt of Queens, and the moſt Unaccountable of Fools to my ſelf?

This Conſideration, Madam, being well weigh'd, is enough to acquit me of all Guiltineſs before your Majeſty.

But, if it be my Deſtiny to be condemned unheard, I ſhall not appeal from your Royal *Sentence, ſince I owe a perfect Reſignation to your Will. I may complain to Heaven of my Misfortune, but I will not expoſtulate with my* Sovereign Patroneſs, *nor make the leaſt Oppoſition againſt the Courſe of your Anger, not even by carrying my Fortune to* Rome. *For, whereſoever I go, all my ſtudy ſhall be to recover your* Majeſty's *Favour, if it be not a Crime. And if ever I obtain that Happineſs, I ſhall not care whither I go, tho' it be out of the World it ſelf, becauſe I die hourly, while* your Majeſty *ſuſpects that I am not what I ever was, and ſtill continue to be,*

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's

Moſt humble,
Moſt faithful,
And moſt obedient Servant,

Armand. Card. of *Richl.*

I ſend thee this Tranſcript of the *Cardinal's* Apology, that thou comparing it with what befell afterwards, mayſt give a Judgment, whether this Great Miniſter deſerv'd the Cenſures that were paſs'd upon him. For, he falling ſick the ſame Day the *Queen-Mother* dyed, People ſaid it was a Judgment on him, and that her *Ghoſt* appeared to him, as thou wilt more at large Inform thy ſelf by the Letters I ſent to the *Kaimacham*. But, others are of Opinion, that his preſent Illneſs proceeds from Grief of Mind for the *Queens* Death, eſpecially in that ſhe dyed before he was reconciled to her *Majeſty*. And, they plead in Defence of his Innocence, his daily Zeal in ſaying *Maſs* for her departed Soul, and that at a time when he has more need to keep his Bed, than go to *Church*. This I have heard diſcourſed, even by ſome who bore no good Will to the *Cardinal*, yet now begin to relent towards him, ſeeing the very Lineaments of Sorrow in his drooping Looks, and tracing the Footſteps of a profound Grief in his macerated Body. Hence they take Meaſures, of his real Innocence and Fidelity toward that *Great Queen*. I will not interpoſe my particular Opinion on either ſide, but ſtand Neuter among theſe conteſting *Infidels*, tho' my Inclination and Regard would rather ſway me to the *Cardinal's* ſide. But, I leave the Determination of this Matter to thee, who art the *Oracle* of *Wiſdom*, from whoſe Sentence there can be no Appeal.

In

In the mean while, the Body of the deceaſed *Queen*, lies, as I have ſaid, at *Colen*, where ſhe ſpent her laſt Days in a *Religious Convent*, a Practice not ſo common now adays, as it has been formerly among *Crowned Heads*. And thoſe who thus deſcended voluntarily, from the Height of Humane Glory, to the Auſterities of a Devout Life, have commonly been Canonized for *Saints*. Nor do the Creatures of this *Queen* ſpare to whiſper about, that ſuch an Honour were but a condign Reward to her Extraordinary Merits, being already canonized in the Eſteem of the Bigotted Vulgar, while her Body is yet above Ground.

The *Royal* Carkaſe will be brought and interr'd in the Temple of St *Dennis*, about three Leagues from this City. This is eſteemed the Richeſt *Church* in *France*, being a Repoſitory of Ineſtimable Jewels, Gold and Silver belonging to the Relicks of their *Saints*. Here alſo generally is lodged, the Duſt of all the *Royal* Blood of *France*. The *Saint* to whom this *Church* is dedicated, is eſteemed the *Patron* of this Kingdom; for, according to their Doctrine, the *Saints* have the Patronage of certain Kingdoms, Provinces and Cities committed to them by *God*, and therefore they addreſs themſelves to them, and to the *Guardian-Angels* both in Publick, and Private. Every one alſo has his peculiar *Patron-Saint* and *Guardian-Angel* aſſigned him at his own Choice.

But, if theſe *Chriſtian-Saints*, are ſet over ſuch Places and People as they favour'd particularly

cularly in their life-time, then one would think, when this Great *Queen* is Canonized, and Inſtated in her *Saintly* Government, the *Hugonots* here may claim her *Patronage*, in that ſhe ſhew'd much Kindneſs and Friendſhip to them while ſhe was alive.

Pardon, *Great Oracle* of *Truth*, the Length of this Epiſtle; and excuſe my preſumption, in deſcanting on Matters of Religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiſs the Hem of thy Sacred Veſt, in profound Humility. Vouchſafe to pray for thy faithful Slave *Mahmut*.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is now paſt Midnight, and being call'd out of my Bed by the People of the Houſe where I lodge, I knew not how to beſtow my Time better, than in giving thee an Account of this Occurrence.

Here is now ſo violent a Tempeſt of Thunder, Lightning and Rain, that the whole Hemiſphere ſeems to be on Fire, and the Superſtitious are overwhelmed with *Panick Fears*, concluding this Storm will uſher in the *Day*

of

of Judgment. It has continued theſe two Hours; and, they tell me, that no leſs than Twenty Houſes are burnt to Aſhes already. I had ſcarce taken my Pen from the laſt Word, when a Flaſh of Lightning dyed all the Papers and Books, on the Table whereon I now write, as black as Soot; whereof this ſcorch'd Paper may be a Teſtimonial, which I ſend encloſed. Obſerve but the Colour and Smell, and thou wilt ſay, 'tis ſtamp'd with the Mark of the *Thunderer*. 'Tis that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but, this thirſty Fire, at a Moment, lick'd up all the Ink, ſo that the Impreſſion is wholly effac'd.

The Reaſon of their calling me out of my Bed was, to go to Prayers with them, according to the Cuſtom of theſe *Infidels*, who in Time of Thunder, light certain *Conſecrated* Candles, and fall on their Knees round about them, imagining, that whilſt they are within the Room where theſe Candles are, the Thunder cannot hurt them. I excuſed my ſelf from keeping them Company, by telling them, I had a *Hallowed* Candle in my Chamber, which I would light and ſay my Prayers there. They were ſatisfied with this Anſwer, and ſprinkling me with *Holy Water*, to bleſs me from the Danger Impending, I retired.

There is a private Stair-Caſe in my Chamber, which leads to a Terraſs on the Top of the Houſe. My Curioſity carried me thither, where methought I beheld *Nature* in her Frolicks and Rants. The greateſt part of the Sky was clear and ſerene, and innumerable Stars

Stars appeared; but, round the Brims of the *Horizon*, a growing Bulk of Clouds encompaſſed the Earth, ſpouting forth Cataracts of Fire from oppoſite Parts. One would have thought they were impregnated with Bombs and Carcaſſes, and that ſome Armies were imbattell'd in the Air.

After this, as if theſe had been the Heralds of the laſt and fierceſt Combat, the Clouds drew up into a Point, and mingling with each other, ſhot forth ſuch Showers of Fire, as made the World look like a Furnace. For my Part, I had not Courage enough to ſtand longer in the open Air, but came down to my Chamber, and falling proſtrate on the Ground, recommended my ſelf to the *Great Creator of all Things, Lord of Nature*, and *Sovereign Diſpoſer of the Lives of Men.*

Neither do I think my ſelf Superſtitious in this, any more than I ſhould be, in humbling my ſelf in the Duſt, before the *Terrible Ibrahim* when he is out of Temper.

Methinks, *Nature* ſeems to be in a Cholerick Fit, when it Thunders; and, 'tis neither good Manners nor Policy, to draw her Fury on our Heads by daring Carriage.

Our *Holy Law*, which preſcribes *Prayer* to us at the firſt Appearance of the Sun and Moon, ſeems to intimate, that on any Emergency which gives us a peculiar Occaſion to contemplate an *Omnipotent Power*, we ought to fall down and adore the *High* and *Eternal One.*

I am

I am almoſt deaf with the Bells, which are rung in every *Church* of the City on this Account. It being the Opinion of the *Nazarens*, that this Noiſe will chaſe away the Tempeſt, with all Evil Spirits that infeſt the Air. And this Opinion is grounded, on the *Ceremonies* which are uſed at the *Conſecration* of their Bells. For, the *Biſhop*, or, in his Abſence, the *Prieſt*, hallows them with a kind of Baptiſm, and a Form of Prayer; wherein, among other Petitions, they deſire of *God*, to endue them with a Virtue to reſiſt the *Devils*.

I am no Friend to *Superſtition*, neither do I give much Credit to *Charms*; yet I cannot deny, but the ringing ſuch a vaſt Number of Bells, muſt needs cauſe a violent Concuſſion of the Air, even to the diſperſing of the Clouds, and producing a Calm. And Experience aſſures us, that this is the common Effect of a Battle, which if it happen in Tempeſtuous Weather, yet the Diſcharge of many Thouſand Great and Small ſhot, has quieted the Storm, and huſh'd the Elements into a very ſerene Condition.

Tho' this Noiſe of Bells be very troubleſome, in a Time when People ſhould take their Repoſe, yet here we are uſed to it in a leſs Degree, every Night throughout the Year. For, the *Chriſtians* Law, requires the *Derviſes* to riſe at Midnight, to ſay their Prayers in their Chappels; and, ſome are ſo devout and regular, as to make this their conſtant Cuſtom: ſo that aſſoon as the Clocks have ſtruck *Twelve*, the ſmall Bells in ſome *Convents*

vents begin to jangle. About *Two* or *Three* Hours afterwards, other *Religious* Houſes ring their Bells, and ſo continue at certain Hours Day and Night all the Year long.

The Storm is now quite blown over, the Clouds diſpers'd, and all Things huſh and quiet.

He that brings forth Light out of Darkneſs, and converts the Terrors and Sadneſs of the Night, into the chearful Joys of a fair and propitious Morning, have thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our Friendſhip.

Paris, 24th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

THere lives a *Derviſe* in this City, with whom I often converſe with the ſame Freedom as I do with thee; and, it is no ſmall Alleviation of my Melancholy, to vent my Thoughts to one of an agreeable Spirit.

He is a *Religious* of *Mount Carmel*; a Man of Singular Piety and Virtue; and, were he not ſo Zealous a Patron of the *Chriſtian* Superſtitions and Idolatry, I ſhould eſteem him a *Saint*.

I have often attempted to wean him by Degrees,

Degrees, from the Errors which he imbib'd with his Mothers Milk, and which ſeem to be rooted in him through the Influences of his Education.

Sometimes I plant a Battery of Arguments againſt Images and Pictures; but, I can neither beat them down from the Poſts they are allotted in his *Oratory*, nor am I able to demoliſh the Chappels which he has built for their *Ideas* in his own Breaſt.

Yet, after a long and cloſe Siege, I have reduced him to Terms of Compoſition. In the firſt place, he has ſurrendred up a Picture which hung in his Cloſet, in Form of a very Antient Man with hoary Hairs, deſigned by the Painter, to repreſent the Perſon of *God*. He yields, that it is not lawful to make any Reſemblance of the *Inviſible Divinity*. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow or ſhew any other External Reſpect to the Pictures and Images of *Jeſus*, *Mary*, and the Reſt of the *Saints*, but onely to uſe them as Hiſtorical Remembrancers of thoſe Holy Perſons, and as Natural Helps and Spurs to Devotion and Vertue.

I tell thee, my Friend *Oglou*, on theſe Capitulations I could not but raiſe the Siege, and yield him the Uſe of Pictures thus far a blameleſs Practice. For, it ſeems to me unreaſonable, to debarr thoſe who believe the *Hiſtory* of the *Goſpel*, the Privilege to read it in what Language they pleaſe, whether this of Images and Pictures, or that of Letters.

Letters are but the Images of ſuch and ſuch

Articulate

Articulate Sounds, by which we expreſs our Inward Conception of things: But, Images and Pictures are the lively Immediate Characters of the Things themſelves; and, it ſeems as eaſie to me, to look on a Picture or Image without the Danger of Idolatry, as 'tis to read a Chapter in the *Alcoran* without adoring the Letters that compoſe it. Was not the *Tabernacle* of *Moſes* adorned with Images of *Cherubims*? Was not the *Temple* of *Solomon* deck'd in the ſame manner? If the preſence of Images in Temples be a Prophanation, why for ſo many Ages have our *Venerable Mufti's* ſuffered the two *Seraphims* to remain under the *Cupola* of the *Moſque* of *Sancta Sophia* in *Conſtantinople*? Why do they not deface the Picture of *Mary* the Mother of *Jeſus*, the Two Images of *Angels*, with other Pieces of Sculpture and Painting in the ſame place? Are the Devotions of a *Muſſulman* in this Sacred Temple tainted with Idolatry, becauſe he prays before theſe Images?

Let me unboſom my Thoughts to thee with freedom; Images and Pictures are no Bug-bears to me; I can uſe them as Inſtruments of Devotion, in the ſame manner as I do Books. Yet every one cannot do this without Danger of Idolatry; neither is a Publick Toleration of Images and Pictures in Temples to be approved. For, tho' ſome Men may look on them without Hurt, yet 'tis hard for the Generality to avoid falling into a Culpable Reverence. For, while the Eye is drinking in the fair *Idea*, the Soul is apt to

loſe

loſe her Force, and fall into Admiration of the Carvers or the Painters Art, adoring the elegant Symmetry of a Beautiful Picture or Image, inſtead of the *Original* and *Increated Beauty*, the *Majeſty* which has no Reſemblance.

Therefore wiſely has our *Holy Law*, provided againſt this Inconvenience, by diſcouraging *Imagery* throughout the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*.

He whoſe Habitation is in the Myſterious and Inacceſſible Heigth of an Eternal Receſs, whoſe Glory is beyond all Figure and Expreſſion, augment thy Vertues, which are the trueſt Images of the Divine Nature.

Paris, 24th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE preſent *War* betwixt *France* and *Spain*, however begun, ſeems to be carried on by a Principle of *Honour* rather than of *Enmity*. Theſe two Nations are perfect *Antipodes* to each other in their Humours, yet this Averſion between them, is diſcover'd more in Peace than in War. The Queſt of Glory has invited many brave Men on both Sides into the Field; and, the *Hero's* ſtrive to conquer each other, by *Civilities* rather than by *Arms*.

Catalonia and *Rouſſilion*, were the Stages of this War, in the Beginning of the Year; where the *Mareſchal de Breze*, and the *Sieur de la Mothe-Houdancourt*, combated with all the Hardſhips of the Winter, as well as with Valiant Enemies. The Rigour of the Seaſon did not cool the Courage of theſe *Generals*, nor divert their *Reſolution* from taking the Field. All the Country appear'd like a frozen Lake, and there was no Place for them to encamp, but in Deep Snows or Ice: yet, for all theſe Diſcouragements, the *Mareſchal de Breze* block'd up *Perpignan*, a Town of great Strength in *Rouſſilion*, whilſt the *Sieur de la Mothe* kept the *Arragonians* in Play, and baffl'd the Enterpriſes of the *Caſtilians*, having given them two Signal Defeats.

These successful Actions of the *French Generals*, invited the King their Master to give them a Visit, being very desirous to take *Perpignan*, and settle the Affairs of *Catalonia*. He therefore sends an other Army under the Command of the *Mareschal de la Mesleraye*, which he soon followed in Person.

There was now a generous Envy raised between so many great Commanders, every one striving to advance himself in the King's Esteem by his Services. And the particular Merits of the *Sieur de la Mothe*, drew a favourable Eye on him. The King made him *Mareschal* of *France*; the Staff which is the Badge of his Office, being presented to him by the *Mareschal de Breze* at *Barcelona*, to the general Satisfaction and Joy as well of the *Catalonians* as the *French*.

This Honour was conferr'd on him, presently after the great Victory obtained over the *Spanish* Forces, at *Ville-Franche* in *Catalonia*.

In the mean while, the *Mareschal de Mesleraye*, invested the strong Castle of *Colioubre*, which was surrender'd to him upon honourable Terms, by the *Marquis* of *Mortare*, *General* of the *Spanish* Horse in *Roussilion*, and *Governour* of that Castle.

The King flush'd with Conquests and Successes, would not suffer his Army to lie idle, but in good earnest laid close Siege to *Perpignan*.

Yet such was the Generosity of this Prince, that before he tryed the Force of his Cannon, he

he ordered the *Mareſchal de Meſleraye*, to ſend a Herald to the *Marquiſs de Flores*, Governour of the Town, to put him in Mind of the great Streights the Beſieged were in for want of Proviſions, of which his Majeſty was not ignorant; and, that there was no Hopes of Relief from the *Marquiſs de Povar*, *General* of the *Spaniſh* Forces in *Arragon*, there being left alive but a few Companies of all his Army, after the great Defeat which was given them near *Ville-Franche*.

He offered the *Governour* all fair and good Uſage, if he would ſurrender before Things came to Extremities; and, to convince him of the entire Loſs of the *Spaniſh* Army (to which he truſted) he promiſed ſafe Conduct to any Officer of the Garriſon as far as *Terragone*, where lay all the little Remnant of the *Arragonian* Army, that ſo he might inform and aſſure himſelf of the bad Condition the *Spaniſh* Affairs were in.

This Favour was received with much Civility by the *Marquiſs de Povar*, who returned humble Thanks to the King for ſo generous a Condeſcention, aſſuring him withal, that the Garriſon was not reduced to thoſe Streights as was pretended, but that he nevertheleſs accepted his Majeſty's ſafe Conduct to a Meſſenger; entreating him, that he would permit him to go to *Madrid*, that ſo the King of *Spain* might have Advice of his Circumſtances.

Thou wilt confeſs, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, that it was a great Magnanimity of Spirit in

the King, to grant this Requeſt to an Enemy, who might be ſuſpected to deſign no more in it than gain Time. Yet, he ſent the Meſſenger back again, with full Aſſurance of his Royal Lieve.

Whilſt this was in Agitation, many other Civilities paſs'd between the *French* and the Beſieged; Many Priſoners of Note were exchanged, and all Things ſeem'd to ſpeak a fair Underſtanding between both Parties; when, on a ſudden, the Cannon of the Town play'd furiouſly on the King's Quarters, and at the ſame time the Beſieged made a vigorous Sally, attacking a *Redoubt* which the *Mareſchal de Meſleraye* had raiſed.

This Contempt of the King's Favour raiſed his Choler, and animated the Soldiers with a deſire of Revenge. All ran to their Arms, and quickly beat back the Beſieged. Thus was the Face of Affairs ſuddenly chang'd in the Camp. It was too late now, for the *Governour* to expect the Courteſy he before abuſed. However, he ſent two Deputies again, to know if the King's Reſolution continued to grant Lieve to ſend to *Madrid*, (for they had not as yet ſent.)

The *Mareſchal de Meſleraye* ſent back the Deputies with this Anſwer, That if they did not engage to ſurrender by a prefix'd Day, and give two Hoſtages for Security of their Performance, the King would not grant their Requeſt.

This put the Beſieged upon deſperate Reſolutions; they made frequent Sallies, and all things tended to Extremity.

Whilſt

Whilſt Matters were in this Poſture, the King, by the Advice of his Phyſicians, withdrew from the Camp to take the Waters of *Maine* for his Health. This was in the laſt *Moon*, and *Perpignan* holds out ſtill.

I have been the more particular in relating this Siege, in regard it is the Chief Subject of Diſcourſe among ſuch as are deſirous of News. Which is the Reaſon alſo, that I begin this Letter with a Relation of what has been tranſacted in *Catalonia* ever ſince the Beginning of this Year, that thou mayſt be able to form a Regular *Idea*, of this preſent War between *France* and *Spain*. I will continually ſend thee an Account of the Progreſs the *French* make in *Catalonia*.

God augment thy Honours, and prolong thy Days, to ſee the Sons of thy Grand-children.

Paris 26th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER X.

To Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I Should be unfaithful to my Truſt, and merit a Bow-String, ſhould I conceal from thee any Thing which reflects upon the Honour of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Law* brought down from Heaven by the *Angel Gabriel*.

Thou knoweſt, that it is the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*, to make Pilgrimages from all Parts of the World to *Jeruſalem*, and other Places in the *Holy Land*; even as the *Faithful Muſſulmen* do to *Mecha* and *Medina Talnabi* in *Arabia*, where is the *Sepulchre* of our *Holy Prophet*.

Here are two *Noblemen* of the Firſt Rank and Quality at *Court*, who out of Devotion to their *Meſſias*, went to viſit his ſuppoſed *Sepulchre*; and, in their Travels, paſs'd through Part of *Ægypt*. But when they arrived at a Place called *Salhia*, bordering on the *Stony Arabia*, they were made a Prey to the *Subbaſſee* of that Place; who, underſtanding from the Captain of the *Caravan*, that theſe two were all the *Franks* he had with him, and that they were Men of Money, he exacted from them twenty Dollars apiece for their Heads, contrary to all Law, Juſtice or Precedent; which

which they refuſing to pay (as indeed it was unreaſonable) the covetous old *Subbaſſee* commits them to Priſon, commanding them to receive a hundred *Baſtinadoes* apiece on the Feet, thinking by this Means to frighten them to a Complyance with his Extortion. But they would not pay the Money, chuſing rather to ſuffer, than encourage ſuch Oppreſſion in corrupt Officers. In the mean time, the *Caravan* departs, leaving theſe impriſon'd *Lords* to the Mercy of the *Subbaſſee*; who finding them inflexible, cauſed his Commandment to be put in Execution, and not content with this, orders his Slaves to beat them out of the Town.

The poor *Lords* knew not what to do under this Misfortune; for they were ſo ſore with the Blows they had received on their tender Feet, that they were incapable of travelling afoot. But, with Money they prevail on the Slaves, to direct them how they might procure Camels, with a Guide. This done they overtake the *Caravan* at *Gaza*, and ſo finiſhed their Pilgrimage. They are now at the *Court* here, and have made known the Buſineſs to the King, who, 'tis ſaid, has diſpatch'd an Expreſs to his Ambaſſador at *Conſtantinople*, to demand Juſtice on the aforeſaid *Subbaſſee*; threatning, that if it be deny'd, he will cover the Ocean with Ships, and raze the Palace of the *Sultan* to the Ground For, theſe two *Noblemen*, are nearly allied to the *Royal Family*.

I know thou wilt deſpiſe the bold *Bravado*

of this King, and ſo do I, being aſſured, that the *Invincible Sultan*, can ſet his Foot on the Necks of Forty ſuch Petty Kings as this. Yet, let us be the Advocates of Juſtice, by which the Refulgent Empire of the *Muſſulmen* was firſt eſtabliſhed. Should ſuch a Villainy as this go unpuniſhed, it would encourage others in like Caſes, and then there would be nothing but Extortion and cruel Inſolence practis'd by Governours of Towns and Cities on the Road. So, barbarous and Inhoſpitable Uſage, would provoke all the Princes of the *Chriſtian* Law, to take up Arms againſt us. Thus would the moſt Glorious Empire in the World, become a Prey to *Infidels*.

I know this would be miſrepreſented, were it to come to other Hands than thine. They would ſay of me openly, what they have already whiſpered in the Cabals of the *Seraglio*, *That* Mahmut *is in Penſion with the* French *King*. They ſeek my Life without a Cauſe. But I truſt it to thy generous and right noble Hands, of whoſe Friendſhip I have had ſo late Experience.

May the *Firſt Mover* of the Heavenly Orbs, lead thee as by a Clew of Thread, through the dark Labyrinth of State-Affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy Life, to the *Fields of endleſs Light*. Amen! thou *Lord of Paradiſe*.

Paris, 26th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Know thee not, and, 'tis probable, thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often obſerved more durable Friendſhips contracted between Strangers, than betwixt thoſe of the ſame Bloud. Good Offices equally deſerve, and attract Love. There are many Opportunities for Travellers to ſerve one another. And, he that obliges me in a ſtrange Country, makes himſelf my Brother.

I received a *Diſpatch* from the *Reis Effendi* at *Conſtantinople*, informing me of the Death of *Carcoa*, one of the *Happy Slaves* of *him* whom *God* has ordained to diſpenſe *Felicities* to the *World*, I mean, the *Grand Signior*, *Poſſeſſor* of the *moſt exalted Throne on Earth*. He tells me likewiſe, that I muſt expect from thee the Continuance of *Carcoa*'s Office. I congratulate thy Honour, in that thou art thought worthy to ſerve the *Great Viceroy* of the *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, to whom is committed the Flaming Sword of Juſtice, that he may Reward Vertue, puniſh Vice, and reform the Corrupt Manners of all Mankind.

I am a *Muſſulman*, that is, reſigned to *God*, or elſe it would have raiſed ſome Thoughtfulneſs in a Man of my Circumſtances, what ſhould

be the Reaſon of *Carcoa*'s ſo long Silence, not having received any Anſwer theſe four *Moons* to the many Letters I ſent him. He was entruſted with the Secrets of my *Commiſſion*, and, had another been in my Place, he would have ſuſpected Treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the Inviſible Regions, to the Receptacles of Juſt and Faithful Men, to the pleaſant Woods and Groves, the Eternal Blooming Shades and Verdant Fields of *Paradiſe*. Follow his Steps, and be happy.

He was a Man true to his Truſt; ſedulous and active in Buſineſs; Punctual in his Appointments; Temperate in a Town flowing with Debaucheries; juſt toward all Men, and Devout to *God*.

It is neceſſary for him that would attain theſe Virtues, to begin Gradually at the loweſt Step; to Guard his *Sences*, and ſet a Watch upon the Avenues of his *Paſſions*. For a Man becomes neither perfectly Virtuous nor Vicious all at once: And a Wiſe man of thy own Nation, *Jeſus Ben Sirach*, has ſaid, *He that contemns Little Things, ſhall fall by little and little.*

I deſire thee, to ſend me *Carcoa*'s *Journal*, with what other Papers he left behind him, except ſuch as concern his particular Eſtate and Affairs.

Let me know alſo, how the late Deſign of the *Turks* upon *Rab*, is reſented at the *German Court*; whether the *Emperour* talks of ſending an *Embaſſador* to the *Sultan* about it;

it; and, whatſoever alſo of Moment occurs.

The *Reis Effendi* tells me, that *Bechir Baſſa*, the Treaſurer, has ordered me Five Hundred *Zechins*, by the way of *Vienna*. I deſire thou would'ſt be ſpeedy and careful in remitting them to *Paris*.

Thou needeſt no Inſtructions concerning my Lodging, or the Name I go by here; thoſe who appointed thee this Station at *Vienna*, have Informed thee, no doubt, of all Things neceſſary to the Diſcharge of thy Duty.

Write often to me, and preſerve thy Integrity free from Stain.

Paris, 6th *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know thy *Genius*, and have obſerved with what Complacency thou wert wont to peruſe thy Uncle *Shela Raphim*'s Travels, a *Journel* writ in *Arabic*, and full of profitable and wiſe Remarks; eſpecially, that Part of it, which treats of *France*. I will not pretend to add to his Obſervations; but only acquaint thee with a Novelty, which *France* it ſelf ne'er knew in his Days.

The

The Women of *Quality* here of late, addict themſelves to the Studies of *Philoſophy*, as the Men; the Ladies eſteeming their Education defective, if they cannot confute *Ariſtotle* and his *Diſciples*. The *Pen* has almoſt ſupplanted the Exerciſe of the *Needle*; and, Ladies Cloſets, formerly the Shops of Female Baubles, Toys and Vanities, are now turn'd to Libraries and Sanctuaries of Learned Books. There is a new Star riſen in the *French* Horizon, whoſe Influence excites the Nobler Females to this purſuit of *Humane Science*. It is the Renowned Monſieur *Des Cartes*, whoſe Luſtre far out-ſhines the Aged, winking Tapers of *Peripatetick Philoſophy*, and has eclyps'd the *Stagyrite*, with all the Ancient Lights of *Greece* and *Rome*. 'Tis this matchleſs Soul, has drawn ſo many of the Fairer Sex to the Schools. And, they are more proud of the Title [*Carteſian*,] and of the Capacity to defend his *Principles*, than of their *Noble* Birth and Blood.

I know our grave and Politick *Muſſulmen*, will cenſure the Indulgence of the *French* to their Women, and accuſe them of Weakneſs, in giving ſuch Advantages to that Witty Sex. But, notwithſtanding this Severity of the *Eaſtern* Parts, I cannot altogether diſapprove the *Weſtern* Galantry. If Women are to be eſteemed *our Enemies*, methinks it is an ignoble Cowardiſe thus to diſarm them, and not allow them the ſame Weapons we uſe our ſelves: But, if they deſerve the Title of *our Friends*, 'tis an Inhumane Tyranny to debar them

them the Privilege of Ingenuous Education, which would alſo render their Friendſhip ſo much more delightful both to themſelves and us. *Nature* is ſeldom obſerved to be niggardly of her choiceſt Gifts to that Sex, their Sences generally as quick as ours, their Reaſon as Nervous, their Judgments as mature and ſolid. Add but to theſe Natural Perfections, the Advantage of Acquir'd Learning, what polite and charming Creatures will they prove, whilſt their External Beauty does the Office of a Cryſtal to the Lamp, not ſhrouding but diſcloſing their brighter Intellects? Nor need we fear to loſe our Empire over them, by thus improving their Native Abilities; ſince, where there is moſt Learning, Sence and Knowlege, there is obſerv'd to be the greateſt Modeſty, and Rectitude of Manners. I ſee no Reaſon therefore, why we ſhould make ſuch Bug-Bears of Women, as not truſt them with as *Liberal* Education as our ſelves.

I believe, thou ſometimes beſtoweſt a Compaſſionate Thought on the *Exil'd Mahmut*. Would'ſt thou do ſomething to alleviate my Melancholly, the next time thou goeſt to the *Atmidan*, tranſcribe what is engraven on the *Pedeſtalls* of the *Obeliſks* and *Columns* ſtanding there, and ſend it encloſed in a Letter.

He that is *Lord* of the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*, from whoſe Throne hang Millions of Stars in Chains of Gold, encreaſe thy Virtues and Bleſſings, and preſerve thee from the Poyſon of

of ill Eyes and malicious Tongues, and bring thee to the *Fields of endleſs Light*.

Paris 6th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To Cara Haly, *Phyſician at* Conſtantinople.

THere is a Garden in this City, ſo near reſembling that of the *Invincible Vizir Azem*, on the Eaſt of *Pera*, that I cannot but phancy my ſelf near *Conſtantinople*, when I am walking in it. It is called the *King's Garden*, being allotted by the *Royal* Bounty of the King's of *France*, to the Service and Improvement of Students in *Phyſick*. There is a Yearly Stipend ſettled on an approved *Phyſician*, to take Care, that no kind of Phyſical Plant or Herb be wanting in this *Royal* Seminary. Who alſo during the whole Summer, is obliged to read a *Latin* Lecture every Morning, on the *Simples* there growing; whilſt a great Auditory of young Students, with Books, Pen and Ink in their Hands, wait on him up and down the Alleys, and write down his Diſcourſe. He that is now employed in this Office, is a very Learned and Ingenious Man; he takes great Pains to make all his young Diſciples perfect *Herbaliſts*; for, all the way as he paſſes along from one Herb to another, he

he ſtoops down, handles the *Simple*, and explains his Verbal Deſcription with his Fingers Ends; giving a moſt accurate Account of the minuteſt Difference between ſuch as ſeem to be alike, and demonſtrating to the Eye, that thoſe are two diſtinct Plants, which many take to be but one; tracing out their different Families in the Number, Texture, Shape or Colour of their Leaves and Flowers: And, this he does with ſo graceful an Action, ſuch elegant Language, and ſo compoſed a Spirit, that he charms all that happen to be preſent at his Lectures, and makes every Body in Love with the *Botanicks*. The Garden ſtands open to all Gentlemen, provided they leave their Swords with the Keeper of the Gate, to prevent Quarrels and Miſchief.

I enter daily among the reſt, and when the *Phyſick-Lecture* is over, I retire my ſelf into one of the moſt pleaſant Shades in the World; it is a Gravel Walk, the whole length of the Garden, on each ſide of which grow lofty Trees, planted ſo thick, and intermixing their Leaves and Branches ſo cloſely at the Top, that they compoſe a perfect natural *Umbrella* over the Walk, from one End to the other, ſo that not a Beam of the Sun can enter. And, that which creates in me the greateſt Complacency, is, that the farther End of the Walk, is not ſhut up by a high Wall, as is the Cuſtom in ſome Gardens; but, whether you are ſitting, or ſtanding upright, it opens to you a very agreeable and large Proſpect of the Country adjacent to *Paris*, which affects

affects the Eye with incredible Delight; and mine ſo much the more, becauſe it perfectly reſembles the Country lying Eaſt of *Pera* and *Conſtantinople*, which you ſurvey out of the *Grotto's* of the aforeſaid moſt Illuſtrious *Vizir Azem*. 'Tis when I am in this Walk, I imagine I breath the Air of *Aſia*, and am within the Verge of the *Imperial Seraglio*, the *Sanctuary* to which all the diſtreſs'd Princes in the World have Recourſe.

There are in *Paris* above an hundred Magnificent Palaces, and Beautiful Gardens belonging to them; but, none wherein I take ſo particular a Delight, as in this Royal *Phyſick-Garden*. Here I ſpend many a ſolitary Hour, and ſometime I meet with Company.

I tell thee, Dear *Haly*, that though the *French* are naturally the moſt poliſhed and refined People in the World, yet I am many times willing to make Excuſes, and leave their Society; being by the Force of a powerful Inclination either drawn to this Garden, or to a famous Library in this City, in the Cuſtody of certain *Religious Derviſes*, who at certain Hours of the Day, are obliged to give Attendance to all Gentlemen, who are pleaſed to ſit there and ſtudy.

Toward the Evening I viſit the *Hoſpitals*, which are the fineſt that ever I ſaw in the World and I believe the beſt govern'd. There is one named, *the Hoſpital of God*, where Perſons of *Quality* themſelves, and thoſe of the *Firſt Rank*, come every Evening, and wait on the ſick and the wounded, doing all the meaneſt

meaneſt Offices of Inferiour Servants, and this with abundance of Tenderneſs and Humanity. I have ſeen the Niceſt and Gayeſt Ladies of the *Court*, dreſſing the moſt ſqualid and putrefied Sores of Wounded Men, not ſeeming in the leaſt to be diſguſted at the loathſom Sight and Stench of their Ulcers. When one firſt enters the Place, one would imagine it to be a Chamber of Young *Janizaries*; it being a very long and wide Gallery, with Rows of Beds on both ſides, wherein the Sick are diſpoſed according to the Order of their coming, or the Nature of their Diſeaſe. The Curtains of the Beds are all of pure white Linnen, prettily wrought here and there with Flowers of Needle-Work. Their Sheets as white as the Curtains; and by each Bed ſtands a Baſon of clean Water, and a fine Towel lying by it. At the farther End of the Gallery, ſtands an Altar railed in, where the *Prieſts* perform their Religious Myſteries for the Sick. In fine, all Things in this Place, ſpeak an exquiſite *Decorum* and Order, with a generous Regard to the Health and Life of Man. Three of theſe Galleries make up the whole *Hoſpital*, and it is as pleaſant to me ſometimes to walk up and down in them, as in a beautiful Garden.

Certainly, if any Argument could be of Force to recommend Sickneſs as a deſirable Thing, it muſt be taken from the Circumſtances of this *Hoſpital*, or, an Equivalent Ground. I, for my own part, have often thought, That Death it ſelf would not be formidable

formidable amidſt ſo many Ornaments, Sweets, and Comforts. If this Publick and Charitable Regard to the Sick, be an Effect of their Religion, I cannot be ſo partial to deny it a due Acknowledgment; but, muſt own, That Heroick Vertue and Piety is to be found in an eminent Degree, even among the very *Infidels*.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee ſo long in the Theatre of the Sick and Wounded, and preſenting thee with the Tragical Scenes of Mortality; ſince it is thy proper Profeſſion, to converſe with the Infirmities, Diſeaſes and Dolors of Humane Bodies, and to be frequently preſent in the Anti-Chambers of Death.

Suffer me to preſs thee to an Integrity of continual Love and Friendſhip between us. Let not Miſtakes or Miſapprehenſions, cool this generous Affection. It is pity, That either the ſpightful Miſrepreſentations of inſinuating Back-Biters, or, our own groundleſs Jealouſies and Suſpitions, ſhould diſſolve the Union of Faithful and Loving Friends. I had rather ſuffer a Thouſand ſmall Injuries, which I know muſt proceed from Frailty, and Humane Neceſſity, than not continue to Love where I have once pitched my true Affection. Nothing but apparent wilful Perfidiouſneſs and Treachery, ought to break the ſacred and inviolable Band of Friendſhip. Fidelity and Love cover a multitude of leſſer Faults. He that breaks with his Friend for ſmall Errors, diſcovers the Raſhneſs and Inconſtancy

conſtancy of his Mind, and that his Friendſhip was never well grounded. For, had he been a Wiſe Man, he would either have been more ſlow and cautious in the choice of his Friend; or, having once contracted Friendſhip, he would not break it again for a leſs Crime than manifeſt Diſloyalty. But thou, who haſt ever purſued me with all the Offices of a Generous and Faithful Friend, bearing with my many Infirmities and Failings, doſt not deſerve this Cenſure. Yet, conſidering the Inſtability of all Humane Affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in Mind of theſe Things; leſt, through the Malice of Fortune, or the Envy of Men, or any other Cauſe, thou ſhouldſt withdraw thy Affection from me, which I value above all Temporal Bleſſings. For, beſides the many Favours I have received at thy Hands, whereby I am obliged in Honour and Gratitude to love thee perpetually; a Spark of Natural, or rather of Divine Affection was kindled in my Breaſt, from the firſt Time I converſed with thee; whether it proceeds from Agreeableneſs and Harmony of Spirits, or ſome other ſecret Operation, I know not. But, ſure I am, and would have thee reſt confident, That there is not a Man in the World, who Loves and Honours thee with greater Fidelity than I do.

The *Great* and *Eternal Lord* of the *Univerſe*, encreaſe and multiply thy Vertues and Bleſſings, and make thee Illuſtrious in thy Generation; granting alſo this Happineſs to me,

me, That after a laſting and true Friendſhip between us on Earth, I may drink with thee of the Rivers of Pleaſure, which glide along the Fields of *Paradiſe*; and, that I may ſee thy Face brighter than the Stars of Heaven. Amen! Amen.! O thou *Lord* of the *Worlds*.

Paris, 6th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Take the beſt Meaſures for Intelligence, yet I cannot gain a Sight or a Copy of all the *Expreſſes* that come to this *Court*; nor can I learn their Import, as ſoon as they Arrive. The *Miniſters* of *State* here, are the Sepulchres of News, they bury all in Silence.

This is the Reaſon, that I ſometimes have been forced to ſend thee an Account of many Events, long after they happened. My laſt Letter, was an Abſtract of the *French* Conqueſts in *Catalonia*, from the Beginning of the Year, to the *Moon* laſt paſt.

After the King of *France* had retired from the Camp before *Perpignan*, the *Mareſchal de Meſleraye* applied himſelf vigorouſly to perfect the *Batteries*, *Redoubts*, and other *Works*. Whilſt the King of *Spain* was hourly

ly perplexed with Cares and Anxieties, for this Important Place.

The Extremities to which it was reduc'd, haſtened his Preparations of an Effectual Relief. He ſent Orders to the *Marquiſes* of *Terracuſe*, of *Laganes* and *Mortare*, to raiſe the Flower of *Arragon* and *Caſtile*.

The *Viceroy* of *Naples*, furniſhed out a Conſiderable *Fleet*; it being the *Catholick* King's Reſolution, either to Succour *Perpignan*, and raiſe that Siege, or take *Barcelona* by Way of Reprizal.

In the mean while, the new *Mareſchal de la Mothe*, fluſhed with the late Favour he received from his Maſter, the *French* King, and ſpurred on with the Thirſt of Glory, entered like a Torrent with his Troops into *Valentia*, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The firſt Thing he did, was to ſurprize a Convoy of the *Marqueſs* of *Leganez*, who were carrying an Extraordinary Piece of Cannon to *Viveros*.

The *French* broke through the *Foot*, with their accuſtomed Fury, and killed more than Thirty Horſe, taking as many Priſoners. They ſent the Cannon to the Camp at *Reoux*.

Thou ſeeſt, Sage *Miniſter*, how neceſſary a Qualification it is in a Sovereign Prince, to diſcern and reward the Merits of his Servants. Men of Vertue are animated with freſh Vigour, when their Actions are acknowledged. Of this [illegible] ever Victorious *Sultans* of the *Ottoman Empire* are very ſenſible, who value

value the Abilities and Services of their *Slaves*, before any Conſideration of *Noble* Blood or Riches; raiſing Men from nothing, to the Higheſt Dignities of the *Empire*.

The *Mareſchal*, after this Exploit, took the Towns of *Tamarit*, and *Mouſon*; but the Caſtle belonging to the latter, was ſurrendred upon Articles, the Fourteenth of the laſt *Moon*.

Whilſt theſe things were tranſacted on the *Land*, the *Navies* were not Idle by *Sea*: The *Marquiſs* of *Breze* ſet upon the *Spaniſh Admiral*, as he lay at Anchor near *Viveros*; and, not being able to diſingage the Veſſel from the Shallows, he ſet it on Fire, together with another of equal Burden.

This was only an Exploit by the by, and as it lay in his Road to *Barcelona*, where the whole *Spaniſh* Fleet were Arrived, with Deſign to Aſſault the Town by Sea.

The *Marquiſs de Breze*, made all the Sail he could toward them; but, the Wind not favouring his Deſign, he was forced to make uſe of his Gallies. In a Word, the *Spaniards* loſt Four Ships in this Fight, and Three more on the Firſt of this *Moon*.

Thus *Perpignan* is in no likelihood of Relief. I will ſend thee all the Intelligence I receive of this Important Siege.

Paris, 10th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Iſouf *his Kinſman.*

I Have received thy Letter, and congratulate thy ſafe Return to *Conſtantinople*. The Bleſſing of *Mahomet* be upon thee, for the *Sacrifice* thou madeſt on *Abraham's* Mountain in my behalf, and for the *Alms* thou gaveſt to blot out my Sins. Hadſt thou ſent me the *Sacred Relique* I deſired, I would multiply Benedictions on *Iſouf* my Couſin. It is but a trifling Excuſe to ſay, thou couldſt not procure that which is denied to no *Pilgrim*. The *Emir* of *Mecca* expects that every one who Viſits that *Holy* of *Holies*, ſhould purchaſe a Piece of the Old Hanging, when it is yearly taken down. This is his Fee, and thou haſt at once defrauded him of his Due, fruſtrated my Hopes, and weakned the Merit of thy *Pilgrimage*.

But, I will not be querulous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting Mony in the Reſt of thy Journey. Thy Letter is very ſhort and full of Reſerves, hardly vouchſafing to make an Apology for thy long Silence, though it be now the nine and thirtieth *Moon* ſince thou firſt partedſt from *Conſtantinople*, without giving me any Account what was become of thee.

Sometimes I thought thou wert overwhelm'd in the *Sands* of *Arabia*, or, that ſome

ſome wild Beaſt had devoured thee. At other times, I imagined thou might'ſt die of Thirſt, in thoſe dry and barren Deſerts. When the *Caravan* returned at the accuſtomed Time, and no Tidings of *Iſouf*, I cou'd not divine that thou were gone into *Perſia*, or that thou wouldſt travel through all the *Eaſt*, as thy Letter Informs me.

I ſhould be proud of my *Kinſman*, were I ſatisfied what Improvements he has made in ſo tedious a Journey. Thy Letter ſpeaks thee not a Traveller, thou art a Churle in not communicating to me thy Adventures and Obſervations, in ſo many Countries as thou haſt paſs'd through.

Tell me, *Iſouf*, what was the Motive which put thee upon ſuch a hazardous Fatigue? Thou wert a Man of great Faith to truſt thy ſelf to the Conduct of the *Perſian*, who invited thee along with him. It is a Sign thou haſt a Roving Soul, or elſe thou wouldſt not upon ſuch eaſie Terms have abandoned the Company of thy Fellow-travellers and Friends, to joyn thy ſelf to a Stranger, an Enemy to thy Nation, a *Heretick*. 'Tis true, a Peace was juſt then concluded between the *Grand Signior*, and the *Sophi* of *Perſia*; and ſo there was no Danger of thy being ſnap't for a Spy, and ſacrificed to the Jealouſie of *State*. But, thou expoſedſt thy ſelf to the *Capricio's* of Fortune, and the wavering Temper of a Man, who, for ought thou knoweſt, might have ſome ill Deſign upon thee.

Tell me, didſt not thou meet with great Temptations

Temptations at *Iſpahan*? couldſt thou withſtand the Charms of *Perſian* Luxury? It muſt needs be a ſurprizing Novelty, to ſee the Ladies of the *Court* frolicking and revelling in the Houſes of Pleaſure without the City, ſo contrary to the auſtere Cuſtoms of our Women at *Conſtantinople*.

Well! I will believe thee Chaſt in the midſt of Courtezans, ſober in Company of Drunkards; and, that the Spark who pick'd thee up at *Medina*, made no attempts to debauch thy Vertue; yet thou canſt not blame this Railery, when thou conſidereſt the diſſolute Manners of that Nation. And I will tell thee ingenuouſly, that I find it very irkſome to abſtain from Wine, in a Country, where every Body drinks it but my ſelf.

But, thou giveſt me no Character of thy *Perſian* Friend, or his Quality. He might, for ought I know, be ſome *Knight Errant*, and thou his *Squire*, and ſo you rambled together up and down *Aſia* to ſeek Adventures. For thou art not ſo complaiſant as to tell me the Effect of thy *Travels*.

Had I been in thy Place, I ſhould have made it my Buſineſs, to enquire into the Laws and Religions of thoſe Countries through which I paſs'd. I ſhould have taken Notice of the Strength and Situation of their Cities and Caſtles; Their Manner of Building and Fortifications; The Diſcipline of their Souldiers, what Navigable Rivers they have, and which were the moſt eminent Places of Commerce and Traffick.

When thou wert in the *Court* of the *Great Mogul*, it had been worth thy Obſervation, to ſee the Grandure of this *Monarch*, who never goes into the Field with leſs than two hundred Thouſand Men. Thou ſhouldſt have remark'd alſo the Uſe the *Indians* make of *Elephants* in their Battels. It had not been amiſs to have caſt an Eye into their Temples in this Country, where thou wouldſt have beheld the Execrable Devotions of theſe *Idolaters*, who worſhip the *Devil* under hideous Forms. But above all, I ſhould have been greedy to ſee the *Indian* Women throw themſelves into the Funeral Pile after their dead Husbands. And, before I parted from the Country, I ſhould have ſought the Converſation of their *Gymnoſophiſts* or *Brachmans*. Theſe are in ſo great Reputation for their Wiſdom, Sanctity, and Incorrupt Manners, that the greateſt *Potentates* have Recourſe to them in all Difficulties, as to *Divine Oracles*.

China alſo would have afforded thee Matter of Obſervation and Remark.

Theſe People ſay of themſelves, that they ſee with both Eyes, the *Mahometans* with one, and all the reſt of the World are ſtark blind. But in my Opinion, the *Chineſes* can be but pur-blind themſelves, ſince they ſee no farther than the Mountains which environ their own Country; it not being permitted to the Subjects of that *Empire* to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are a very Ingenious People, envied by all the World for their Art in making *Porphyry*.

I ſhould

I ſhould be glad to know, if whilſt thou wert in this Country, thou ever ſaweſt any of thoſe Sailing Wagons, which are ſaid to be uſed there.

It would be very obliging, to ſend me a particular Relation of thy Travels theſe three Years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am ſolicitous for thy Good. The End of Travelling, is, to gain Experience and Wiſdom. If thou haſt attained this, I ſhall rejoice. The deſire of Knowledge has cauſed many Famous men to rome about the World. This led *Pythagoras* into *Paleſtine* and *Ægypt*. This made *Plato* leave *Athens*, to go and learn of *Archytas* the *Philoſopher* at *Tarentum* in *Italy*. And the ſame Motive, carried *Apollonius* through the greateſt part of *Aſia* and *Africa*.

But, I would not have thee confine thy Search to their Meaſures. For they only coveted to know the Myſteries of Nature. Whereas, if thou travelleſt again, I would adviſe thee to acquaint thy ſelf with the Conſtitutions of Kingdoms and States, whereby thou mayſt be ſerviceable to our *Great Maſter*, the *Grand Signior*, *Lord* of the *ſeven Clymates*, for whoſe ſake the *Elements* are reſtrained within their *Bounds*, and *Nature* it ſelf keeps on her Courſe.

Couſin, I pray the great *God* to poliſh thy Soul with Rational Principles, and make thee uſeful in thy Generation; for, no man is born for himſelf. Adieu.

Paris 13th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To Berber Muſtapha Aga, *at* Conſtantinople.

I Sent thee a Letter in the Concluſion of the laſt Year, concerning the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and the Loſs of his Eſtate: Since which, he ſeems to have loſt himſelf; being *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*; who is to the *Chriſtians*, what our *Mufti* is to *true Believers*.

If thou knoweſt not what it is to be *Excommunicated* by the *Pope*, I will inform thee in few Words.

Thoſe who lie under this Cenſure, are forbid to enter into any of their *Churches*, or in the leaſt to partake of what they eſteem *Holy*. All *Chriſtians*, are commanded to ſhun their Company; they are eſteemed as bad as *Hereticks*; baniſh'd humane Society, and given over to the *Devil*.

The Occaſion of paſſing this ſo ſevere a Sentence on a *Sovereign* Prince, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet, it was onely for putting away his firſt Wife, and marrying another. A Thing commonly practiſed all over the *Eaſt*. Should our *Mufti's* have the ſame Power, there would be but few *Muſſulmen* in the *Sacred Moſques*.

But, theſe *Infidels* call Marriage a Great *Sacrament*, and eſteem it as violated when a Man

Man repudiates his Wife; *Divorces* being not allowed in any Part of *Chriſtendom*, unleſs in Caſe of *Adultery*.

People talk variouſly of the *Popes* Cenſure. Thoſe who favour the *Counteſs* of *Cantecroix*, murmur at the *Excommunication*, calling it, A Breach of Privileges, an unheard of Innovation, an Attempt upon the Life of the Prince. They add alſo, that he ought firſt to have been cited, and his Cauſe heard by the *Court*, according to the *Canons* and *Decrees* of *Councils*.

On the other Hand, there are who juſtifie this Proceeding of the *Pope*, and accuſe the *Duke* of barbarous Ingratitude, for leaving his Lawful Wife, by whom he got his Eſtate, and with whom he had lived many Years.

However, the *Duke* of *Lorrain* has publiſh'd a *Proteſtation* againſt the *Popes* Proceedings, and cauſed his *Procurator General* to do the like; writing Letters alſo to the *Preſidents* and *Counſellours* of the *Sovereign Court* of *Lorrain* and *Barois*, commanding them not to take any Notice of the *Pope's* Cenſure; it being actually null and void, becauſe contrary to the Fundamental Laws of the Church.

It is to obſerved here, that this *Excommunicated* Prince in the Concluſion of his *Proteſt*, appeals nevertheleſs to the Sovereign *Biſhop*, when he ſhall be better informed, ſtill profeſſing an Eternal Obedience to the *Church*.

It is a ſtrange unaccountable Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* claim over *Emperours* and *Princes*.

ees. In his publick Letters, Briefs or Patents, he ſtiles himſelf, *the Servant of the Servants of God*; yet, in his Actions, he aſſumes a *Sovereignty* over *Kings*, calling all the Princes in *Chriſtendom*, *his Sons*, and chaſtiſing them as ſuch, when he ſees Occaſion. All this proceeds, from the Difference they make between the Temporal and the Spiritual Sword. So, that when their Forces have been routed, the City of *Rome* ſack'd, and themſelves taken Priſoners by the Force of the former; yet they have at the ſame Time, by the Dint of the latter, ſubdued their Conquerours, and in the midſt of Captivity celebrated a Triumph.

Spare not to command me, if thou canſt propoſe any Method of doing thee Service.

God the *Eſſence* of *Eſſences*, purify us, and waſh away our Imperfections.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 8th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642,

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Bedredin, Superior *of the* Derviſes, *of the* Convent *of* Cogny *in* Natolia.

ART thou alive, Venerable Old Man, or muſt I expect my Anſwer in the other World? I have often writ to thee, and more often enquired after thy Health, when I had Opportunity; but have received no Anſwer, nor heard any News of thee theſe Seven *Moons*; which ſeem ſo many Years, to a Man who would be ready to die for Joy, could he receive the leaſt Aſſurance that thou art yet alive.

Without Doubt, thou liveſt where-ever thou art, and liveſt in perfect Joy and Peace, the Rewards of thy conſummate Sanctity and Vertue. Either thou ſtill enjoyeſt a Heaven on Earth, thy Incorrupt Soul being a *Paradiſe* to it ſelf; or, thou haſt tranſlated thy Reſidence from Earth to Heaven, to augment the Number and Joys of the *Bleſſed*.

Well! I will ſuppoſe and hope thou art alive, and that this Letter will come to thy Hand: I will therefore make thee an acceptable Preſent.

Thou haſt often ſpoke with much Affection and Reverence of *Jeſus*, the *Meſſias* of the *Chriſtians*, as all Good *Muſſulmen*

ought to do; being taught by the *Alcoran* in ſeveral *Chapters*, that he was a *Holy Prophet*, and in the Number of the *Divine* Favorites.

I have met with an Authentick Deſcription of his Perſon in the King's Library, and have tranſlated it into *Arabick* for thy Satisfaction. *Publius Lentulus* being *Preſident* of *Judea*, ſent it to the *Senate* of *Rome*, when the Fame of *Jeſus* began to ſpread abroad in the World. Theſe are his Words:

THERE lives at this Time in Judæa, *a Man of ſingular Virtue, whoſe Name is* Jeſus Chriſt. *Whom the* Barbarians *eſteem a* Prophet; *but, his own Followers adore him as the* Off-ſpring *of the* Immortal Gods. *He calls back the Dead from their Graves, and heals all Sorts of Diſeaſes with a Word or a Touch. He is tall and well-ſhaped; of an Amiable, Reverend Aſpect; his Hair of a Colour that can hardly be match'd, falling into Graceful Curls below his Ears, and very agreeably couching on his Shoulders, parted on the Crown of the Head like the* Nazarites. *His Fore-head is ſmooth and large, his Cheeks without other Spot, ſave that of a lovely Red. His Noſe and Mouth form'd with exquiſite Symmetry. His Beard thick, and of a Colour ſuitable to the Hair of his Head, reaching an Inch below his Chin, and parting in the middle like a Fork. His Eyes bright, clear and ſerene. He rebukes with Majeſty, counſels with Mildneſs; his whole Addreſs, whether in Word or Deed, being Elegant and Grave. No Man has ſeen him*

him Laugh, but he has Wept frequently. He is very Temperate, Modeſt and Wiſe. A Man, for his Excellent Beauty and Divine Perfections, ſurpaſſing the Children *of* Men.

I ſend thee this *Picture* of the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, not drawn by the Pencil of the Painter, but by the Pen of a *Roman* Governour, and therefore it may paſs for Authentick. I have often heard thee praiſe the *Original*, and condemn ſome too Superſtitious *Muſſulmen*, who, in their miſtaken Zeal for the *Alcoran*, have Blaſphem'd this *Holy Prophet*; a Man whom the *Alcoran* it ſelf mentions in ſeveral *Chapters*, ſtyling him, *The Breath and Word of God.*

Certainly, Malediction becomes not the Mouth of a *True Believer*; and he, who Curſes *God*, or any of the Hundred and twenty four Thouſand *Prophets*, ſhall be excluded their Society in *Paradiſe.*

I give thee a final Adieu, O Holy *Derviſe*; deſiring, that this Character of the *Meſſiah*, may be tranſcribed in Letters of God on Silken Paper, and laid up in the *Library* of thy *Convent.* Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 25th. of the 8th. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Caimacham.

VArious are the Diſcourſes of People in this Place concerning the Reduction of *Aſac*. For, *Paris*, like *Athens* of old, is the Receptacle of all the News in the World.

The *French* are Naturally a *Martial* People, delighting much in the Affairs of *War*; and when the News came laſt Year of the Raiſing the Siege of *Aſac*, with all the Particulars of the Defendants Bravery, notwithſtanding the Union of ſo great Forces againſt them; they highly applauded the Valour and Conſtancy of the *Coſſacks*, whom neither Threats nor Promiſes, gentle Means, nor vigorous Aſſaults could prevail upon to ſurrender up their Town, but forced the Beſiegers to return Home with the Loſs of above Twelve thouſand *Turks*, beſides *Moldavians*, *Walachians*, and *Tartars*.

But now they begin to change their Notes, and to admire the *Invincible* Force of the *Ottoman* Arms, which hew their way through the moſt Formidable Difficulties, to lay *Empires*, *Kingdoms* and *States* at the Feet of our *Victorious Sultan*.

I have received a particular Account from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, of the taking of that City. He tells me, That at the News of thoſe

those great Preparations, which were making by Land and Sea against it; the Inhabitants being denied the Protection of the *Moscovites*, which was their sole Refuge in this Extremity, abandoned the Town, carrying with them their Goods, and demolishing their Houses, so that there was but small Prey left for our Soldiers.

It is the General Discourse of this *Court*, that there is a Son born to *Sultan Ibrahim*. I should heartily rejoice, were I assured the News were true; but, there is no *Dispatch* as yet to confirm it. Besides, I have received Advice from *Constantinople*, which almost discourages me from ever hoping so fortunate an Event.

God lengthen thy Days, and make thee Happy, both in this World, and in *Paradise*.

Paris, 25th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To Muſtapha, Baſſa *of* Siliſtria.

THOU haſt no Reaſon to Repine at the Exchange of thy *Government*, though thy preſent Power be circumſcribed within narrower Limits than it was in *Ægypt*. That *Granary* of the World, never afforded thee ſuch a Harveſt of Laurels as thou haſt reaped on the Banks of the *Black-Sea*. The Conqueſt of *Aſac* has loaded thee with Honours, and the Moderation thou haſt in the midſt of Triumphs, has captivated greater Numbers of the *Coſſacks*, than could the Dint of thy Cymetar. Though the Foundations of Kingdoms are laid in Blood, yet the Superſtructure is cemented with Clemency; and, the *Roman Cæſars*, by timely ſheathing their Swords, faſtned to their *Empire*, the Provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, and all my Moments are conſecrated to the Service of the *Grand Seignior*, who has a Right to command all Mankind: Yet the Fame of thy late Victory reaching theſe Parts, and giving occaſion of Diſcourſe, I ſtole this time from my ſelf, not from my *Great Maſter* (it being the Hour of Sleep) to tell thee what the World ſays of thee.

They do not compare thee to *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander the Great*; thou thy ſelf

ſelf wouldſt take him for a Flatterer, that ſhould uſe ſuch an Expreſſion. But they ſay, the Method thou haſt taken, to ſweeten the Calamities of the *Coſſacks*, and invite them back to their abandoned Habitations, has ſome reſemblance with the Conduct of *Selim*, a *General* of *Orchanes*'s Army; who, after he had taken the City of *Pruſa*, forbid his Souldiers, on pain of Death, to touch the Goods of the Inhabitants, or commit any Inſolent Action. The Moderation of this Conqueror, not only rendered the Citizens eaſie, and willing to ſubmit to their *New Lord*; but, the Fame of it ſpreading abroad, he with little Bloodſhed reduced all the adjoining Countrys under Subjection.

It is reported of the Great and Victorious *Saladine*, That he took more Pleaſure in winning the Hearts of his Enemies, than in conquering their Perſons. This Prince had a Saying very common in his Mouth, *That he did the Office of a Barber and Gardiner, ſhaving the Superfluities, and pruning the Exceſcencies of Overgrown Kingdoms and States, not deſtroying them Root and Branch.* 'Tis certain, he endeavoured in all his Conqueſts to mollify the Averſion of his Enemies, by Acts of Generoſity.

Thou wilt expect ſome News from a Man in my Poſt, and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable Intelligence, than what is the common Theme of Diſcourſe at this Time.

Edward, Duke of *Parma*, has entered into the *Pope*'s Territories with Three thouſand ſelect

ſelect Horſe, where he marches Dragooning up and Down the Country, bringing Terror and Confuſion where-ever he comes. He Conquers without drawing his Sword, the *Pope*'s Army flying before him.

This Prince is by Nature very Fierce and Active, and has a peculiar Gift of obliging his Souldiers, by treating them with a frank affable Carriage, free from the ſtately Reſervedneſs to which Men in Authority are accuſtomed. By this Deportment, he has inſenſibly ſtole their Affections; they are ready to follow him all over the World.

When the *Princes* of *Italy* fall out with one another, they generally engage the *French* and the *Spaniards* in the Quarrel. But the *Duke* of *Parma*, refuſed the Aſſiſtance which the former profer'd him of Two thouſand Men, provided they might be diſpoſed in Garriſons; he was Jealous, leſt the *French* deſign'd to play their old Game; and, that when they were once Houſed in his Cities and ſtrong Holds, it would be difficult to unkennel them.

He has a new way of winning Towns, carrying with him neither Infantry, Cannon, Ammunition, nor any other Proviſion neceſſary to a *Campaign*. Yet, when he approached towards *Smola* in his Road to *Bologna*, the Governour ſent the Keys of the Town to him in his March; which he made no other uſe of, than to give his Troops a Paſſage through the Place, reſigning them up again. By theſe Noble Acts, he paved himſelf an eaſie Way through the *Eccleſiaſtick* State;

State; his Army being furniſhed with Victuals in Abundance, without Plunder or Inſolency.

The firſt Occaſion of this Quarrel, proceeded from ſome Contempts put upon the *Prince* of *Parma* at the *Court* of *Rome*, by the Nephews of *Pope Urban*. And, the Diſguſts have ſince been improved to that Height, as to Engage the *State* of *Venice*, the *Grand Duke* of *Tuſcany*, the *Duke* of *Modena*, and other *Princes*, in the Care of the General Intereſt of *Italy*.

They proceed with Mediations and Overtures of Peace in one Hand, while the Sword is brandiſh'd with the other; amuzing one another with Treaties to gain Time. The Loſs of *Caſtro*, a ſtrong Town on the Borders of the *Eccleſiaſtick State*, ſpurs on the *Duke* of *Parma* to Revenge himſelf on the *Barberinis*; while the *Republick* of *Venice*, ſtrives to mitigate his Fierceneſs, and accommodate Affairs, eſpouſing his Cauſe, but fearful of his Raſhneſs, leſt his impetuous Humour ſhould carry him to the Walls of *Rome*, and bring things to Extremities. For, all the Princes in *Italy* profeſs an Inviolate Obedience to the *Pope*, who ſeems to Inherit the Authority of the Ancient *Roman Emperours*.

Thou maiſt comprehend by what I have ſaid, how eaſie it were at ſuch a Juncture (when all the *Principalities* in *Italy* are (as it were) disjointed) to bring them under the Yoke of a *Foreign* Power. This is what the *Spaniards* and *French* have for a long time been

been nibling at: and, whereof the *Republick* of *Venice* are ſo Jealous, that they never ſide with one Party to the Ruine of another, but endeavour to keep all the Intereſts of *Italy* in an *Æquilibrium*, till they are Reconciled and United, leſt the Party which finds it ſelf moſt weakned, ſhould ſeek the Protection of one of thoſe Potent Crowns; who would not fail to ſtrike two ſtrokes for themſelves, if they are deſired to ſtrike one for the Oppreſſed *Italian*.

The *Chriſtians* call *Italy*, the *Garden* of *Europe*; and, if the Alluſion may hold, the King of *Spain* has poſſeſſed himſelf of two ſtately *Grotto*'s in it, *Naples* and *Millan*; yet, 'tis a Queſtion, whether the Coſt in maintaining theſe two Cities, will countervail the Honour of being their *Sovereign* at ſuch a Diſtance: The ſame may be ſaid of his Dominions, in *Mexico* and *Peru*. This is the Peculiar Happineſs of the *Ottoman Empire*, that all the Members of ſo vaſt a Body, lie contiguous to each other.

The *Monarch* of the *World above* and this *below*, encreaſe the Territories of our *Invincible Sultan*, and by continually ſupplying our Armies with ſuch Fortunate Leaders as *Muſtapha*, ſubdue all Nations to the *True Faith*.

Paris, 29th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I Have heard with Sorrow, of the Diſappointment the *Sultan*'s Forces met in the taking of *Rab*. The *Chriſtians* accuſe him of Breach of the Capitulations, on which a Peace was concluded for Twenty Years, between the *Happy Port*, and the *Emperour* of *Germany*.

If the Stratagem by which they deſign'd to take this Town, be truly related to me, it ſeems to be a Copy of the *Grecian* Artifice in taking *Troy*, bating the Difference of many Carts, and one Wooden Horſe.

That Officer who diſcovered the Intrigue, tho' he had hunted in vain all the former part of the Day, yet returned with good Game at laſt, when he had enſnared our carted Soldiers within the Toils, got them within the Walls of the City, and drawn up the Draw-Bridge upon the Ambuſh which lay behind. The *Emperor*, it ſeems, takes it mightily to heart; and, as I hear, has ſent an *Ambaſſador* to the *Port*, to complain of this Tranſaction.

The *Court* here, is not very ſolicitous for his Intereſt, nor will they be much troubled to find that his *Ambaſſador* has but a cold Reception at *Conſtantinople*. For, the Differences

rences between the Kings of *France* and the *House* of *Austria*, are too deeply grounded, to suffer any good Understanding or Affection to take Place between them.

And, the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, was heard to say not many Days ago, *That, since the* German Eagle *was so greedy, he would give her a Bone to pick would break her Bill.* This was spoken in Relation to the *Emperor's* Encroachments on the *Palatinate*, and his Seizure of *Juliers* and *Treves*.

I am glad to hear, that the *League* is renewed between the *Shining Port* and the King of *Persia*, that so the Nerves of the *Sacred Empire* may be wholly employed in *Hungary*.

Paris, 12th of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

To Enguruli Emir Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

THIS *Western* World lies drown'd in Wickedneſs; or rather, it is ſet on Fire with Sin. I ſweat while I am within the Confines of the Air of *Chriſtendom*. An univerſal Peſtilence infects the Souls of Men, from whence their Words breath nothing but Contagion. Even ſuch as one would take for *Holy Saints*, are *meer Cheats*; and, like thoſe Fruits that grow on the Banks of the Lake *Aſphaltites*, they are fair and beautiful without, but bring them to the Touchſtone, and you will find them meer Corruption and Rottenneſs within. The *Laity* openly wallow in all Debauchery and Licentious Practices. Nor are the *Clergy* leſs exempt from ſecret Enormities; while the *Eccleſiaſtick* Veſtments ſerve but as Cloaks to Pride, Ambition, Covetouſneſs, and other concomitant Vices. The Sword of *Juſtice* it ſelf, or at leaſt, that which ought to be ſo, ſerves to divide the Spoils of the *Poor*, the *Widow* and the *Orphan*. In *Court* and *Camp* all Offices are bought and ſold, without regard to Merit or the Publick Good. He that bids higheſt, is firſt preferr'd; and, the beſt-mony'd Chapman, is the moſt meritorious *Candidate*.

Theſe

These are the Escapes of Princes, and the Designs of Favourites: whilst the Easiness of the one, abused by the Craft and Subtilty of the other, exposes Places of highest Trust, as in an Exchange, to become the Merchandize of every Pedling Huckster; And brave and generous Souls are many Times put by, tho' the *Royal* Promise it self has pass'd in their Behalf. This is eminently the Unhappiness of the *French Court*. And, 'tis thought, the late *Duke* of *Luynes*, and the present *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, both of them Favourites to the present King, could not have swell'd their Coffers with such Heaps of Gold, but by these sinister Methods.

I am credibly Informed by an old *French* Courtier, that *Monsieur Belville*, a Gentleman of the *Province* of *Languedoc*, spared not to pass this Reflection on the *Duke* of *Luynes*, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bourdeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, in a most Magnificent Manner; one Day coming to the *Court* in his *Mourning*-Coach, (his Father being newly dead) he was reprehended by *Monsieur Cadinet*, Younger Brother to the *Duke* of *Luynes*, for appearing at *Court* in such an extraordinary Time of Joy, with a *Mourning*-Coach. *O Sir*, says Belville, *the Bravery of your Brother's Coach, may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had, to Equipp himself for this Triumphant Season.* This I was told, by one that was present and heard the Words; and, the Occasion of them also he was not ignorant of, which was this: *Mon-*

Monſieur Belville being a Gentleman of a *Noble* Family, and one whoſe eminent Vertues and Services might have intituled him to ſome ſuitable Dignity, but being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken Notice of, till he addreſſed himſelf to the *Duke* of *Luynes*; who, upon the Receipt of Fifteen Hundred Crowns, promiſed him to make him *Cavalier* of the *Order* of the *Holy Ghoſt*, a Dignity next to that of the *Peers* of the *Realm*, and which is a fair Step to it. But, inſtead of performing his Promiſe, after he had got his Mony, he by under-hand Practices, procured him to be baniſhed the *Court*, neither did he ever come near it till this Marriage aforeſaid was taken in Hand; at which time his Father dying at *Bourdeaux*, and being there alſo buried, he by the Mediation of ſome Friend, procured a Repeal of his *Baniſhment*, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King ſenſible of the *Duke's* Injuſtice. But, it took not the deſired Effect; for, he was upon thoſe Words, immediately impriſoned, where he ſoon after died of Grief. Thus is Oppreſſion, Murder, and Violence countenanc'd by Authority among theſe *Infidels*.

But thou, Sage Interpreter of our *Law*, and Patron of Vertue, vouchſafe me thy Counſel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by converſing with theſe *Uncircumciſed*.

Paris 12th of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To the Most Illustrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

THE Enemies of the *Ottoman* Interest, ever since the Time that our late *Invincible Sultan Amurat* had caused his Uncle *Mustapha* to be strangled, flatter'd themselves with the vain Hopes, of seeing that *Royal Line* extinct; it being blaz'd abroad in all the *Courts* of *Christendom*, that *Sultan Amurat*, by excessive Use of Wine, had quite enervated his Natural Vigor, and rendred himself incapable of getting any more Children. And the private Charge which he gave to the *Bassa's* and *Grandees* of the *Empire*, That in Case he died Issueless, they should translate the *Imperial Diadem* to the *Tartar*, was no Secret here. Every Man look'd upon our present Happy Sovereign, *Sultan Ibrahim*, as a Man design'd for a Sacrifice to his Brother's Hatred, and that he would not long survive the Fate of his Uncle *Mustapha*.

I have heard a grave and experienc'd Statesman say, that he hoped to see the *Ottoman* Empire (after the Death of *Amurat*) rent into as many and fatal Divisions, by the Ambitious *Beglerbegs*, *Bassa's* and other Governors of Provinces, as the *Empire* of *Alexander the Great* was, by the Commanders of his Army,

Army, after his Death, who ſhared it among themſelves, and Cantonized it into as many *Principalities*, as there were Captains to make Pretenſions, either by Merit or the Sword.

But, Praiſe be to *God*, *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, the *Sovereign Protector* of the *Empire* eſtabliſhed by his own Hands, the Hopes of the *Infidels* are defeated. *Ottoman* is not left without an Heir to ſit upon the Throne, an Heir of his *Blood*, as well as of his *Empire*.

The Birth of *Sultan Mahomet* is no ſmall News to *Europe*, after it had been generally reported, that his Father, *Sultan Ibrahim*, was Impotent. The Ladies of the *Court* here begin to entertain a better Opinion of him. And the *Grandees* frame more Maſculine *Idea's* of our *Glorious Monarch*.

God augment the *Imperial* Off-ſpring, and perpetuate the *Ottoman* Sway, till the Day of the Balance.

I bow my Forehead to the Carpets whereon thou treadeſt, and kiſs the Hem of thy rich Veſt. *God* encreaſe thy Graces and Felicities.

Paris, 12th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

IT is not lawful for a *Slave* to pry into the Actions of his *Sovereign Lord*, much leſs to cenſure his Conduct with Boldneſs. But, miſerable is that Prince, who amongſt all his pretended Friends and Servants, has none ſo Faithful and Diſcreet, as to warn him of Dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the Severity of thy Juſtice, in taking away the Life of that *Perſian* Traytor laſt Year, who by his accurſed Inſinuations and Example, haſtened the Death of our late *Victorious Sovereign, Sultan Amarat*, upon whom be the *Mercies* of *God*.

That *Heretick*, though an *Emir*, of the Race of our *Holy Prophet*, and adorned with the *Immarceſcible Colour*, which is appropriated to Sanctity and Virtue; yet, refrained not from *Idolatry*, being a daily Votary to *Bacchus*. He it was, who firſt taught the *Unfortunate Sultan* to drink Wine, which he afterwards practiſed to that Exceſs, as betray'd him to many Inconveniencies, and at laſt to Death it ſelf.

But, ſuffer me to ask thee, why thou doſt not alſo take an equal Revenge on *Muſtapha Baſſa*, who was as guilty as the *Perſian*; being not only a Companion, but a zealous Promoter of the *Royal* Debauches? It was he, who

who firſt propos'd that Fatal Match of drinking, which caſt the *Sultan* into a Mortal Fever, of which he died in leſs than a Week.

I ſhould not preſume to ſay theſe Things to thee, nor to call paſt Miſcarriages to Remembrance, were I not certainly inform'd, that the ſame *Muſtapha* is practiſing his old Trade with the preſent *Sultan Ibrahim*, endeavouring to enervate the *Royal* Blood, and withdraw the *Sultan* from the juſt Obſervance of our *Holy Law*, to the Impious Prophanations of the *Infidels*. I am commanded to give Intelligence of all Important Affairs to thee, and the other *Great Miniſters* of *State*: I thought none more weighty, than that which Regards the Life of my *Sovereign*.

I have done my Duty, I leave the Proceſs to thee, who art the Oracle of Government.

God direct thy Feet in the Path of Juſtice, which will aſſuredly lead thee to the Gardens of *Eden*, where thou ſhalt enjoy Eternal Repoſe, and Supreme Felicity.

Paris 16th of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

I Received the *Diſpatch* of thy *Sanctity*, wherein thou haſt renovated my *Soul*, and reſtored me to a ſound Conſiſtence of *Spirit*. My Doubts are vaniſhed, I am no longer racked with torturing Scruples about my Conduct. Thy *Abſolution* has obliterated the *Sentence* my Fears had pronounced on me.

As to the *Penance* thou haſt enjoined me, it is Rational, and adapted to the Quality of my Crime. I have counterfeited a *Chriſtian*, that I might the better perform the Duty of a *Muſſulman*. I have ſeemed devoutly Attentive to the *Roman Miſſal*, that I might be Inſtrumental to propagate the *Alcoran*. And, for this *Religious* Fault, thou requireſt, that I ſhould inform thee, how the *Chriſtians* behave themſelves in their *Temples*, where I have been ſo often a Spectator of their *Ceremonies*. I ſubmit with an abſolute Reſignation, and a willing Compliance to thy *Venerable* Injunction; and, will briefly relate what I have obſerved.

Theſe *Infidels* ſeem to be Ambitious of imitating the *Undefiled Religion*, and yet they prove but bad *Mimicks*; for, as we are taught to waſh our Bodies before we enter the *Sacred*

cred Moſque; ſo they, at the Entrance of their *Churches*, dip their Fingers in certain Veſſels filled with Water and Salt, and ſprinkle their Foreheads therewith; as though their Purity lay in a Swound, and was thus to be recovered to Life again; or, that the Uncleanneſs of their whole Bodies, were contracted into the Face. They eſteem the Water *Holy*, and yet they trifle with it as an *Indifferent* Thing. One would think, they ſhould be deſirous to bath themſelves all over, and let every Pore in their Skin imbibe the *Sanctified* Liquor: But, they ſeem rather to uſe it as a Charm; for, after they have ſprinkled a few Drops on their Faces, and muttered to themſelves two or three Words, they think they have chaſed all Impurity from them in a Fright, and boldly preſent themſelves before the *Altars*. Herein alſo they deviate from the Practice of Former *Chriſtians*, who (if their own *Church-Hiſtories* be true) were accuſtomed to waſh their Arms and Feet in certain Ciſterns, before they entred the *Temples*; whereof the *Fountains* and *Lavatories* remaining yet on the *South* Side of the *Holy* and *Magnificent Moſque* of *Sancta Sophia* at *Conſtantinople*, are a ſtanding Teſtimony. For, the *Greek* Inſcriptions ſhew, That ſome of them, at leaſt, were contrived by the Builders of this Glorious *Temple*, in the Time of *Juſtinian* the *Emperor*, for the Purification of ſuch as came thither to Worſhip. By which 'tis manifeſt, That theſe *Modern Infidels* degenerate from thoſe more *Ancient* ones.

Another Thing offends me alſo, which is this; They believe the *Divinity* is preſent in their *Temples*, after a peculiar and extraordinary Manner, and yet they ſuffer Dogs to Prophane them with their vileſt Excrements. They ſpare for no Coſt to adorn their *Churches*, and their *Altars* are enriched with invaluable Treaſures of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones; and yet, after all, they muſt become the Receptacles of the Dung of Sordid Animals.

Theſe wicked Wretches alſo, walk up and down in theſe *Sacred Places*, talking of their Common Affairs, as though they were on the *Exchange*, or in the *Market-Place*.

But, that which is to be had in greateſt Abomination, is, that it is common for Men to make Love to the Women in *Churches*: They preſent themſelves before the *Altars*, but, the *Saint* whom they Invocate, is ſome beautiful Female. She engroſſes all their Devotions; to her they make their Vows. The amorous Youth adores his Miſtreſs that kneels by him, laden perhaps with more Sins than himſelf. His Eyes may be fixed on the *Altar*, or, on the Pictures and Images, but his Tongue addreſſes to the more Charming Idol near him: Or, if his Eyes are attentive on his *Prayer-Book*, he teaches it to ſpeak nothing but the ſoft and effeminate Things of Love. Thus, Aſſignations of *Luſt*, are made in the *Houſe of Prayer*; and the Affairs of *Cupid*, managed under the Maſque of *Religion*. They Fight the Battles of *Venus*,

nus, under the Banner of their *God*.

I tell thee, *Venerable Interpreter of the Divine Law*, that the Sight of these Things has sometimes enflamed my Zeal to that Height, as had it not been for an earnest Desire to do some extraordinary Service to the *Grand Signior* (which obliged me to take Care of my self) I should certainly have transfixt these prophane Mockers of *God* on the Spot, and Sacrificed them to a Zeal, which thou, who art *Piety* it self, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my Arms, *most Venerable Sovereign of Religion*, and wrapping my self in profound Humility, I fall prostrate to the Earth; begging thy effectual Blessing and Intercession, that I may be admitted into the Number of the *Happy* in *Paradise*.

Paris, 26th of the 9th *Moon*.
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To the Vizir Azem, *Prime Director of the Affairs of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THE Notices I have of the *Preſent State* of *England*, (in Compliance with thy Commands) are not gain'd without ſome Difficulty. It is not eaſie for a Man that ſits in his Chamber in *Paris*, to pry into the Cabinets of *Foreign Courts*: Yet, I will communicate to thee ſome Intelligences, which thou couldſt not learn from the *Engliſh Embaſſador* at the *Port*, nor from all the Travellours of that Nation, reſiding at *Conſtantinople*, *Smyrna* and *Aleppo*.

There is a *Jew* whom they call *De Lopes*, a Confident and Emiſſary of *Cardinal Richlieu*, whom he employs both at Home and Abroad in ſeveral private Negotiations and Intrigues. I have inſinuated into this Man's Familiarity, and (if I may ſo expreſs it) I have Riveted my ſelf into his Heart. He treats me with an Aſſurance void of Jealouſie; and, there is no Folding or Angle in his Breaſt, which I do not eaſily penetrate. I make uſe of him, as an *Optick*, through which I peep into the *Cardinal*'s Secrets, and, as a Mirrour, in which I behold the true Face of many diſguiſed Affairs, tranſacted in the remoteſt Corners of *Europe*;

Europe; there being hardly any thing of moment done in the *Courts* of *Chriſtian* Princes, wherein the *Cardinal* has not a Finger. He ſeems to be the *Genius* or *Soul* of *Chriſtendom*, communicating Motion, Activity, and Heat, to all the Grand Intrigues now on Foot in theſe *Weſtern* Parts of the World.

The *Commotions* of *England*, ſeem to be a *complicated Diſtemper* of the *State*, ariſing from ſeveral *Cauſes*, drawn to a *Head* by the dextrous Artifice of this *Buſie Spirit*. The Preſent King of that *Iſland*, came to the Crown with no ſmall Diſadvantages; his Father having Exhauſted the *Treaſury*, and left him deeply in Debt. He had no ſmall Number of the *Blood-Royal* to maintain; which kind of Charges, thou knoweſt, our *Glorious Sultans*, though they be Maſters of infinite Riches, endeavour to avoid, by Marrying their Daughters and Nieces, whilſt yet Infants, to ſome of the moſt Potent and Wealthy *Baſſa's*, that ſo their Port may be kept up, without burdening the *Royal* Coffers. But, the *Infidel* Princes are wanting in this frugal Providence. In the Reign of King *James* (this King's Father) *England* lay at Eaſe, ſlumbring in the Downy Bed of Peace; She wallowed in Pleaſures, and had no other Unhappineſs, but in being too Happy. Her Affluence and Idleneſs, affected the *State* with a *Plethory*. The Publick Health cannot be long conſerved, without the moderate Exerciſe of War. *Charles*, after the Death of the *Old King*, being Eſtabliſhed in the *Throne*, committed the Affairs of *State*,

to the Management of his *Miniſters*; never examining his *Treaſury*, nor calling to an Account his *Officers*, but Indulged himſelf in the Pleaſures moſt agreeable to his Youthful *Genius*. He hunted in the Foreſts, whilſt the *Grandees*, whom he entruſted with his Revenues and the Publick Conduct, had another Game to purſue, poſt-poning their Maſter's Intereſt, and that of the Nation, to their own private Avarice. The *Favourite Miniſter*, held a ſecret Correſpondence with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and, by this means, the *Court* was filled with *French Penſioners*; countenanced alſo by the Authority of the *Queen*, who was the *Daughter* of *France*.

It had been before agreed in the *Articles* of the *Marriage*, that the *Queen* of *England* ſhould have a prefixed Number of *French* Servants. But they, not content with their Domeſtick Employments, and Attendance on her Perſon, ſought the Management of that Eſtate, which King *Charles* had ſetled on her as a *Dowry*. This would by no means agree with the Conſtitutions of the *Engliſh*. That *Iſland* is a *Little World* by it ſelf; and, the Inhabitants boaſt of an Original Freedom of Birth, which is not ſo much as dreamt of in all the Dominions of our *Invincible Sultans*. Though the *Engliſh* have ſeveral Times been Invaded and Subdued, by the *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *French*; yet, it has been rather by Compoſition than Extremity of War: Or, if it may be called a *Conqueſt*, the *Victors* have been forced to yield to the *Vanquiſhed*, in aſſuring

ſuring them their Ancient Laws, Privileges and Cuſtoms. There is no Nation in the World, more jealous of this their pretended Birthright. And therefore to avoid all Occaſions of giving Offence to the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, the *King* perceiving the inſolent Demands and Carriage of the *French Courtiers*, commanded them all, ſave a few Creatures of the *Favourite Duke*, to depart the *Kingdom*. This much diſguſted the *Queen*; and, *Cardinal Richlieu* was glad of the Opportunity to incenſe the King of *France*. *Lewis* was nettled at the Affront offered to his Siſter. Yet, by the Dexterity of the *Mareſchal Baſſompierre*, his *Embaſſador* at the *Engliſh Court*, Things were in a way of Accommodation; when all was quaſh'd, by the Seizure which the *French* made of ſeveral *Engliſh* Ships; and ſo a War commenced, far more fatal in its Conſequences to *England* than to *France*.

The King of *England* rouzed from his Pleaſures and Divertiſements, by the Preparations of his Potent Neighbour, began to look about him, and conſult the Publick Safety. But, when he examined his *Treaſury*, he found it empty, or, at leaſt, at a very low Ebb.

Behold here, Supreme *Baſſa*, a ſtroke of *Deſtiny*, a Concurrence of Cauſes, ſeeming remote and ſmall in their firſt Appearance; but, in their Proceſs, uniting and involving that Kingdom in Ruine.

Charles could not carry on a War with *France*, without asking Aid of the *Sovereign Divan* (which they call the *Parliament*)

of that Nation. It is a *Senate* composed of above Seven hundred of the *Nobility* and *Gentry* of the Land. These have the Power to make Laws, raise Taxes, and redress the Grievances of the *Kingdom*. It was an ill Season to ask the Assistance of his *Subjects*, who had already conceived an Aversion for the *Royal Dignity*. However, a Mighty *Fleet* was order'd to be Rigg'd and Man'd out. *Cardinal Richlieu*, from afar, beheld the approaching Storm, and knew not how to divert it from falling on *France*, but by Corrupting the *English Favourite*. *De Lopez*, from whom I received this Intelligence, was employed in the Affair; he was sent to *London*, which is the *Metropolis* of *England*, and the Place where the King usually keeps his *Court*. It was an Expensive Negotiation, and cost the *Cardinal* Forty thousand *Dollars*, which is equivalent to Three Millions and Two hundred thousand of our *Aspers*. With this vast Bribe, he Proselyted the *Favourite Duke* to the Interest of *France*. The *English Navy* consisted of an Hundred and fifty Sail, having also Twelve thousand Land-Men on Board. It was agreed between them, that the *English Minister* should procure himself to be made *Admiral* of these *Marine* Forces. His Indulgent Master, could deny nothing to the Man whom he had entrusted with the Sway of the *Government*. Now the King of *France* might sleep at quiet, since the *English* Ships sailed with a *French* Wind. They landed upon the *Island* of *Re*, but their Actions were altogether *Theatrical*; a meer

a mere ſhew of War, without any real Execution. The *Engliſh General*, manifeſtly omitting the Proper Methods, and favourable Opportunities of winning that *Iſland*: His Conduct ſpeaking, as if he came there rather to Complement than to Fight.

Theſe Things made a harſh ſound in *England*, and the *Nobles* reſented ill the double-dealing of the *Duke* of *Buckingham* (ſo was the *Engliſh General* call'd.) In fine, the bad Succeſs of their Forces, the Expences they had been at, and the Diſgrace they ſuffered in this War, (Fourty four of their *Colours* being carried to *Paris*, and hung up in the Chief *Temple* of this City, as Trophies of the *French* Victory) incenſed the Generality of the *Engliſh* Nation againſt the King and the Government; they began to accuſe him in their Cabals, of Male-Adminiſtration; and, the Favourite *Duke* was a while after ſtabbed by a Ruffian, whom the Malecontents had hired to execute their Revenge.

The Affections of the *Engliſh*, appeared every day more and more alienated from the King. And *Cardinal Richlieu* had there his Agents, who were not wanting to foment the Publick Diſcontents, and by divers Artifices, to draw the Credulous People into Factions. The *French Penſioners* were inſtructed to deport themſelves in a Manner every way offenſive to the Nation. Black and threatning Clouds ſeemed to hang over the *Court* of *England*, exhaled from the ill Blood of the *Subjects*. The *Royal* Dignity went Retrograde; and, all Things

Things tended to obſcure the Luſtre of the Crown. Yet, there paſſed ſome Years, before Things came to Extremities; and, Matters though ripened, yet were not brought to an open Rupture, till *Scotland* lanced the Sore.

This Nation is ſubject to the *Crown* of *England*, and makes one Half of the *Iſland* of *Great Brittain*. They are a Warlike People, patient of Labour, accuſtomed to the Rigour of an Extreme Cold *Climate*, great Travellours, Subtle, Proud and Inconſtant.

After that which ſome call *Hereſie*, others a *Reformation*, had begun to alienate many *Kingdoms* and *Provinces* from the *Roman Church*; the *Scots*, greedy of Novelties, and ſpurred on by the Ambitious Pretexts of one of their *Grandees* (who under the Maſk of Religion ſought the Crown) introduced Innovations into their *Church*. They ſhook off at once all their *Obedience* to the *Pope*, and ſet up ſuch a *Form* of *Religious Diſcipline*, as was altogether *Antimonarchical*; and, their *Preachers* ceaſed not to inſtill into the Hearts of the People, *Democratick* Principles. Thus continued Affairs, till King *Charles*, not inſenſible of theſe Things, and willing to new-Model that *Church*, they took up Arms againſt him, knowing that he would not be able to raiſe Forces to chaſtiſe them, without calling a *Parliament*. The *Parliament* of *England*, was at that time full of *Scottiſh* Proſelytes, Men of Seditious and *Turbulent* Principles; ſo, that the *King* was like to find but little Favour among them. However,

by

by the Aſſiſtance of ſome Loyal *Nobles* and *Gentlemen*, he marches into *Scotland* at the Head of an Army. Not a Blow was ſtruck on either Side; but all Differences were compoſed, and huſh'd up by a *Treaty*. Yet, ſoon after, the *Scots* entred into *England* with an Army, being underhand invited in by their Partizans in *England*. The King is a Second Time forced to throw himſelf upon his *Parliament* for Money; but they, inſtead of granting him any, fell to examining his paſt Conduct, complaining and deſiring a Redreſs of ſeveral Irregularities in his Adminiſtration. There were thoſe who failed not to put in Execution, the Deſigns and Inſtructions of *Cardinal Richlieu*; he had his Agents up and down the Kingdom, who inſinuated Jealouſies and Heart-burnings into the Gentry and People of the Land. The King was repreſented every where as a Tyrant, and all his Actions were miſconſtrued.

Signior Roſſetti, the *Popes Nuntio* at the *Engliſh Court*, beſide his Inſtructions from the *Roman Pontif*, held a ſtrict Intelligence with the *Cardinal*. His buſineſs at this *Court*, was *publickly* to the *Queen* (who profeſſed an Obedience to the *See* of *Rome*) but *privately* he was order'd to Negotiate an Accommodation between the *Roman* and *Engliſh* Churches. *Cardinal Richlieu* thought to ſtrike two Marks with one Blow, that is, to embroil the *State* of *England*, and procure himſelf the greater Eſteem with the *Roman Court*. He appears very Zealous for the Converſion

verſion of *England*; and, in order to it, allows a Conſiderable Penſion to *Signior Roſſetti*; Inſtructing him withal, to ſhew his utmoſt Dexterity, in gaining the *Courtiers* and *Grandees* of that Nation to his Side.

He knew the *Genius* of the *Engliſh*; and, that there was nothing ſo offenſive to that Nation, as the *Papal* Power and Religion. Wherefore, *De Lopez* was order'd to pay *Signior Roſſetti* vaſt Summs of Money, that ſo there might be nothing wanting to Proſelyte the *Courtiers*; knowing that they would act inſolently, and diſguſt the *Proteſtants*, and ſo encreaſe the Publick Averſion for the *Regal* Authority. There was alſo another Agent at the *Engliſh Court*, who was Secretary to *Cardinal Barbarini*, a Man no leſs Induſtrious than the other, in advancing the *Roman* Intereſt. He held a ſtrict Correſpondence with ſome of the *Chief Miniſters*, eſpecially with the *Principal Secretary* of *State*. Whilſt theſe were doing their Maſter's buſineſs at the *Court*, there were others no leſs Active in the City, where they endeavoured to create a Party and raiſe Factions, inſinuating themſelves into the Acquaintance of the moſt eminent Merchants and other Citizens; repreſenting to them, the Dangerous Conſequences of *Signior Roſſetti's* Reſidence at the *Court*; glancing at every Thing which look'd like a falſe Step in the Kings Conduct; alarming them with Fears and Apprehenſions of being ſubjected to a *Foreign* Power; and, uſing all their Arts to nouriſh *Popular* Diſſatisfaction.

The

The *Scots*, about this Time, made another Incurſion into *England*. A *Parliament* was called, but no Good done. The *King's* Neceſſities, made them grow High in their Demands and Carriage, and all things tended to a General Defection.

A while after, the *Iriſh* revolted, and maſſacred above a Hundred Thouſand *Engliſh*. The *King* is accuſed of being Privy to it; Tumults are raiſed, who, in threatning manner, ſeem'd to beſiege the *Royal Palaces*, calling out for Juſtice; not much unlike the Sedition of our *Janizaries*, when they are diſpleaſed with the Conduct of our Glorious *Sultans*, or his *Prime Miniſters* of *State*.

In fine, the Miſunderſtandings between the *King* and the *Parliament* grew to that Height, as induced the *King* to withdraw from the *Capital City*, about the Beginning of this Year, And, in the following *Moon*, he ſent the *Queen* with her *Daughter* into *Holland*, that they might paſs away the time in the *Court* of the *Prince* of *Orange*, till this Storm was blown over.

In the Interim, the *King* ſends Letters to the *Parliament*, perſwading them to conſult the Publick Peace; but all was to no purpoſe; they ſeize upon all the *Strong Holds* and *Caſtles* they could; ſo that, when the *King* came to one of his Garriſon'd Towns, the Gates were ſhut againſt him, and he was denied entrance by the *Governour*. The *Parliament* liſts an Army; and the King ſet up his Royal *Standard* in the laſt *Moon*. Since which, there has been nothing of Action between them, but

but the Armies are drawing near each other.

I will inform thee of all Particulars, as they come to my Knowledge. But the Packet-Boats from the *Iſland*, come not ſo frequently during the Diſturbances, as they have accuſtomed.

I beſeech the *Creator* of all Things, to defend our *Invincible Sultan*, from the Seditious Practiſes of his *Subjects*; and make thee Inſtrumental, to eſtabliſh and aggrandize the *Ottoman* Empire.

Paris, 29th of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Abdel Melec Muly Omar, Superintendent *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

WHEN I write to thee, 'tis with a Reſpect equal to that which I pay to the *Emirs*, the *Deſcendents* of our *Holy Prophet*, ſince thou art ſprung from the Noble Stem of the Antient *Saracens*; the Blood of the Celebrated *Omar*, *Succeſſor* to the *Divine Law-giver*, ſtreaming in thy Veins.

I Revere the Banner carried into *Ægypt* by thy *Renowned Progenitor*, before which, the *Grecians* fled aſtoniſhed, as at a Sign ſent from Heaven of their approaching Ruine. This Sacred Piece of Antiquity I have ſeen at *Medina*, where 'tis repoſited in the *Chancel* of the *Babylonian Caliphs*. I have honour'd it with a Pious Veneration; but, much greater is my Regard to thee, who art a Living Relique of that *Illuſtrious Houſe*.

Permit me, Venerable Sage, to converſe with thee a little, after the Manner of a Pupil; with thee, I ſay, who art a Fountain of Sapience: For, beſides thy perfect Knowledge of the *Divine Law*, thou art accompliſhed with all *Humane Literature*.

There is a Man in theſe Parts, of a large Soul and elevated Speculations, who ſtiffly maintains

maintains, That the Earth moves, and the Sun ſtands ſtill. He is not the firſt that broach'd this *Doctrine*, it has had ſeveral Learned *Patrons*; but, he has highly Improved the *Theory*. His Reaſons for it, have almoſt the Force of *Mathematical Demonſtrations*; and, nothing ſeems to oppoſe him, but the Authority of *Moſes*, and the *Hebrew Scriptures*. The *Chriſtians* will not approve of any *Philoſophy*, which interferes with that which they call the *Bible*; and yet their Practice, gives a perpetual Lye to the Contents of that Book. Surely, there is no Envy in the *Deity*; and, He that is *Omniſcient*, will not puniſh Men for improving their Knowledge. The Study of *Nature*, is full of Innocent Delights; and, he that gave to Man an Appetite of Science, has not forbid him to gratifie it with its proper Objects. Nor can I ſee how this *New Philoſophy*, contradicts any more than the bare Letter of their *Bible*, (for, I have read it in ſeveral Languages;) And, the *Jews*, who are the *Guardians* of the *Original Hebrew*, allow a *Cabaliſtical* Interpretation, far different from the *Literal*: So does the *Arabian* Prince and *Philoſopher*, *Avicen*, Interpret thoſe Verſicles in our *Holy Alcoran*, (which treat of *Paradiſe*) in a Sence far more refined than the Letter ſeems to import. In reading ſuch Myſterious Books, it is neceſſary to practiſe a Learned *Chymiſtry*, to ſublimate the groſs external Sence of the Words, and to extract the Spirit and Soul of the Diſcourſe,

That the Sun is the Center of this our Planetary

netary World, and that the Earth with the Reſt of the Planets move round about it, is a *Theſis* which keeps exact Touch with Humane Reaſon, and ſeems naturally to ſquare with our Intellectual Faculties. It ſets all the Wheels of this Great and Wonderful *Machine*, in a regular and proportionate Circulation. It gives the trueſt Account, of the Retrograde Motions of the Planets. *Ptolomey's* Syſtem of the World, ſeems to Romance upon the Sun, Moon, and Stars, in aſſigning them hourly ſuch prodigious Journeys through the Heavens, as are inconſiſtent with the Laws of Motion. And *Tycho Brahe* was but a Botcher, in patching up the Orbs with his *Eccentricks*, *Epicycles*, &c. The former, keeps the Fixed Stars in an endleſs and unconceivable Hurry; the latter, involves the Planets in a Heavenly Perplexity. Both come far ſhort of *Copernicus*, that Excellent *Aſtronomer*, who by placing the Sun in the Center of the World, has ſolv'd all the Appearances of *Nature* with the moſt exact Analogy to Truth. Nor is the Argument, taken from our Sence, of any force, ſince it invalidates the Motion of the Sun as well as that of the Earth: nay, it is more incongruous, that the Sun ſhould move ſo many hundred thouſand Miles every Hour, and we not perceive him to ſtir a Hairs-breadth at a time. But I will not intrench farther on thy Patience, nor run the Riſque of a *Vertigo*, by purſuing the ſwift Orbicular Motions of *Nature*. It matters not much, whether the Sun ſtands ſtill, or the Earth, provided

we

we run the Race that is appointed us, ſo as to gain the Prize. Yet I will ask thy Judgment on another Point, which Men of high Reaches have ſtarted.

There are ſome Learned Men who ſay, the Moon and reſt of the Planets are habitable as our Globe is. For my part, to ſpeak freely, I could wiſh it were true; it is a ſociable Doctrine. It has made me melancholy ſometimes, when I have caſt my Eyes upwards, to think all thoſe Ample Tracts in the Firmament ſhould be void of Inhabitants, and yet ſcarce a Turf of our Dunghil Earth to be found without its Domeſticks. It is demonſtrable to the Eye, that the Moon is an Opace Body like this Globe whereon we tread, having no other Light, but what it borrows from the Sun. Where is the *Hereſie* then, in ſuppoſing that it is created for a like uſe? I hope, the *Sacred Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*, will not ſtain it ſelf with ſuch a Barbarous Murder, as was committed on *Vigilius* a certain *Chriſtian Biſhop*, who was burnt by the Decree of the *Roman Church*, for Aſſerting the *Antipodes*; a Truth which all Nations are now ſenſible of, ſince the Improvement of Navigation and Traffick. And yet *Galilæus* had like to have undergone the ſame Sentence at *Rome*, within theſe ten Years, for maintaining the Earth's Motion, and that the Sun is the fix'd *Center* of the World; Nothing but his Recantation being ſufficient to have ſav'd him. Such Severities choak the Growth of Learning, and ſtop the Progreſs, which would otherwiſe

otherwiſe be made in Arts and Sciences.

Happy are the *Students* that live under thy Auſpicious *Patronage*, in that fruitful *Seminary* of *Philoſophers*, where the *Myſteries* of *God* and *Nature* are taught free from the Prophane Licentiouſneſs of the Antient *Pagans*, or the Superſtitious Rigours of Modern *Infidels*.

I pray the *Sovereign Intelligence*, not to withdraw from thee his Divine Influence, nor reſtrain the Floud of Light that has been let looſe on thy Soul: But that thou mayſt overflow like *Nilus*, and enlighten not onely *Africk*, but the whole World with ſome New Diſcovery.

Paris, 29th. *of the* 9th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XXVI.

To Cara Haly, *the* Phyſician *at* Conſtantinople.

THE *Weſtern Philoſophers*, eſpecially thoſe who follow the Sentiments of *Monſieur des Cartes*, maintain, That the Souls of all living Creatures (except Men) are Material and Mortal; that a Beaſt is but a Machine, like a Watch or Clock, not actuated or informed by any *Spirit* diſtinct from the *Body*, but moved to the Performance of all Natural Actions

Actions by a mere Corporeal Mechanism, set on Work by various Impulses from External Objects.

In this they oppose *Aristotle*, and all the Sages of the *East*. And thou knowest, that our *Arabian* Doctors are of a contrary Opinion, who ascribe Reason, Discourse, and Immortality, to the Souls of Beasts, as well as to those of Men; having assigned particular Apartments for *Elborach*, the Beast which carried our *Holy Prophet* from *Mecca* to *Jerusalem*; for the *Ram* which *Abraham* sacrificed instead of his Son *Isaac*; for the *Cow* of *Moses*, the *Pismire* of *Solomon*, the *Whale* which saved *Jonas*, the *Raven* which fed *Elijah*, the *Ass* which rebuked *Balaam*; and, in General, for all the *Camels* which have the Honour to carry the *Sacred Alcoran* to *Mecca*.

I will suspend my Belief of their being entertained in *Paradise*, till I shall have the Happiness to see them there; but, I cannot however acquiesce to the Opinions of these *Modern* Philosophers, who affirm their Souls to be meer Matter. The Bodies both of Men and Beasts, I own, perform all Motions by Mechanick Rules; but, that Mechanism is guided by a higher Principle than the fortuitous Impulse of External Agents, in Beasts as well as Men.

All Animals seem to me to be endued with a Faculty, which if it may not be called Reason, yet is something Analogous to it, for which we want a Proper Name. And, of this Mind were *Empedocles*, *Pythagoras*, *Plo-*

tinus,

tinus and *Porphyry*, with many other Antient Sages. Though this Faculty is more eminently conſpicuous in ſome Kinds of Beaſts than in others.

I cannot but admire the Regular Architecture of *Bees*, their Induſtry and Politick Oeconomy, vying with the moſt Excellent Form and Adminiſtration of Government among Men. 'Tis with no leſs Pleaſure I behold the *Spider*, when with exquiſite Art ſhe builds her little ſilken Palace, and lays her fine-wrought Trains to catch the unwary Fly. 'Tis equally Pleaſant and Diverting to obſerve the Conduct of the *Piſmires*, their prudent Forecaſt; how they trudge up and down all the Summer, to lay up a ſufficient Stock of Provender for the barren Winter. There is no kind of Bird, four-footed Beaſt or Fiſh, which does not confute this *Carteſian Hypotheſis*.

It is credibly reported by *Porphyry*, that in the *Eaſt-Indies* there is a Beaſt which they call a *Hyæna*, which approaching near the Villages will imitate a Man's Voice, and calling the Inhabitants by their Names, if they come out of their Houſes, 'twill ſeize on the firſt that comes to hand, and devour him. The *Dog*, the *Ape*, the *Elephant*, with many other four-footed Beaſts, afford us manifeſt *Specimens* of Reaſon, or ſomething very like it.

Who has not heard of the Love which *Dolphins* bear to Men? *Pliny* relates a pretty Story of a *Dolphin* that frequented the Lake *Lucrinus* in *Italy*, and being often fed from the Shore by a certain School-Boy, grew at length

ſo

ſo familiar as to come at a call. We alſo read of another, who took the Muſician *Arion* on his Back, (when caſt into the Sea by cruel Sailers) and carried him ſafe to Shore.

Can all theſe Actions proceed from mere Matter? In my Opinion, 'tis as eaſie to defend, That Humane Nature it ſelf is but Matter ſo and ſo modified, and, that all the Buſtle Men keep in the World, is but the Effect of a better Compoſition of Body, the Reſult of a more perfect and refined Machine.

I eaſily agree, that we far excel the other living Creatures in all the Operations of our Souls, and Exerciſes of our Reaſon: Yet, we have our Defects as well as they; and, this I eſteem as one of the greateſt, To deny them any ſhare in *Reaſon*, who ſo far excel us in *Sence*.

It is a culpable Pride and Envy in Men, thus to blaſt the Reputation of their *Animal* Kindred; from which Vices I know thou art free.

God, that has made uſe of the Tongue of a ſilly *Aſs*, to reprove the Folly of a Wiſe Man in his own Conceit, Illuminate our Underſtandings in the Myſteries of his *Law*.

Paris, 24th *of the* 10th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

To Haſſein Baſſa.

THY Commands I receive as Marks of thy Eſteem and good Will, which I deſire may be perpetual. Thou haſt an Eminent Share in the Favour of our *Auguſt Emperor*; and, I ſhall ſtudy to Merit thy Protection, by all the dutiful Offices that can be expected from a *Slave* in my Station.

There is nothing ſo much conduces to eſtabliſh a permanent Friendſhip, as a right Underſtanding. The Souls of Friends are firſt warp'd by Miſapprehenſions. I would not have thee think of me, as I do of my ſelf; that would prompt thee to Contempt: nor, as the *French* do, who take me for *Titus* of *Moldavia*; but, look upon me (whatever my Failings are) as a Man that values and practiſes the Incorrupt Fidelity of the Firſt Ages. I abhorr Treachery, and, for that Reaſon, am often forced to make an Officious Lye: Yet I do not proſtitute my Conſcience, having the *Mufti*'s Diſpenſation. Whenever it ſhall be told thee, that *Mahmut* degenerates, ſuſpect the Slanderer; perhaps he would ſupplant me: I am not fond of my *Commiſſion*, but I dread to loſe the *Sultan*'s Favour: Whoſoever deprives me of that, robs me of my *Honour*, which is dearer to me than my *Life*.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive, that I am not ignorant of the ill Offices which *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani* has done me. The Man aſpires, and is envious: Were I in his Poſt, I would not exchange the Honour and Felicity of Educating the *Royal Pages* of the *Seraglio*, for an Employment attended with infinite Hazards, and no leſs Trouble, as is that of *Mahmut*. If he be expert in the *French* Tongue, there are thoſe that excel him; and Language is but the Shell of more ſubſtantial Accompliſhments. Every *Linguiſt* is not fit to be Employed in the *Secrets* of *State*; neither are all *Pædagogues Politicians*. I am ſtartled at the Ambition of a Man, who, becauſe he has ſtudied at *Athens*, thinks himſelf worthy of the Confidences of the Myſterious *Port*, which arbitrates the Fate of all the Kingdoms in the World. If this be not his Aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, in black and odious Colours, perſwading them, it is my Natural Complexion? He is not content with the Calumnies he himſelf throws on me, but has corrupted *Solyman* my Couſin, and hired him to miſrepreſent me to the *Kaimacham*: And, that he might be ſure to ſtrike home, he has drawn to his Party *Shaſhim Iſtham*, the *Black Eunuch*.

I ſent *Solyman* a Letter laſt Year, full of Reproofs, not knowing who had ſet him at Work: I hope it had ſome good Effect on him, though late. 'Tis from him I received

this

this Intelligence. He ſeems to repent of his Malice, telling me, That this *Ikingi Cap-Oglani*, had ſo Artificially poſſeſſed him with a Belief of my Perfidiouſneſs, that he thought he did good Service to *God* and the *Grand Signior*, to rail at me; but, that the *Kaimacham* had afterwards convinced him of my Innocence. This was the Subſtance of his Letter, and he concludes it with begging my Pardon.

I tell thee, Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, that though the Wounds which are given by the Tongue of a Slanderer, be deeper than thoſe which are given by the Sword; and, I could ſooner pardon him who ſought manfully to take away my Life, than he which baſely Murders my good Name; yet, I attribute my Kinſman's Fault, to Youthful Error, and a Loyal Miſtake; and I love him the better, for hating any one, that he could imagine would prove Unfaithful, and a Traytor to *God* and the *Grand Signior*.

May the benign Heavens bleſs thee with their good Influences, and proſper thee in all Things.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 11th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Solyman *his Couſin at* Conſtantinople.

THY Apology is rational and modeſt, and I am glad to be thus happily deceiv'd. Thou ſeeſt, the *Kaimacham*, with the other *Miniſters* of the *Port*, have too good an Opinion of me to liſten to the Inſinuations of deſigning Men; and, *Ikingi Cap'-Oglani* was out of his Byaſs, when he defam'd the *Loyal Mahmut*; and, the *Black Eunuch* had better been watching the Ladies, than wounding my Reputation with his envenom'd Tongue. I wiſh thee hereafter to avoid all Company, that profeſs a Kindneſs to thee, which thou mayſt but ſo much as ſuſpect to be forc'd.

Thou askeſt my Counſel how to conduct thy ſelf toward thy Firſt Wife, of whom thou ſpeakeſt both well and ill. Thou believeſt her faithful and chaſt: thou knoweſt her to be induſtrious and careful of the Family; good-natur'd, flexible and obliging; but, thou accuſeſt her of a violent and haughty Spirit, fiercely paſſionate and of a provoking Tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy Miſcarriages; will play the School-Miſtriſs with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, inſtruct, and guide thee in all thy Actions. In fine, thou complaineſt,

complaineſt, that thou canſt not enjoy Tranquillity with her.

I tell thee, Kinſman, thou ſhouldſt have applied thy ſelf to the *Imaum's* and *Derviſes* in this Caſe, or, at leaſt, to ſuch as have had Experience of a Married Life. Their Sentence would be more Authentick, than what thou canſt expect from me. But ſince thou haſt made choice of my Counſel, I will give thee the beſt I can.

Thou wilt, in my Opinion, find it difficult to be happy with or without this Woman. She is given thee by *Fate*, to poiſe the Balance of thy Life; that neither too much Eaſe nor Pain, exceſs of Joy or Grief, ſhould turn the doubtful Scales of Sence, and make thee either ſwim in Flouds of Pleaſure uncontrouled, or ſink in Mire of baneful Grief and Melancholy.

The chaſt Fidelity, which thour believeſt her endued with, cannot be valued at too high a Rate. It is a Virtue which renders Woman adorable. Likewiſe, her Diligence and Care, her Reſpect and Devoir, her eaſie Temper and good Nature, are Qualities which cannot but charm thee. Shouldſt thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous Soul would regret it the next Moment. Nay, ſhouldſt thou take the common Courſe, and diſmiſs her with a *Bill* of *Divorce*, according to the Law, thou would'ſt repent the Deed within twice Four and Twenty Hours.

And yet, I muſt confeſs, 'tis hard to be confined to a fierce Woman's Tongue, to bear-

Reproaches and Contumelies, Contempts, and Defiances, Lectures and other Female Diſcipline. Who, that's a Man, can brook ſuch Slavery? Who, that has but a Spark of Fire within this Hulk of Clay, can ſtoop to ſuch ignoble and unmanly Softneſs? I cannot counſel thee to ſuch an abject Tameneſs of Spirit. Man is Lord of all his Fellow-Creatures. The fierceſt Beaſts, ſubmit to his Imperial Sway; Woman alone, ambitious Woman, diſputes the Government with him. But, 'tis his Right, and he diſowns both *God* and *Nature*, who reſigns it to that aſpiring Sex. Yet, uſe thy Power moderately; keep the Golden Mean. Be not ſurly and rough as a Bear, nor yet effeminate and without Gall as a Dove. But, if thou findeſt it impoſſible to keep her within the Bounds of due Subjection, put her away, and ſo preſerve thy Peace. The Company of thy other Wives, will ſoon efface her lov'd *Idea*, and ſweeten thy Loſs with a Thouſand new Pleaſures. But, if they ſhould follow her Steps, inheriting her Spirit, and tormenting thee with killing Words, divorce them all. I would counſel thee to take ſucceſſively Five Hundred Wives, rather than make thy Life miſerable, by too much Love and Indulgence, to one that knows not how to uſe thy Favours.

But, before thou beginneſt to put in Execution this Advice, try all the fair and gentle Methods thy Wit can ſuggeſt, to win her to a Sence of her Fault and a Change of her Temper. For, be aſſured, that it will be of leſs

leſs Pain to thee, to have an Eye pluckt out of thy Head, than to tear from thy Heart, the firſt Object of thy Love.

In this, and all things elſe, have an eſpecial Regard to thy Conſcience, and to the *Obſerving Angel*, who writes down all thy Actions in a Book. Do nothing which may merit the Chaſtiſement of the *Two Black Angels*, who ſhall viſit thee in thy Grave. He who deals unjuſtly and cruelly by Women on Earth, ſhall be deprived of the Felicities which our *Holy Prophet* has promis'd us, in the Company of that beautiful Sex in *Paradiſe*.

Keep the Law, and thou wilt have thy fill of Love, both here and in the Bliſsful Bowers of *Eden*.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Surrender of *Perpignan* to the *French*, ſtartles the World; a Place inexpugnable by Arms, and not to be reduced but by Famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into Foreign Secrets, lay the blame on the *Duke d' Olivarez*. They ſay, that when the King of *Spain* firſt heard that *Lewis* laid Siege to

this Important Place, he would have gone in Perſon to its Relief, but that the *Duke* hindred his Deſign, fearing leſt his own Miſcarriages ſhould take Wind, when the King was got on the Frontiers: This, they ſay, put a ſtop to the Levies that were making in *Arragon* and *Caſtile*, and damp'd the Courage of thoſe who were actually in Arms.

Whether this was the Effect or no, 'tis certain, the *Duke d' Olivarez* had ſufficient Reaſon to be Conſcious, knowing, that the *Grandees* of *Spain* watched for an Opportunity to diſlodge him from the King's Breaſt. But, it is ſtrange, that he ſhould at ſuch a Time, neglect any Thing that might confirm him in his Maſter's Favour, as the ſaving of *Perpignan* muſt needs adone; all the Succeſſes and Miſcarriages of the *State*, in Peace or War, being attributed to the *Favourite Miniſter*.

Where-ever the Fault lies, I have heard no Man yet condemn the *Governor* of the Town. 'Tis ſaid, he has given all the Marks of a Valiant Souldier, a Prudent Commander, and a Faithful Subject. Theſe Vertues are to be honoured, even in an Enemy.

They report, That the *Spaniſh* King put a kind of Superſtitious Confidence in the *Marqueſs d' Avila*, becauſe one of the ſame *Family* and *Title*, had formerly Defended the Place to Extremity, till the Siege was raiſed. Aſſuredly, Vertue is not inherent in Names, nor Victory entailed to all of the ſame Blood. Both the one and the other, are owing, in a great Meaſure, to Providence and Chance.

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The *Romans* did not gain more in the *Carthaginian* War, under the Conduct of *Scipio* the *African*, than they loſt afterwards, when another of that Name, was *General* of their Army.

'Tis ſaid, the *Duke d' Olivarez* is ſeized with a Phrenzy upon the Loſs of this Town, or, at leaſt, counterfeits one. I do not aſſert this as a Truth, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, but to ſhew thee, how People are addicted to cenſure, not only the Miſcarriages of Great Men, but the very Regrets which attend their Misfortunes; as if it were a Crime in them, to mourn for the Calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, *Cardinal Richlieu* has weathered a Tempeſt raiſed againſt him, by the *Duke* of *Orleans* and his Party. As if the Fate of theſe Two *Miniſters*, ran Counter; and, *One* muſt Riſe, by the *Other*'s Fall.

Olivarez had laid a Train for *Cardinal Richlieu*'s Deſtruction, but fell into it himſelf. He had corrupted one of the *Cardinal*'s Creatures, who aſſociated himſelf with the *Duke* of *Bouillon*, and the *Duke* of *Orleans*. Beſides private Grudges, they all ſuſpected the *Cardinal*, as deſigning, upon the King's Death, to take the *Regency* into his own Hands. They acquaint *Olivarez* with their Grievances, and enter into a private League with him. He, in hopes to rend the Kingdom of *France* into fatal Diviſions, as well as to ruine the *Cardinal*, agrees to furniſh the Conſpirators with Twelve Thouſand *Foot*,

and Three Thouſand *Horſe*; *Sedan* was to be the Rendezvous of this Army.

But, *Cardinal Richlieu*, whom no Secret could eſcape, ſoon diſcovered the Plot, and acquaints the King with it; who, forthwith cauſed the Conſpirators to be ſeized, impriſoned, and two of their Heads to be cut off; the reſt were pardoned, on Conditions of Surrender, and perpetual Baniſhment from the King's Preſence.

This happened much about the Time that *Perpignan* ſurrendred, which was, on the Ninth of the *Moon Rebiul*.

A little before, the Conſpirators had ſo obſcur'd the *Cardinal*'s Credit at the *Court*, that the King denied him a Viſit, when requeſted in his Sickneſs; upon which, the *Cardinal* withdrew himſelf. But, the King was quickly glad to follow him; having no other Refuge in the midſt of his Preſſures, but him who was Maſter of all the Hearts, both of his Subjects and Allies. At that time, the *Count de Guiſche*, was defeated in *Flanders*; and, the *Pariſians* were apprehenſive, that *Dom Franciſco de Melo* would bring his Forces into the Bowels of *France*. None was able to extricate the King out of ſo many Troubles, but the *Chief Miniſter*. Thus, by a Fortunate Concurrence of Events, the *Cardinal* is reſtored to his Maſters Favour, ſees his Foreign Enemies humbled, *Perpignan* taken, and his Domeſtick Foes cut off and baffled.

I pray

I pray *God*, whose Eye is over the *Mussulman* Empire, to preserve thee from all the Machinations of thine Enemies, and make thee to shine bright in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 12th of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THY Letter, with *Carcoa's* Journal, is come safe to my Hands, and the Ring which he bequeath'd me. That Legacy, demonstrates his Affection, and that I have not ill deserved of him. For, the Actions of Dying Men, are void of Disguise.

His *Memoirs* will be of great Service to me, containing a more accurate History of the *German Court*, from the Year 1600. to the Time of his Death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with Relations of this Kind. The *Europeans* make their *Histories* speak, what their Affection or Fear suggests, rather than the Truth. The Liberty of Printing, has debauched the Integrity of most Writers; they study rather to please, than inform the Age. For this Reason, I re-

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lect the greateſt Part of *Modern* Hiſtory; coveting onely, the *Manuſcripts* of ſuch as *Carcoa*. He ſpeaks Impartially, having no other Byaſs, than the Service which he owed to the *Grand Signior*.

I ſpeak this for thy Encouragement and Direction, who ſucceedeſt that honeſt Old Man in his Poſt. When thou committeſt any of thy Obſervations to Paper, let them be of Things Remarkable, and True.

The Banker to whom thou didſt addreſs the Bill for my Payment, made a demurr at firſt, but *Eliachim* clear'd up his Doubts. I deſire thee to order Matters ſo hereafter, that I may not be taken for a Cheat: That may prove of ill Conſequence to us all. I wou'd not have any ſiniſter Accident ſtarted, which might make the *French* ſuſpect me. One Misfortune ſeldom goes without Attendance. The leaſt blemiſh upon a Mans Credit, ſtreight infects the Air. He whoſe Reputation is blaſted, is ſuſpected and ſhun'd like a walking Peſtilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent theſe Miſchiefs, by thy Care and Foreſight. Take in good Part this Advice from *Mahmut*, who ſtudies *his Maſter's* Intereſt, not *his own*. Adieu.

Paris 15th of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince *of the* True *and* Undefiled Faith.

THOU that art a Light to the Blind, the Pole-ſtar to them that are bewilder'd in an Ocean of Uncertainties; the Sanctuary of the Mind, hatter'd with a Tempeſt of vain Opinions; tell me why it is Blaſphemy to ſay, That *God* has already taken Fleſh, (as the *Chriſtians* believe) ſince our *Holy Prophet* himſelf avouches, That *God* ſhall aſſume a *Body* at the *Reſurrection?* I approach thy *Sacred Palace*, with burning Coals on my Head, with fervent and enflamed Zeal in my Heart; caſt a gracious Eye on thy Suppliant. Reſolve my Doubts; diſſipate the Miſts which cloud my anxious Soul, and reſtore me to a right Mind.

If a *Body* be compatible with the *Divine Eſſence*, it ſeems not to me a Blaſphemy in the *Chriſtians*, to aſſert the *Incarnation* of the *Word*; whom Our *Holy Prophet* calls alſo, the *Breath of God*: If this *Breath* or *Word* of *God*, be not of the *Eſſence* of the *Divinity*, why is that Part of the *Chriſtian Goſpel* had in ſuch Reverence, by the *faithful Muſſulmen*, where it is ſaid, *In the Beginning was the* WORD, *and the WORD was with* God, *and* God *was the* WORD? If the *WORD* be of the

the *Eſſence* of *God*, then it will neceſſarily follow, that *God* has taken a Humane Body, ſince our *Holy Prophet*, calls him the *Word* of *God*, whom the *Chriſtians* adore for *God Incarnate*. Bear with my Weakneſs and Importunity, and, if I err, correct me in thy Wiſdom. And yet, let not theſe ſeem ſo much my Scruples, as the Arguments of *Chriſtians*, whom I would gladly convince of their *Hereſie*; but, it muſt be with ſolid Reaſon.

Let not my Lord be angry, if I ask one Queſtion more: Our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the dark Spots in the Moon were made, when the *Angel Gabriel* flew by, and bruſh'd the Moon with one of his Wings: I ask how great that Wing was, that could make an Impreſſion ſo great as to be conſpicuous to us at this prodigious Diſtance? Or, is *Gabriel* to be numbred among thoſe Lofty *Angels*, who can ſtride from one Star to another? If he be, Was there not Room enough in the vaſt endleſs Skies, or, did he loſe his Way through untrack'd Orbs, or, did he chance to wink in his Career, that he ſhou'd thus unfortunately daſh the paler Lamp of Heaven? If he be one of thoſe foremention'd mighty, tall, and wide-ſtretch'd *Angels*; How came he ſo to be contracted, when he viſited *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jeſus* in her Cloſet, and preſented her with a *Roſe* that grew in *Paradiſe*?

Anſwer me this, O Sovereign *Oracle* of Truth, ſince my Ears are frequently invaded with ſuch Objections and Blaſphemous Jeſts, by theſe *Infidels*. How can I hear our *holy*

Law

Law abuſed, and not burn in Spirit? Tell me, I pray, how I ſhall ſilence theſe bold Diſputers, theſe Mockers of the *Book* of *Glory?* Think not this a frivolous Queſtion, and Impertinent to Religion: for, theſe *Weſtern* People are Sagacious and Subtle; if they can find one Flaw in the *Holy Alcoran*, they'll cry down all the reſt as falſe and an Impoſture; at the very thought of which *Blaſphemy*, my Heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous *Aſtronomer* ſhew'd me in a *Teleſcope* the Globe of the Moon, through which it ſeem'd to me an Opace Body, like the Earth we tread on; and, he affirmed it to be ſo, giving me *Mathematical* Demonſtrations for it; telling me alſo, it was Habitable as our Globe; and, that the Difference of the Brighter and more Obſcure Parts of the Moon, conſiſted onely in this, That the one was Firm Land, the other Fluid Water; and, if I may believe my Eyes, when aided by that *Optick* Inſtrument, it is no otherwiſe than as he ſaid.

This *Aſtronomer*, is renowned throughout the *Weſtern* World, being eſteemed the Beſt *Philoſopher* that ever wrote of *Natural* Things. His Name is *Renatus des Cartes*. I have been often converſant with him, and took unſpeakable Delight in his refined Notions of the World. He is as dextrous at unravelling the Contexture of the very Elements, as tho he had ſtood by the *Eternal Artiſt* when he extracted them from the Rude *Chaos*. The minuteſt Particle of Matter, which is to the Eye

Eye of other men inviſible, appears to him in its proper Figure; he talks as familiarly of globous, ſquare, and triangular Atomes, as though he had a Pair of Compaſſes to take their true Dimenſions by. Were not this admirable *Genius* ſtain'd with great Impiety, in that he mocks the *Book* of *Glory*, the *Holy Alcoran*, *true Guide* to *Paradiſe*, I ſhould believe he was inſpired from above.

One Day diſcourſing about the Body of the Moon, he broke out into this Blaſphemous Jeſt, *The* Arabian *Impoſtor*, ſaid he, *might as well have made his Followers believe what we prate to Children, That there is a Man in the Moon with a Bundle of Foggots, on his Back, as to tell them that Fable, of the* Angel *Gabriel's bruſhing this* Planet *with his Wing.* I was not able to hear any more; but took my Leave.

Furniſh me therefore, O Sacred Repoſitory of all true Science, with ſuch convincing Arguments, as may put to Silence theſe audacious *Infidels.*

God grant I may be one of thoſe, who ſhall hear the *Angel Ithuriel* read Lectures of Divine Knowledge in *Paradiſe.*

Paris, 20th of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Am acquainted with a *Greek* Merchant in *Paris*, who formerly lived in one of thoſe pleaſant *Iſlands*, which lie about four Leagues from *Conſtantinople*, being ſituated in the *Propontis*.

Asking him one day, whether Trading was the Motive which induc'd him to quit thoſe *Paradiſes* upon Earth, and exchange them for the Stench and Noiſe of this Populous City; he replied, That he had ſufficient to make his Life happy in the Place of his Nativity, being Maſter of a good Eſtate, and of many fruitful Vineyards, having alſo Houſes there which might vye with the moſt delightful *Chioſes* of the *Muſſulman* Grandees: but, that the *Janizaries* and other looſe *Mahometans* frequenting thoſe *Iſlands*, and eſpecially that wherein he dwelt, committed ſo many Outrages, when heated with Wine, as render'd his Life inſupportable; for, they would in theſe drunken Frolicks, domineer as though they were *Lords* of the *Iſland*, ſeizing upon whatſoever pleaſed them, ſpoil his Goods, and beat him like a Slave; and, if he mildly remonſtrated to them the Injuries they had done him, they would give him no other Satisfaction but Oaths and Curſes.

Theſe

These Calamities made him sell his Estate, and travel into these Countries, where he might enjoy himself with more Liberty, Profit and Ease.

It is a Dishonour to the *Ottoman Port*, the Seat of Justice, the Sanctuary of the World, to suffer such Disorders to be committed without due Chastisement, within Sight of the *Seraglio*, and by those who have the Honour to guard the Person of the *Sultan*.

I represent these Things to thee, knowing thy Justice will administer a speedy Remedy to these Distempers of the Souldiery. Otherwise, should they be suffer'd to go unpunished, we may expect that not onely these *Islands*, but all *Grecia* will in Time be dispeopled.

Paris, 25th *of the* 11th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Cara Haly, *the Physician at* Constantinople.

SUffer me to converse with thee after the Manner of Friends, with Freedom and Familiarity. I have often discovered to thee the Distempers of my Body, now I will reveal those more dangerous ones of my Mind. And I know

I know not, whether they are Diſtempers, or Cures of ſuch. I have writ to the *Muſti* on the ſame Subject, in Part, but with Caution and Reſerve. With thee I will deal frankly, and pour into thy Boſom the Secrets of my Heart.

I am diſſatisfied in many Things pertaining to Religion. 'Tis true, I cannot think or ſpeak of our *Holy Prophet*, but with infinite Attach and Veneration; yet, I owe ſomething to my Reaſon. I will believe, the *Meſſenger* of *God* was true and perfect; but is it a Crime to think, his *Succeſſors* were but Men, ſubject to Frailty and Errour? Their Diviſions, immediately after the Death of our *Great Lawgiver*, juſtifie this Reflection, ſince the fatal Schiſm continues to this Day. Either the *Perſians*, or we, muſt be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the Truth was no ſooner ſown in the World, but it ſprung up in Mortal *Hereſies*; and, I find no other Aſſurance that we are in the Right, but the Aſſertion of our *Doctors*, the Followers of *Oſman* and *Ebubecher*; who, for ought I know, are no more exempted from Errour, than the Diſciples of *Haly*. Both Sides believe the *Holy Prophet*, yet both at Infinite Diſtance in their *Interpretations* of his *Law*. Each Party boaſts they have the true Sence of the *Divine Oracles*, and curſes the oppoſite for *Hereticks*. *Truth* cannot be repugnant to it ſelf.

From this Original Schiſm, well near a Hundred ſeveral *Sects* have ſprung, each maintaining different Interpretations of the *Law*.

While

While *Truth* can be but one, where ſhall a Man be ſure to find it amongſt ſo many Pretenders to it?

Think not, that I am going to turn *Chriſtian*, becauſe of this Liberty I take to ſearch for *Truth*. For, the Caſe is the ſame, or worſe among them.

Jeſus (whom our *Holy Prophet* calls, *the Breath and Word of* God, *the Reformer of the* Law *of* Moſes, *knowing the Secrets of Hearts, and working Miracles*) preach'd to the *Jews Repentance*, good Works, the Reſurrection of the Dead, the Day of Judgment, the *Joys* of *Paradiſe*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. He choſe Twelve *Diſciples*, to diſperſe his Doctrine over the World. But, they likewiſe had Diſſentions among themſelves, after that *God* had taken the *Meſſias* up to *Paradiſe*; Each *Apoſtle*, leaving different Traditions behind him in the Countries where he taught. Hence ſprung the Difference between the *Churches* of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, and thoſe in *Æthiopia*. One following *Peter* and *Paul*, Another believing *John*, the Third defending the Traditions of *Matthew*. And, from theſe greater *Schiſms*, have ſprung innumerable ſmaller *Sects* and *Hereſies*: Each *Church* and *Party*, Excommunicating, Damning and Curſing all the Reſt; yet all believe they ſhall be ſaved.

Thus is the World at odds about *Religion*, perſecuting, biting and devouring one another, becauſe they cannot all think alike. A ſingular Argument of Religion, and a ſpecial Encouragement to gain Proſelytes.

Theſe

These Considerations have made me a *Sceptick*, in Controverted Points of *Faith* and Matters of Opinion. Onely in this I am fixed, That I believe in *One Eternal God*, and reverence his *Holy Messengers* and *Prophets*. But, if an *Angel* from Heaven should tell me monstrous and incredible Stories, of Things repugnant to the common Sence and Reason of all Mankind, I would desire him to excuse me if I suspended my Belief.

I admire the *Golden Age*, when the Infant World had not yet learnt Bigotry; when *Humane* Reason was not corrupted with *Divine* Fables; and, Natural Conscience, was the *Oracle* to which all resorted for Solution of their Doubts; before Superstition had begun to dress the *Deity* in frightful, uncouth Shapes: Then harmless Innocence could shew her naked Face, which now is fain to go disguised. No Man was put to Death for Words or Thoughts of Things above his Reach. No crafty *Numa* then had fobb'd upon the credulous People his feign'd *Ægeria*; Nor Golden-tongu'd *Pythagoras*, could impose the forged Whispers of his Eagle on the silly *Crotonians* for Sacred *Oracles*. No wonder-working *Magician*, had led the Rabble by the Nose with his Infernal Juggles; but, pure and undebauched Reason taught Men to lead Immortal Lives on Earth.

Tell me, O Learned *Haly*, canst thou believe, That the Divine Architect had no other Way to make Man, than by laying him a Thousand Years broiling in the Sun? Or, that there

there is an Apple-Tree growing very near the Throne of God? Or, that the *Angels* can ſtride ſome Hundred Thouſands of Miles at once? Can we not go to *Paradiſe*, unleſs we ſwallow theſe ſtrange Notions? Is it not enough to believe in *God* and *Mahomet* his *Prophet*, except we will receive all for Truth, which the *Doctors* tell us? I Faſt and Pray at the appointed Times, and ſometimes oftner; I give Alms; I love all the Creatures of *God*, that remain in his Love; I am not guilty of Theft, Murder nor Adultery; I never forſwore my ſelf, nor bore Falſe Witneſs. Yet, when I am recollected, I think my ſelf the worſt of all Men; I think of every Peccadillo I commit, with inexpreſſible Regret. If all this is not ſufficient to acquit me a true and good *Muſſulman*, no Man, I hope, will blame me, if I joyn with an eminent Man in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, and wiſh my Soul among the *Philoſophers*.

Paris 25th of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

The End of the Firſt Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS.*

VOL. II.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU maiſt remember a Letter I ſent thee concerning the Death of *Mary de Medicis, Queen-Mother* and *Dowager* of *France*; wherein I alſo ſpoke, of the ſudden Sickneſs of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, with the Reports, Opinions, and Prophecies divulged on that Account. What Spirit ſoever inſpired thoſe *Prophets*, 'tis certain, the Event juſtifies their Predictions.

Predictions. For, the *Cardinal* died this very Day, being the Fourth of the laſt *Moon* in the Year, at his Palace in this City, being not full Fifty-eight Years of Age.

I am not very Credulous of Apparitions, Ghoſts, and ſuch like Themes of vulgar Superſtition: yet, 'tis evident, the *Cardinal* neither lived to ſee the Common *New Years Day*, nor the Fifty-eighth Year of his Life, as, they ſay, the *Queen*'s *Ghoſt* foretold him.

Some that have been Curious in examining his *Pedigree*, tell me, that his *Progenitors* were allied to one of the Kings of *France*. However, 'tis certain, that he was deſcended of an Ancient and Honourable Family, of above Five Hundred Years Standing and Eminence in that Kingdom.

He had his Education in the *Univerſity* of *Paris*, where he attained the *Degree* of a *Doctor* of the *Sorbon*; a *Dignity* much eſteemed in *France*, and moſt Parts of *Chriſtendom*, except in *Rome*; which *Court* is Jealous of the *Sorboniſts*, becauſe they have ſometimes Decreed in Prejudice of the *Pope*'s Authority, and the Grandeur of the *Roman Court*.

After this, he was made a *Biſhop*, then *Almoner* of *France*, next *Secretary* of *State*, in which Station he acquitted himſelf ſo happily, that the King procured him the Dignity of a *Cardinal*. There are none of the *Miniſters* of the *Divan* but know, That a *Cardinal* is one of the *Princes* of the *Roman Church*.

During theſe ſeveral Stairs of Preferment, he had ſignalized his great Abilities, in Negotiating

tiating Affairs of greateſt Moment. Yet, in nothing did the Dexterity of his Wit appear more, than in reconciling the Miſunderſtandings between the *King* and the *Queen-Mother*. Whereby, he gained much upon both their Affections; ſo that in a little Time, he was made the *Principal Miniſter* of *State*, and *Chief Director* of the *Government*; having a Guard of Souldiers appointed to attend his Perſon.

Then he was made *Superintendent* of the *Marine* Affairs; after this, *Generaliſſimo* of the Armies. So that, he ſeemed to have monopoliz'd all Command both in *Church* and *State*, by *Sea* and *Land*.

It was Impoſſible for him to eſcape the envious Eyes of the Grandees; nay, the *Queen-Mother* her ſelf, who firſt raiſed him, began now to grow Jealous of his Great Power: But eſpecially, the *Princes* of the *Blood* were highly offended at him. The *Count* of *Soiſſons* ſtomach'd the Indignity the *Cardinal* had offer'd him, in propoſing the Marriage of his Daughter. The *Duke* of *Orleans* ſuſpected his Deſigns upon the *Regency*. Yet, all their Conſpiracies againſt him proved ineffectual. For, neither by Publick Arms, nor private Machinations, could they ever prevail againſt the Fixed Deſtiny of this Great *Miniſter*; who, though he had been often attempted to be Poiſon'd, Piſtoll'd, and Stab'd, yet died quietly in his Bed, having a little before received a Viſit from the King.

I will not presume to make Corollaries or Glosses on these Things, as though I were able to Instruct thee, whose Wisdom and Experience renders thee a fit *Oracle*, for the greatest Princes to resort to in Time of Need. I onely send thee bare Matter of Fact; and together with an Account of the *Cardinal*'s Death, a brief Abstract of his Life, as I received it from one of the most observing and knowing Men in the *French Court*.

I wish thee Health, long Life, and Happiness.

Paris, 4th *of the last* Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER II.

To the Venerable Mufti.

I Have sent to the *Kaimacham*, an Account of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, with some Passages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to Interrupt thy Diviner Thoughts.

This *Great Minister*, died the Fourth of this Instant *Moon*, being the last of the Year, in his *Palace* at *Paris*. His Body is Interred in the *Chappel* of the *Colledge* of *Sorbon*, where he finished his Studies, and attained the *Degree* of *Doctor* in *Theology*. He has

has left behind him a prodigious Eſtate, amounting to a Million of Crowns Yearly; which he has bequeathed in Legacies to his Kindred, Friends, and Creatures. And, as a particular Demonſtration of his Gratitude to the King, he has made him Heir of his *Cardinal-Palace* in this City, with all the Plate and Furniture in it. And, at the laſt Viſit the King made him (which was a little before his Death) he preſented him with a Stone worth a Hundred Thouſand Crowns of Gold. Upon which, 'tis diſcourſed, that the King will ſettle a Yearly Revenue on a certain Number of the *Sorboniſts*, to celebrate *Maſs* daily for the *Cardinal*'s Soul, during the Space of One Year, and once a Year afterwards on the Day that he died. For, theſe *Infidels* approach thus near the *True* and *Undefiled Faith*, in that they have Hopes of *Immortality*, believing the *Reſurrection* of the *Dead*, and, that the Prayers, Alms, and Good Works of the Living, do attone for the Sins of the Departed; as our Holy *Doctors* teach, and, as is the Practice of the *Muſſulmans* throughout the World.

This *Cardinal*, was richly endowed by *Nature*, having a firm Intellect, vigorous Spirit, quick Apprehenſion, ſolid Judgment, faithful Memory, and a moſt prevailing Way of Diſcourſe. A Man highly ſerviceable to his King and Country; and, therefore deſerving better of the *French*, than thoſe Scandalous Reports and Libels which were every where induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, to

leſſen his Fame. Yet, there wanted not thoſe who ſtrewed Flowers on his Grave, and Perfumed his Aſhes with *Encomiums* and Panegyricks. In this he ſhared the common Fate of the *Great*, that he was Malign'd and Envied Living, but honoured with the Tears of his very Enemies when Dead.

There is one Fault to be found in his Conduct, without appearing too Cenſorious, That he being a Man conſecrated to the Service of the *Altar*, ſhould ſo often take the *Field*, and diveſting himſelf of the Peaceful Robes of *Religion*, ſhould clothe himſelf in *Steel*, delighting more in the Smell of *Gunpowder*, than that of *Incenſe*; and preferring the Noiſe of *War*, to the *Hymns* and *Antiphons* of the *Church*: Not, that Religion is incompatible with Valour; and, to fight for ones Country, is not as Lawful and as Pious, as to pray for its Proſperity. Our *Holy Law*, the Celeſtial Pattern of Truth to the World, exhorts us to Courage. And all *True Believers* are aſſured of the Joys of *Paradiſe*, of unfading Crowns, and eternal Felicities, if they loſe their Lives in Defence of the *Sacred Empire*, and the *Book* of *Glory*: Our *Immortal Law-giver*, giving us his own Example, when he laid the Foundation of the Greateſt and moſt Illuſtrious *Empire* in the World, in the Wounds of his Enemies, cementing the Work with the Blood of Millions of *Infidels*. Nor has the Superſtructure been carried on by any other Methods, than thoſe of perpetual War, with the Nations who will not ſubmit to our *Victorious Sultan*, the

the *Invincible Lord of the Earth.* But, the *Meſſenger* of *God* never required the *Imaum's* or *Derviſes* to take the Field; leaving *Arms* only to *Secular* Men, and the *Alcoran* to the *Religious.*

I forget that I am ſpeaking to him, whoſe Repoſe and Tranquillity is the ſpecial Care of Heaven, who is not to be diſturbed by *Emperors.* Therefore, in profound Reverence, I ſalute thy *Holineſs* with a dutiful Obeiſance, and ſo withdraw my Pen.

Paris, 4th. *of the laſt Moon,*
of the Year 1642.

LETTER III.

To Jaſmir Sgire Rugial, *an* Aſtrologer *at* Aleppo.

THOU needeſt not be aſhamed of thy Name, though it denotes the Dwarfiſhneſs of thy Body. That little *Epitome* of Humane Stature, is exquiſitely Regular. *Nature* in framing it, has ſhew'd her Skill in Proportions, though ſhe ſeems to have made it too Narrow for thy Soul. In this, thou art obliged to her for thy Knowledge; thy Mind being uneaſie in its diminutive Habitation, is for that Reaſon ſeldom at Home. Thy Soul is a perfect Night-Walker; when other Men

are abed and aſleep, thou art taking thy Rounds among the Stars. Thou art become a Spy upon the Planets; If any of them make but a falſe Step, thou telleſt the World of it. Thou art a Pimp to all their Amorous Aſſignations and Conjunctions; and, *Vulcan* himſelf never ſo often expoſed the Intrigues of *Mars* and *Venus*, as thou haſt done. But, I would have thee beware, leſt they revenge themſelves on thee ſome Time or other, as they did upon one of thy *Profeſſion*, by ſtirring up a certain King to take away his Life. He was a bold Fellow, and pretended great Familiarity with the Stars: One Day he came to the King, and told him, he had exactly Calculated his Nativity; and, by his Obſervations from thence, according to the Rules of Art, had diſcovered, That he ſhould not live out that Year. The King replied, *I will prove, that my Skill is greater than thine; for, I know the very Hour of thy Death, which is now preciſely, and which all thy Knowledge in* Aſtrology *could never foreſee, nor be able to prevent.* So, he commanded his Head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy *Star-gazing*, ſo ſuddenly ſpoil'd; though, they ſay, thou haſt ventured to talk ſomewhat too largely.

Judicial Aſtrology ſeems, in a great Meaſure, obliged to *Superſtition*, for the Credit it has gained among Men; and, the *Latin Proverb* ſays, *A Wiſe Man ſhall over-rule the Stars.* For my part, I would rather counſel thee to follow thy old Recreation, of teaching

Pigeons

Pigeons to be *Letter-Carriers*. Yet, I would not have thee from thence, think of building *Caſtles* in the Air, like *Æſop*; nor, of flying to the *Moon*, by the Help of a Team of *Geeſe*, in Imitation of *Domingo Gonſales*.

But, ſince I am got among the Birds, which thou art ſo much delighted in; before I take my leave, I wiſh thee as good Fortune with thy winged Diſciples, as the *Roman Gobler* had, who taught a *Parrot* to ſalute the *Emperour* as he went along the Street, with theſe Words, *Hail Cæſar*; which the *Emperour* hearing, gave him a Royal Price for his *Parrot*. The poor Man overjoy'd at his good Luck, got another *Parrot*, and attempted to teach her in the ſame Manner; but, having taken much ineffectual Pains, he uſed to fret, and ſay, *I have loſt my Labour*. Yet at length, by daily repeating theſe Words, the *Parrot* had learned both Sentences, and, the next time the *Emperour* came by, it ſaid, *Hail Cæſar*; to which the *Emperour* replied, *I have enough ſuch Flatterers at Home*; the *Parrot* having her Leſſon perfect, rejoyn'd, *I have loſt my Labour*; which the *Emperour* hearing, and pleas'd with the Novelty, bought this alſo, and ſettled a generous Penſion on the Man during his Life.

If thou couldſt by ſome lucky Contingency, ſell thy *Pigeons* at ſuch a rate to *Sultan Ibrahim*, thy Time would be better ſpent, than in playing the *Mercury*, and bringing News from the Stars. But then, thy *Pigeons* muſt be better bred, than was that which was ſent

to the *Sophi* of *Perſia* with a Meſſage from *Babylon*, when the late Invincible *Sultan Amurath* beſieged it; for, the Feather'd *Courier*, inſtead of flying to the *Perſian* Camp, took up ſhort by the Way, and perching on the Pavillion of the *Vizir Azem*, was forthwith ſhot, and the ſecret Neceſſities of the City, were expoſed to the *Ottoman* Army.

May ſuch *Fate*, always attend *Infidels* and *Heretiçks*, when they take up Arms againſt the *Muſſulman Empire*. Adieu.

Paris, 10th *of the laſt Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER IV.

To the Grand Signior's *Chief Treaſurer.*

THOU telleſt me, the *Miniſters* of the *Supreme Divan*, accuſe me of Negligence, in not Writing often, and Things of Importance. In my Opinion, thou thy ſelf haſt more Reaſon to complain on this Score, ſince, I have not ſent a Letter to thee theſe Four *Moons*; in which Time, not one of the Reſt but has received ſeveral from me. Would they have me coin News? Would they have me amuze them with Relations of Things which never had any Exiſtence? I have

have not failed hitherto, to communicate to the *Port*, all the Intelligences I have received: But they ought to conſider, that the *Winter* affords little of Action. Time, the Devourer of all Things, has almoſt ſwallowed up the Year; only, this laſt *Moon* ſeems to be pickled in Ice for a *Deſſert*. We are here up to the Knees in Snow: And the Greateſt Warriours, find it beſt Encamping by the Fire Side.

Here is a Rumour, That the King of *Perſia* is Dead: They ſay alſo, that the *Great Mogul* will not put on *Mourning* for him, being by his Death freed from a Storm which threatned to ſubvert all his Dominions on this ſide of *Ganges*. 'Tis added, That he has ſought the Alliance of the *Grand Signior*, with purpoſe to continue the War againſt the Young King of *Perſia* (who has not yet ſeen Thirteen *Summers*) and to carry his Forces to the Walls of *Iſpahan*. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my *Sovereign*, who is the *Sole Judge* of the *Univerſe*; but, permit me to gueſs what will be his Conduct in this Affair (if what I have heard be true.) I have no Reaſon to think, that *Sultan Ibrahim* will violate the *Peace*, which he has ſo lately concluded with the King of *Perſia*, the *Articles* whereof he carries in his Boſom.

Thou ſeeſt, Moſt Serene *Baſſa*, the Tide of News is ſo low, that *Mahmut* is forced to ſtoop and receive it, puddled as it is by the Mouths of the Vulgar. If I acquaint thee with what thou kneweſt before, let not the

Blame reſt on me, who ought to have received this Intelligence from ſome of the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the Tabernacle where Fame keeps her Reſidence. My whole Life, and the beſt of my Spirits, are conſecrated to the Service of the *Grand Signior*; I ſpare no Pains or Coſt, whereby I may render my ſelf effectually uſeful to the *Great Maſter* of the *Univerſe*: I write often to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, who are his *Slaves* as well as I; yet none vouchſafes me an Anſwer, except the *Reis Effendi*: I received alſo one Letter full of Conſolation and Advice, from the *Venerable Mufti*. Likewiſe *Haſſein Baſſa* laid his Commands on me. Theſe I eſteem my Friends. I would think ſo of all Men, who ſerve *Sultan Ibrahim*, if they would ceaſe to load me with Obloquies.

I was about to conclude my Letter, when an Old Courtier interrupts me with the News of the Surrender of *Tortona*, a Strong Town in *Piedmont*, poſſeſſed by the *Spaniards*, till now obliged to quit it by the *French* Forces, under the Command of the *Duke* of *Longueville*. This Place, was ſurrendred on the Twenty-ſixth of the Eleventh *Moon*.

There has been a long Difference, between the Princes of the *Houſe* of *Savoy*; which is at length compoſed, by the Marriage of Prince *Maurice*, *Cardinal* of *Savoy*, with his Niece, the Daughter of the *Dutcheſs Regent*. This is that which has warm'd the Courage of the *French* Army, at this Frozen Time of the Year.

Year. For, upon this Match, the *Cardinal* of *Savoy*'s Brother, *Prince Thomas*, joined his Forces to the *French*, and took ſeveral Strong Caſtles and Towns from the *Spaniards*, whom before this *Prince* had aſſiſted: And now laſt of all, to wind up the Year, they have made themſelves Maſters of this *Tortona*, a Place environed with Rocks and Mountains.

By which thou maiſt perceive, that there is no Difficulty ſo great, which may not be overcome with Courage and Perſeverance.

I recommend my ſelf to thy Protection and Favour, Illuſtrious *Baſſa*, and deſire the Heavens to remunerate thee with an Encreaſe of Joy and Felicity, both here and in *Paradiſe*.

Paris 10th *of the* 12th *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER V.

To Darniſh Mehemet Baſſa.

SInce the Death of the *Cardinal* of *Richlieu*, here is great caballing, and changing of Places at *Court*. His Succeſſor in the Pilotſhip of the *State*, is *Cardinal Julio Mazarini*, an *Italian* of a Generous Extraction. Neither comes he ſhort of *Richlieu*, in all thoſe rare Qualities and Endowments, which form a com-

a Compleat Statſeman; having accompliſh'd ſeveral Negotiations with great Succeſs and Applauſe.

Now the old Officers begin to be caſhier'd, to make room for the Creatures of this New *Miniſter*, the King abſolutely reſigning the Conduct of the Publick to him. And, it is no wonder to ſee the King thus flexible, if what is privately whiſper'd be true, That the *Queen* has yielded to the *Cardinal* in Points of greater Reſerve. And, curious Eyes pretend to diſcern the Features of *Mazarini* in the *Dauphin*'s Face, who is not much above Four Years old, being born the Fifth Day of the Ninth *Moon*, in the Year 1638. according to the *Chriſtians Hegira*. The *Cardinal* is of a Grave and Majeſtick Aſpect, full-fac'd, having a piercing Eye; he is ſomething inclin'd to fat, being a great Eater, as they ſay.

T'other Day he had like to have been choak'd by a Piece of Beef, one Part of which hung faſt in his Teeth, and the other juſt reach'd the Paſſage to the Lungs; and, as it were barring up the door of that Paſſage, hindred his Reſpiration ſo long, that [illegible] ſuddenly ſtarted out a-bleeding; his Face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his Attendants forcibly thruſt his Fingers into his Mouth, and faſtning on the Morſel, pull'd it out of his Throat.

He that is *Lord* of Life and Death, preſerve thee from all Perils, and make thee happy in the Service of our *Great Maſter*; who will in

in Time, I hope, curb the Inſolence, and puniſh the Vices of theſe gluttonous *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th of the 1ſt *Moon*.
of the Year 1643.

LETTER VI.

To Iſouf *his Kinſman*.

I Believe, thou and thy Couſin *Solyman*, take me for a Marriage-Broker or a Goſſip: Is there no Body in *Conſtantinople*, can inſtruct you how to manage your Wives, that you ſend for Counſel to *Paris*? or, do you lay Snares for me, by extorting ſuch Advice, as will draw the Revenge of Women upon me? Believe me, I have no Mind to run the Fate of *Orpheus*, or, that the *Tragedy* of the *Ciconian* Wives ſhou'd be acted upon me.

I rather expected a Compleat *Journal* of thy Travels in the *Eaſt*: but, I perceive thou haſt not yet received my Letter. Thou talkeſt, of going to *Aleppo* in the *Spring*. If thy Reſolution hold, I deſire thee when thou art there, to make an *Offering* for me to *Sheh Boubac*, the *Santone*; whoſe Sepulchre is about a League from that City, a Place of great Devotion, and reſorted to from all the Cities in thoſe Parts. Without doubt, *Sheh Boubac* is with *God*; and, his Prayers are heard for ſuch as

as honour his Vertues, and approach his Sepulchre, to pay their Devotions there with Humility and Faith.

Likewiſe, I deſire thee to diſtribute Three Hundred *Aſpers* to the *Poor* of *Aleppo*, who beg in the Streets for the Sake of *Syntana Fiſſa*. If thou haſt not heard of this *Female Saint*, I will relate to thee how ſhe came to be *Canonized*. This City, was the Place of her Nativity and Reſidence. When ſhe came to the Age of Sixteen Years, ſhe was married to a *Spahee*, called *Griuli Eben Sagran*: But, the firſt Night, as her Husband was going to Bed with her, he fell into a Trance; wherein, he ſaw *Paradiſe* open'd, and the *Holy Prophet* leading *Syntana Fiſſa*, his Wife, in one of the Allies of *Eden*. Whereby, when he came to himſelf, and miſſing his Wife (who was never after to be found) he was ſatisfied that ſhe was one of the *Daughters* of *Paradiſe*. Since which time, the People have eſteem'd her as a *Saint*, or rather, an Incarnate Female *Angel*. The *Moors* relate this Story otherwiſe, and make a Second *Mary Magdalen* of her: of whom the *Grecians* ſay, that ſhe was a Common Proſtitute at firſt, but on a time being asked her accuſtomed Favours *gratis*, and *for the Love of God*, ſhe by granting it, merited the Grace of Converſion, and ſo became a *Saint*. But, I would not have thee regard this Fable, though it be common in the Mouths of the Ignorant at *Aleppo*.

If thou beareſt any Reſpect for thy Uncle *Mahmut*, let me have a Proof of it, in giving me

me an Account of thy *Travels*. I do not require a *Chart* of the *Regions*, through which thou haſt paſs'd; being no Stranger to the *Geography* of *Aſia*. Neither would I have thee tell me, how many Leagues, Courſes, or Forlongs there are between ſuch and ſuch Cities: Theſe are the Remarks of every Carrier or *Muccerman*. But, that which I aim at, is to know, what Natural, Moral, and Political Obſervations thou haſt made, in ſo vaſt a Tract of Ground as thou haſt meaſured, comprehending the Greateſt and moſt Celebrated Part of *Aſia*.

This is the Second Letter I have ſent thee, ſince thy Return to *Conſtantinople*: Let thy Anſwer be adequate to my Expectation. In the *Interim*, I counſel thee firſt to get an Abſolute Conqueſt of thy ſelf, and then thou wilt eaſily govern thy Wife.

May the Moſt High *God*, adjuſt your Differences happily, and make your Lives to be as innocent and contented, as thoſe of *Philemon* and *Baucis*. Thou knoweſt the Story. Adieu.

Paris 20th of the 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Mahomet, Baſſa *of* Damaſcus.

HERE is a *Genoueſe* Merchant in this City, with whom I often converſe, as I do with all Strangers that are Men of Intelligence, learning ſometimes from them Advices which are not common. He tells me, that *Manſour*, the Youngeſt Son of *Old Facardine*, the brave *Emir* of *Sidon*, whom his Father had given in Hoſtage to *Sultan Amurat*, is now living in the *Court* of the *Duke* of *Florence*; that he eſcaped by the Aſſiſtance of a *Grecian Prieſt* from the *Caſtle* of the *Seven Towers*, and, that the *Duke* of *Florence* has promiſed to aſſiſt him with Ships, Men and Money, towards the Recovery of his *Patrimony*.

The *French* ſpeak of his Father, with much Reſpect, and Compaſſion of his Misfortunes; they ſay, he was deſcended from a Noble Captain, which the Renowned *Godfrey* of *Bulloign* left in thoſe Parts, when he was engaged in the Wars of the *Holy Land*; and, that though *Facardine* wore a *Turkiſh Turbant*, yet he had *French* Bloud in his Veins. They tax *Amurath* with the Violation of his Oath, in cauſing him to be ſtrangled, when he had ſolemnly ſworn to the contrary. And ſome of them are ſo bold as to ſay, That if his Son *Ali* had not been kill'd, he would have ſhook the *Throne*, whoſe Foundation is deep

as

as the Center of the Earth, and therefore cannot be moved without the Diſſolution of the Globe.

This *Genoueſe* brags much after the ſame Nature of *Manſour*, who, he ſays, is preſerved by Providence to abaſe the Pride of the *Ottoman Family*, to revenge his Father's Bloud, and re-eſtabliſh the *Druſes* in their Antient Poſſeſſions.

Suppoſing this News to be true, I judged it my Duty to give thee timely Notice of it, who poſſeſſeſt Part of his Eſtate; leſt he ſhould ſurprize thee unawares, and ſerve thee as one of his Anceſtors did the *Damaſcenes*, who got from them ſeveral of their Towns and Caſtles, when they leaſt dreamt of any Invaſion. He will lay claim to *Gazir*, *D'Acre*, and *Saphet*, thoſe being torn from his Father in that laſt Rebellion. In a Word, thou wouldſt find him an ill Neighbour, ſhould he catch thee unprovided.

Should it come to a Tryal, I wiſh thy Soldiers may prove more Faithful to thee, than did the *Germans* lately under the Command of *Leopold*, *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria*, and *General Picolomini*; who going to relieve *Leipſick*, beſieged at that time by the *Suedes*, and entring Battle with them, above Six Thouſand of their Souldiers never diſcharged a Musket, or drew a Sword, but gave their Enemies an entire Victory, without ſtriking a Stroke. Should thy Forces ſerve thee ſo, when *Manſour* enters thy Territories, thou wilt be in Danger of loſing not only the forementioned

ed Towns, but *Damaſcus* it ſelf; a Place ſo deliciouſly ſituated, that our *Holy Prophet* himſelf durſt not venture into it, leſt this Earthly *Paradiſe* ſhould tempt him to take up his Abode there, and cauſe him to neglect the Heavenly.

May the *Great Protector* of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, preſerve both *Damaſcus* and the whole *Empire*, from the Fury of *Rebels* and *Infidels*.

Paris, 4th of the 2d *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER VIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Arbitrator of the Problems and Myſteries of* Faith.

I Addreſs to the Duſt of thy Feet, O thou *Spring* of *all true Science*. I wrote to thee formerly, to deſire thy Inſtruction and Aid, in anſwering ſome Cavils and Blaſphemies of the *Infidels*. Now I think a great Light hath ſhined in my Breaſt. Now I think I can anſwer them with Arguments clear and intelligible. Nevertheleſs, I will not walk without a Guide.

Our Life in this tranſitory World, is checquer'd

quer'd with various Intervals of Light and Darkneſs, of Knowledge and Ignorance. Sometimes the *Soul* of Man is bright and ſerene, as the *Orient*; at other times wrapt up in Clouds and Miſts. Then we are as in a Dream, and full of Anxiety; we grope about for Truth, and yet ſtumble upon Errors, as in the Depth of Night. So fared it with me, when theſe *Infidels* aſſaulted me with Queſtions and Cavils concerning our *Holy Law*. I heard them with Horrour and Pain, but knew not how to put them to Silence. I fled to thee for Succour, who art inſtructed in all Knowledge, true Heir of the *Prophetick* Light. But, a Ray from Heaven has prevented thy Anſwer; and, I will communicate to thee my Thoughts.

God is moſt High, and *Incomprehenſible*; we cannot overtake him in his Ways. The Works of his Hands, are perfect and full of Wiſdom. Why do the *Infidels* blaſpheme the *Eternal? Gabriel*, the *Meſſenger* of *God*, bright and glorious, flew through the *Heavens*; and, to avoid a burning Comet which then flamed in the Sky, he took his Courſe too near the *Orb* of the *Moon*; and, with the end of one of his Wings, he bruſh'd the Planet, leaving a Mark of the Stroak, as a Memorial to the *Angels* for the Future; even as a Sea-mark is plac'd, to give warning of Rocks and Sands.

The *Infidels* deride, and ask, *How big was* Gabriel's *Wing?* Who can meaſure the Works of the *Omnipotent?* Let theſe *Infidels* number but the Atomes that cleave to the Soles of

of their Feet, when they walk in ſandy Places! Or, let them weigh the Air, that is ſhut up in a Bottle! If they cannot perform theſe Things which are near them, and within their reach; why do they mock at the Greatneſs of *Angels*, which dwell in the Immenſe *Heavens*.

They take their Meaſures of *Celeſtial* Things, from the narrow ſearch of their Sences, which yet fail them in common *Terreſtrial* Objects. If we believe our Sences, they would perſwade us, That the Moon is no bigger than a Royal Charger, and the Stars have no larger Dimenſions, than a Lamp or Torch: Whereas, we are aſſured by Reaſon and *Aſtronomical* Obſervations, that the Moon is little leſs than the Globe of the Earth; and, that ſome of the Stars are near a hundred Times bigger. If theſe Ornaments of the Sky, which look at this Diſtance like glittering ſparks of Fire, are really of ſo prodigious a Bulk; why may we not believe, that *Angels* who dwell higher than the higheſt Stars, are much greater, and more Magnificent Creatures than they? Nay, what Incongruity is it to believe, what our *Holy Doctors* teach, That the *Angels* can ſtride from one Star to another?

And now I am plunged thus far in the Depths of *Nature*, ſuffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to ſwim in the Abyſs of Speculation. I will tell thee my Thoughts; The Works of *God* are *Unmeaſurable*, and there is no Bound or Limit to the Extent of the World; 'tis high as Thought can ſoar, endleſs as Imagination can

can travel. Who can tell, where the Walls of *Paradiſe* are? Or has any one gone the Circuit of the *Seventh Heaven*? Magnificent is the Fabrick of *God*, and the Apartments thereof are full of Majeſty. The *Potentates* above, are Glorious and Mighty; and, the Manſions of *Angels*, ſurpaſs in Grandeur this Viſible World. How great then is the Stature of thoſe *Angels*? Let not *Infidels* deride, nor think it a *Fable*; for, the Diſtance between the Feet of an *Angel*, is many hundred Thouſand Miles. They turn the *Celeſtial* Orbs about (if, what the Learned *Chriſtians* teach, out of *Ariſtotle* and other Old *Philoſophers*, be true, when they aſſign to each *Sphere* its particular *Angel* or *Moving Intelligence*) How can this be done, unleſs the *Angels* were Greater and Mightier than the *Orbs* they move? Without all Doubt, the Leſſer is moved of the Greater, and the Weaker by the Stronger. Theſe are Arguments clear and intelligible, and ſuch as the *Infidels* cannot anſwer. Thus ſhall I be able to aſſert the Truth, againſt the impious; and to vindicate the glorious Works of *God*, (the Strong and Potent *Angels*, excelling in Majeſty and Grandeur,) from the Blaſphemies of the *Uncircumciſed*.

If they ask, How the *Angel Gabriel* (ſince he is of ſo prodigious a Stature) could be circumſcribed in the Cloſet of *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jeſus*? I ask them, How the Body of *Jeſus*, which, they ſay, is in the *Sacrament* of the *Maſs* (of which thou art not Ignorant) can be circumſcribed within the narrow

narrow Compaſs of a *Wafer*? Or, How it can be there, and in *Heaven* at the ſame time, which they believe; nay, and in Ten Thouſand Wafers, in ſo many different Places of the World at once?

To this ſo preſſing an Argument they have no other Anſwer, but, That the Power of *God* is *Infinite* and his Works *Incomprehenſible*. Very well! if he be *Omnipotent* in one Thing, is his Power *reſtrained* in an other? If the *Preſence* of the *Body* of *Jeſus*, in ſeveral Places at the ſame time, be *Incomprehenſible*; ſo is the Appearance of the Mighty *Angel Gabriel*, in the *Oratory* of the *Virgin Mary*, *Incomprehenſible* alſo.

The Nature of *Angels*, is unknown to us *Mortals*, and the Manner of their Appearance. Sufficient it is, to believe the *Divine Oracles*, and not to pry into the *Secrets* of *God*.

Thus ſhall I confute the *Infidels*, when they cavil againſt the *Alcoran*; thus ſhall I ſeal up the polluted Lips, and put to ſilence the Blaſphemous Tongues of the Enemies of *God* and his *Prophet*.

Moreover, they ſay, the *Meſſenger* of *God* has promiſed a Senſual *Paradiſe* to the *true Believers*, becauſe the *Book* of *Glory* mentions the Gardens of *Eden*, Gardens wherein flow many Rivers, Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, with Trees of all delectable Fruits; and, that the Righteous ſhall be clothed in Veſts of Purple and Crimſon, repoſing on ſtately Beds, and ſhall enjoy the Company of Beautiful

tiful Women, and ſhall be repleniſhed with Eternal Felicity.

Doubtleſs, they are blinded with Malice, and hood-wink'd by the Spirit of Contradiction: Elſe, why do they thus cavil at the manifeſt Light of Truth, the Doctrine of Faith, the undefiled Article of Glory? They profeſs to believe, the *Reſurrection* of the *Body*, as well as we: Will they not then believe, that *God* hath provided Pleaſures ſuitable to the *Body* after its *Reſurrection*, I mean, the *Bodies* of the *Juſt*? They tell their Diſciples and Proſelytes, doleful Stories of the Pains of the Damned in Hell, as Burning in Fire and Brimſtone. Nay, the *Book* of the *Goſpel* it ſelf, ſpeaks of a Lake of Sulphur and Fire. Are not theſe Torments to be inflicted on the Body, which they own are prepared for the Wicked? And will they deny proportionate Pleaſures to the *Bodies* of the *Juſt* in *Paradiſe*? What uſe will there be of our *Bodies* after the *Reſurrection*, if not to enjoy *Bodily* Pleaſures, or feel the Rigour of *Infinite* Pains? Doubtleſs, the *Juſt*, ſhall be repleniſhed with all the Joys; and, the *Unjuſt*, with all the Dolours of which their Sences are capable. And, this they themſelves believe; yet, theſe captious *Infidels*, pick Quarrels with our *Holy Lawgiver*, and ſay, That the *Paradiſe* which he promiſes, is fit for none but Fools or Beaſts.

I have read in *Books* of *Devotion*, which the *Chriſtians* uſe, That the *Bleſſed* in *Heaven*, ſhall be ſatiated with all manner of Delights. The Eye ſhall always behold moſt Beautiful

tiful Objects; the Taſte ſhall be gratified with incredible Sweets; the Smell ſhall be pleaſed with all Manner of rich Odours and Perfumes, far ſurpaſſing the *Aromaticks* of *Arabia*; the Ear ſhall hear ſuch wonderful Muſick, as one onely Strain thereof, were ſufficient to lull all the Hearts of this Sublunary World aſleep: In fine, there ſhall be none of their Sences and Faculties, which ſhall not be tranſported and raviſhed with infinite Delights. What is all this, but Senſual Pleaſure? Can there be any plainer Deſcription of Bodily Enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciouſly traduce the *Meſſenger* of *God*, and reſiſt the *Truth?*

But they will ſay, that the Pleaſures which they ſhall enjoy after the *Reſurrection*, will be refined and Spiritual as their *Bodies* ſhall be: Whereas, they ſay, our *Prophet* intimates groſs, carnal Enjoyments; as, the Company of Beautiful Women, and ſuch amorous Delights.

Certainly, they are wilfully blind, and ſhut their Eyes againſt the Light; or elſe, they would eaſily ſee through the Veil of *Allegories* and *Metaphors*, which our *Divine Prophet* uſes in the *Alcoran*, to adapt the Doctrine of Heavenly Things, to the dull Capacities of Men; even, as all the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* have done before him. In the *Book* of the *Goſpel*, *Paradiſe* is deſcribed under the Figure of a moſt *Magnificent City*, built all of Gold and Precious Stones, with a River flowing by it, and Trees whoſe Fruit never withers

withers, nor their Leaves fade. Will the *Chriſtians* take this in the Litteral Senſe, or do they own it to be an *Allegory*? If the latter, then why do they Blaſpheme the *Sacred Oracles* of our *Holy Law-giver*, becauſe he deſcribes the Felicities of *Paradiſe* under Senſible Figures and Types, ſuch as are moſt apt to work on the Affections of Men?

It is not to be thought, that our Enjoyment of Beautiful Women in *Paradiſe*, ſhall be attended with the Leaſt of thoſe Impurities which ſtain it in this Life. Our Pleaſures ſhall be agreeable to the Place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we ſhall there enjoy the Perfection of Beauty, without the ſmalleſt Allay of Deformity; ſo, in our Enjoyment, we ſhall be tranſported with the Heighth of Extaſie, without the leaſt Mixture of Pollution.

Nor ſhall theſe Bodily Delights, ſuperſede or hinder our more Spiritual Enjoyments; but, both Body and Soul ſhall be raviſhed with Eternal Felicities.

Tell me, thou who art the *Key* of the *Treaſures* of *Truth*, whether I am now ſufficiently arm'd with Reaſons, to withſtand the Cavils and Objections which the *Infidels* make againſt our *Holy Law*! I have laid at thy Feet my Sentiments, ſubmitting all to thy unerring Wiſdom; vouchſafe to confirm what I have well ſaid, and to correct my Errors. And, in the Midſt of thy *Divine* Ejaculations, glance a Thought on the humbleſt of thy *Slaves*, praying for the *Exil'd Mahmut*, that he may

perſevere in the *true Faith*; and, at the End of his Life, may taſte the Joys of *Paradiſe*, which he zealouſly aſſerts againſt the *Infidels*.

Paris 10th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER IX.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I informed thee of the Siege of *Perpignan*, I had not heard of the Extraordinary Honours which were done to the *Prince* of *Morgues* during that Siege. This *Prince*, was a Subject of the King of *Spain*, and had in Poſſeſſion the Town of *Monaco*. Yet, for ſome diſguſts which he had received from the *Spaniards*, he ſome Years agō had thoughts of throwing himſelf upon the Protection of the King of *France*; but, Difficulties ariſing, it took not effect at that Time. However, in the Year 1641. by the Dexterity of the *Governour* of *Provence*, he was ſo far wrought upon, that a *French* Garriſon was by his Connivence put into *Monaco*, and he totally threw off his Obedience to the King of *Spain*; and though great Offers were made him by the *Cardinal* of *Savoy* and others, yet he rejected all; and, to demonſtrate to King *Philip*, That his Soul was altogether

together *French*, he ſent him back the *Collar* which was the *Badge* of his *Knighthood*, beſtowed on him in the *Spaniſh Court*.

After which, Four Gallies of *Naples* cruiſing on the Sea before *Ville-Franche*, one of them by the Order of the Captain ſailed to *Monaco*, not having heard of the Revolt of this Place. The *Prince* invited the Captain to come aſhore, and, as ſoon as he was landed, Threeſcore *Frenchmen* who lay hid in the Boat which carried the Meſſage, boarded the Gally with admirable Reſolution, killing near Thirty *Spaniards* who made Reſiſtance, and the reſt yielding, the *French* took Poſſeſſion of the Veſſel.

The *Prince* ſailed in this Gally to *Marſeilles*, with his Son, who is dignified with the *Title* of a *Marquis*; and, taking their Way through *Provence* and *Languedoc*, came to the King of *France*, while he lay with his Army before *Perpignan*.

King *Lewis*, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the Merits of Brave Men, careſſed him with extraordinary Demonſtrations of Affection, and Acknowledgments of his Service; ſending his Coaches to meet him on the Way, cauſing his Army to appear in Battel-Array, entertaining him at his own Table, and doing all Things which might honour the Arrival of this Prince at his Camp. And, to make him amends for the Loſs of his *Order of Knighthood*, he inveſted him with that *of the Holy Ghoſt*; which, as I have in my former Letters told thee, is

a fair Step to make one a *Peer* of *France*.

I thought good to inform thee of this Paſſage, *Illuſtrious Miniſter*, in whoſe Power it lies, to lift up to Dignities and the Great Charges of the *Empire*, Men in whom thou perceiveſt a *Genius* capable of Great Undertakings.

God direct thee in making Choice of ſuch, as may be effectually Serviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER X.

To Achmet Beig.

IT ſeems as if the late Revolution in *Portugal*, had imbitter'd the *Spaniards* to Deſpair, and ſwell'd the Spleen of that Nation with inſupportable Rancour. The Loſs, which they cannot hope fairly to recover by Arms, they ſeek to revenge by diſhonourable Aſſaſſine and Treachery.

The *Marquis de Los-Velez*, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* at the *Court* of *Rome*, could not brook to ſee there an *Ambaſſador* from the King of *Portugal*, whom he eſteemed at beſt but a Subject or a Traytor to *Philip* his *Maſter*. He tryed all Means to prevent and hin-

der

der his Audience with the *Pope*, and openly demanded, that he might be ſent back into *Portugal* with Diſgrace. But, the *Sieur de Fontenay*, *Ambaſſador* from *France*, ſupported and countenanc'd the *Portugueze Miniſter*, which precipitated the *Marquis de Los-Velez*, to one of the blackeſt Attempts that has ever ſtain'd the Records of Time.

Thou art not to learn, That the *Perſons* of *Ambaſſadors* are by the *Law* of *Nations* eſteemed *Sacred*; their *Houſes*, *Sanctuaries*; and, whatſoever Injury is offered them, is at leaſt accounted a *Civil Sacriledge*. Yet, the *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* finding the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* (ſo was the *Portugueze* called) protected and favoured by the *French* Intereſt, reſolves to leap over the Fences which ſecure the Immunities and Safety of his own Function, and to violate the Law without which he himſelf could not ſleep free from Danger in his Bed. For, being informed that the *Portugueze Ambaſſador* was gone to viſit the *Sieur de Fontenay*, he goes out of his Houſe with a Train of about Twenty Men, and covering his Deſign with a pretence of going to the Houſe of an Eminent *Cardinal*, he takes the ſame Way, as the *Portugueze Biſhop* was to return to his Houſe. But, the *French Ambaſſador* having Notice, that one of the *Marquis*'s Retinue was obſerved to dog the *Biſhop* to his *Palace*, and return immediately to his Maſter, ſet ſome Spies upon the *Marquis de Los-Velez*, who brought him Word, that the *Marquis* had ordered all his Retinue to arm themſelves and

follow him. This gave a ſufficient Alarm and Suſpicion to *De Fontenay*, ſo that he commanded Thirty of his Servants to arm likewiſe, and follow him in ſeparate Parties, at a diſtance from one another; being reſolved to protect the *Portugueze*, who was an *Allie* of *France*, and to prevent the Deſign of his Enemies. No ſooner had the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* taken his Coach, but Notice was given to the *Spaniſh Miniſter*, who immediately advances toward him, big with the Murder he intended to commit. But, the *French* appearing, and falling briskly on the *Spaniards*, kill'd ſeven of them in a Moment, and broke through the Reſt, even to the very Coach of the *Marquis*, with a Reſolution to make him taſte the Death he deſigned for the poor *Biſhop*. But, he had the Fortune to eſcape into the *Palace* of a *Spaniſh Cardinal*, and ſo ſaved himſelf.

The *Spaniſh Ambaſſador* after this, being nettled at his ill Succeſs, and the Favour which the *Biſhop* of *Lamego* found in that *Court*, deſigned to remove to *Naples*; but, the *Pope* ſet a Guard on him to prevent it, till ſuch time as he had given Hoſtages for the Indemnity of his *Nuntio's* in *Spain* and *Naples*.

The *Neapolitan Viceroy* being informed of theſe Proceedings, made great Preparations; and, the *Spaniards* threatned to plunder and burn the City of *Rome*. But, upon more deliberate Thoughts, the *Viceroy* made ſhew of Friendſhip to the *Pope*, offering him Five Thouſand Soldiers to aſſiſt againſt the *Duke* of

of *Parma*, thinking by this Fraud, to gain Admiſſion into the *Eccleſiaſtick* Territories, which would facilitate the Way to the Satisfactions they aim'd at. But, the *Pope* knew how to return the *Viceroy*'s Compliment, without hazarding his own Eſtate; telling him, That the *Roman* Forces were more than ſufficient to conquer the *Duke*, had he any other Deſigns than thoſe of Peace.

By this Paſſage of the *Spaniſh Embaſſador*, thou mayſt comprehend the Licentiouſneſs of the *Infidels*, who dare trample upon *Human* and *Sacred* Laws; and, that in *Rome* it ſelf, where the *Supreme Mufti* of the *Chriſtians* keeps his Seat. It was never known, that ſuch a Thing was attempted in the *Sublime Port*, where the Majeſty and ſevere Juſtice of the *Ottoman Empire*, ſtrikes an Awe and Terror into all People, reſtraining the very Thoughts of ſo heinous a Crime.

May the *Conſervator* of the *Ages*, haſten the prefixed Time, wherein the *Chriſtian* Nations ſhall be ſubdued to the *Muſſulman Faith*; That ſo, Juſtice and Vertue, with perpetual Peace, may bleſs the Earth.

Paris 17th of the 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XI.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Could not let this Poſt go without a Letter, though I have nothing material to write. However, 'tis a Teſtimony of my Duty, to let thee know, that *Mahmut* is not Idle, that he ſuffers not an Hour, a Moment to eſcape, wherein he ſtudies not to do ſome acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*.

All the *Diſpatches* which I receive from the *Port*, ſeem like black Clouds, gathering on the Margin of the *Horizon*, the ſure Harbingers of an approaching Storm. One accuſes me, of neglecting the Service of the *Maſter* of the *World*; Another tells me, I am too Expenſive; a Third ſays, The *Miniſters* of the *Divan* will take other Methods. They mince their Expreſſions; no Man will deal plainly with me. They mix Threatnings with Complements, as if I were a Child, and needed the Diſcipline of a Rattle and a Rod. Would they have me reverſe the *Decrees* of *Deſtiny?* Turn *Winter* into *Summer*, and change the whole Order of *Nature?* Or, is it expected, that I ſhould renew the Exploit of *Cadmus*, and cauſe *Earth-born* Armies to ariſe, on purpoſe to furniſh Matter of News to the *Port?* I appeal to thee, Supreme *Vizir*, at whoſe Nod the *Divan* is Aſſembl'd or Diſſolv'd, Whether I deſerve the Cenſures that are.

are paſs'd upon me? No Man can accuſe me of betraying my Truſt, or of holding any Correſpondence with the Enemies of the *Muſſulman Empire*. What is then my Crime? Am I to be condemned, for employing the Mony which is allotted me for Subſiſtence, to render my *Miniſtry* more Succeſsful? Will they call it, an Embezilling the *Sultan*'s Mony; when, rather than hoard it up for my own private Profit and Conveniences, (as I might do conſiderable Sums, were I ſo baſely Frugal,) I frankly part with it, to conſummate the Affair for which I am plac'd here? Or, is the *Ottoman Treaſury* grown low, that heretofore has ſupported the Indigent World, and by an Exceſs of Royal Munificence, has been thrown to the Fiſhes of the Sea? Is *Mahmut* alone to be eſteemed a Prodigal in his preſent Expences, becauſe 'tis known that he was a *Slave* in *Sicily*, and tyed down to the penurious Stint of a rigorous Patron? Suffer me this once, Sage *Miniſter*, to vindicate my ſelf, and to tell thee, That the Hardſhips and ſqualid Circumſtances of Captivity, would not be very ſubſervient to the Ends for which I am ſent hither; neither can a niggardly Penſion, qualifie me for the *Genius* of the *Court* in which I muſt be daily converſant; where all things appear Gay and Polite. It has not been my Cuſtom to complain without a Cauſe, neither do I love to grate my Superiours, with whining Remonſtrances. But, it is my humble Requeſt, That the *Miniſters* of the *Divan* would conſider me, not as a

Drudge to a Private Man in *Palermo*, but as the Indefatigable *Slave*, of the Moſt Opulent and Liberal *Monarch* in the World.

In all theſe Things, I contract my ſelf into a moſt ſubmiſs Reſignation to thy Will, who art the *Vicegerent* of the *Empire*, founded on the Rock of *Deſtiny*; beſeeching thee, to protect me from the Malice of Whiſperers, who envy me becauſe I ſerve the *Sovereign* of *Sovereigns*, *Lord* of the *Eaſt* and of the *Weſt*, and all that is between them.

May the Eternal Poſſeſſor of all Felicity, cull out of his Immenſe Treaſures, ſuch Bleſſings as thou moſt ardently deſireſt in this Life; and, when he has led thee through all the Apartments of Humane Bliſs on Earth, may he tranſlate thee to the Palaces of *Eden*, the Seats of an Immarceſcible Life, where new Sources of Joy are open'd without End.

Paris, 26th *of the* 2d Moon,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE Floods have been ſo great, and thoſe alſo congealed into Ice, that there has been no travelling by ſome Roads for theſe Two *Moons*; which is the Reaſon, we have been wanting in our uſual Advices from *Germany*, *Piedmont*, the *Valtoline*, and other Parts.

Yet now, the Poſts bring a Glut of News to this City. *Fribergh*, a Town in the Parts of *Saxony*, is at this Time beſieged by *Torſtenſon*, *General* of the *Swediſh* Army. He Inveſted it the 11th of the 1ſt *Moon*. And, People are amazed to hear, that it has held out to this Time, being a Place of no great Strength. Eſpecially, conſidering how ſoon *Leipſick* ſurrender'd to the ſame Forces; a Town well fortified, and ſtored with all Things neceſſary to ſuſtain a long Siege. By this thou mayſt obſerve, how much the Fortune of War many Times depends on one ſucceſsful Battle.

When *Torſtenſon* firſt lay down before *Leipſick*, it was generally believed, he would find a ſtout Reſiſtance from the Inhabitants, and an Inflexible Reſolution in the Garriſon, not to yield that Important Place: And perhaps they would not have been miſtaken, had not the *Imperialiſts* (out of a Generous Deſign,

ſign to relieve it, and raiſe the Siege) hazarded a Battel. The *Arch-Duke* of *Auſtria* (whoſe Name is *Leopold*) and *Picolomini*, as ſoon as they received Advice that the *Swediſh* Army had paſſed the *Elbe*, and enter'd into *Miſnia*, took their directeſt Way to ſtop their Advance into thoſe Parts. But, it had been better they had kept their Quarters; for, in one Battel, they loſt all the Glory which they had before acquired by their Arms. *Torſtenſon* was already Entrenched before *Leipſick*, when his Scouts brought him Intelligence, that the *Imperial* Army was near at Hand. He immediately diſpoſes of his Baggage in a ſecure Place, draws out his Cannon, and having left a ſufficient Number of Soldiers to guard the Poſts of his Camp which were neareſt the City, he marches directly toward the Enemy, and poſſeſſes himſelf of a Spot of Ground very agreeable to his Occaſions; it was called, the *Plain of Brittenfield*. This Place he deſigned for the Stage, whereon to perform the Part of a Prudent and Valiant *General*. For, as ſoon as he came in Sight of the *German Van-Guard*, he cauſed his Army to retreat faintly, as though he had no Intention to fight. The *Germans* purſue the Retreating *Suedes*, till they were got into very narrow *Streights* between two ſteep Mountains; not much unlike the *Capi Dervent* in *Bulgaria* (where the *Heyducks*, taking the Advantage of the Heights, commit great Robberies on the *Caravans* that travel through thoſe *Streights*, rolling huge Stones,

or

or rather Rocks, down upon the Paſſengers.) Here the *Suedes* turned about, and falling behind their Cannon, which *Torſtenſon* had cauſed to be planted in theſe *Streights*, play'd furiouſly on the *Germans*, while the Muſquetiers which he had order'd on the Sides of the Mountains, gaul'd them from above, yet lay themſelves Inviſible, under the Covert of Thickets which grew on each Side of the *Streight*. It was the *Left Wing* of the *Imperialiſts* which was thus engaged, and *Picolomini* who commanded them, gave Admirable Proofs of an undaunted Courage, appearing at the Head of his ſurprized Soldiers, and heartning them with Words and Actions full of Bravery; but, his Labour was loſt, for 6000 fled without drawing a Sword. The *Suedes* purſued them through the *Streight*, and reentring the *Plain*, engaged with the *Right Wing* of the *Germans*. The Battel was fierce and Bloody. *General Picolomini* did Wonders, and many brave *Germans* ſignalized their Valour; but, it ſeems as if the Fate of *Torſtenſon*, is to ruine the *Empire:* For, while the Battel was yet equal on both ſides, and the Victory doubtful; while the Ground was dyed with a Mixture of *German* and *Suediſh* Blood, he falls into the main Body of the *Imperial* Army with a freſh Reſerve, which ſo animated the *Suedes* and diſorder'd their Enemies, that at length the *Germans* not able longer to ſuſtain the Shock, left their Cannon and retreated into a *Forreſt*. Now followed a Dreadful Slaughter; for, the *Suediſh*,

diſh Cavalry environ'd the chas'd *Germans*, whom *Coningſmark* had hunted out of the *Forreſt*, and charged them with ſuch Fury, that they were moſt of them cut in Pieces. The *Germans* loſt Four Thouſand Men on the Spot, and as many more in the Purſuit.

I have ſent thee in the encloſed Paper, a Liſt of all the Officers of Note which were ſlain in this Battel, which is eſteemed one of the moſt Bloody, that has been fought in *Europe* between *Chriſtians* on both Sides theſe Two Hundred Years. Thou wilt there find above Three Hundred Commanders, from whom, a Death not inglorious has taken their *Commiſſions*.

The *Germans* alſo, loſt Forty ſix Pieces of *Cannon*, Sixty Five *Standards*, all their *Ammunition*, a Hundred and Sixty *Carts*, and Six hundred *Wagons*; with all the Treaſury of the *Arch-duke Leopold*, and *General Picolomini*.

This Battel was fought, on the Firſt of the Eleventh *Moon*, as we reckon; but, according to the *Chriſtians* Account, on the Twenty Firſt of the Tenth *Moon*.

After this Signal Victory, *General Torſtenſon* ſhewed himſelf again before *Leipſick*, approached the Walls, planted his Batteries; and, though the Beſieged at firſt made ſhew of a firm Reſolution to defend the Place, yet the Terrour which the late Defeat of the *German* Forces had ſtruck them with, ſoon altered their Counſels, and they ſurrender'd upon Honourable Conditions.

In

In the mean Time, *General Picolomini* and the *Archduke* of *Auſtria*, are retired into *Bohemia*. The *German Court* is full of Apprehenſions; and, new Levies are every where making, to join the ſhatter'd Remnants of the Army. The Affairs of the King of *Hungary* are at an ill Paſs, and all Things look with a Cloudy Aſpect on the *Empire*.

From the Side of *Italy*, we hear nothing of Moment; but, the *Spaniards* are taking ſuch Meaſures, as may beſt repair the Loſs of *Tortona*; and, to that End, the *Duke* of *Milan* is making all the Preparations which are cuſtomary in ſuch Caſes. 'Tis ſaid here, they intend to recover that Place again.

May theſe Quarrels of the *Infidels* continue, till the determinate Time ſhall come, that our *Victorious Armies* ſhall ſubdue them to the *Muſſulman* Empire.

Paris 7th of the 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

WHEN I ſent thee Word of the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I thought it the ſame Thing, as if I had preſented thee with the Head of one of the moſt Dangerous Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. That Head which while the Owner lived, was allways plotting of Miſchief, had it not been diverted by nearer Intrigues, would not have fail'd to put ſome horrid Deſign in Execution againſt the *Sublime Port*, which of all the *Thrones* in the World, ſeems alone to o'er-top the *Grandeur* of *France*.

But, this *Court* ſeems to play the *Hydra*; for, no ſooner is the Head of one of her *Prime Miniſters* laid, but up ſprings another in the Room of it, equal in Vigour and Subtilty. And we have ſtill as much Reaſon to apprehend the Counſels of *Cardinal Mazarini*, as before we had to ſuſpect thoſe of *Richlieu*.

The Generality of the People at firſt, look-ed for another Conduct in the King towards the Creatures of the *Late Miniſter*; ſince he himſelf, toward the latter End of his Life, ſeem'd to ſubſiſt in the *Court*, rather through the Neceſſity the King had of his Counſels, than any Motive of Affection.

However, the King has exactly complyed with the *Cardinal's* dying Requeſts, in ho-nouring

nouring ſeveral of his Relations and Friends, with *Places* of conſiderable Truſt. And, 'tis to his laſt Recommendation, *Cardinal Mazarini* is obliged for the Authority he now poſſeſſes. In uſing of which, he diſcovers a refined Policy, and a Modeſty which hath but few Examples.

The many Combinations and Attempts againſt *Cardinal Richlieu*, and the Kings Coldneſs to him during the Siege of *Perpignan*, ſufficiently inſtructed *Mazarini*, That it was impoſſible to poſſeſs ſo Eminent a Charge, without drawing on him the Envy and Hatred of the *Grandees*. He conſidered alſo, That he was a Stranger, whereas *Richlieu* was a Native of *France*. Therefore, he unites his Intereſt with that of Two Great Officers, who alſo courted the Kings Favour; the one, is *Superintendent* of the *Finances*, the other, *Secretary* of *State*. Theſe being longer acquainted with the nice Tranſactions of the *Court*, and the Intrigues of the Grandees, do him no ſmall Service with their Inſtructions, and likewiſe abate the Popular Spight; or at leaſt, ſhare it with the *Cardinal*; ſince no Body will be ſo partial, as to lay the Blame of any Miſcarriage on Him alone, who ſeems to do nothing without the Direction of his Two Partners, (for ſo he calls them, as if theſe Three ſhared among them the Authority of the Defunct *Cardinal*.) This is a pure Trick of *Mazarini*; and, he ſerves himſelf of them as we uſe a Ladder, deſigning by their Means to mount by ſafer Steps, and, on their Shoulders,

Shoulders, to lift himſelf unenvied to the Helm of the *State*. Not, but that he is actually Inveſted with the *Primacy* by the King; but, he is willing to divert the Storm which that will draw upon him from the *Nobles*, therefore he cunningly ſeems to decline it, pretending an earneſt Deſire to with-draw into *Italy*, and in the *Interim* has choſen theſe Two for his Colleagues. Thus he graſps with one Hand, what with the other he ſeems to reject; and, by his Magnificent living, his Obſequious Court, and obliging Carriage to all, he demonſtrates, that if he ſhould paſs the *Alpes*, his Heart would be left behind him in *France*, and that he onely aims to be eſtabliſh'd in the *Miniſtry*, with Univerſal Applauſe.

It makes me ſmile ſometimes, to ſee what pains he takes to entangle himſelf in Infinite Hazards and Trouble, as if he were of a Conſtitution like that of a *Salamander*, which cannot live out of a Fire.

The Great *God* encreaſe the Vertues and Graces of the *Illuſtrious Kaimacham*, and of all the *Miniſters* that ſtand by the Bright *Throne* of Juſtice, the Seat of the *Ottoman Emperours*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Interpreters of the Law and Judges of Equity.*

A Cloud of Sorrow o'er-ſpreads the *Kingdom* of *France*; their *Sun* is ſet; the Mighty *Lewis*, for whom all *Europe* had been two narrow, had he liv'd, is now confined within the Limits of a Grave. He dyed at St *Germains* yeſterday, being the Fourteenth of the Fifth *Moon*; having left his *Queen* poſſeſs'd of the *Regency*; and *Cardinal Mazarini*, of the Prime Conduct of the *State*.

He was a *Prince* of great Virtue, which with his ſucceſsful Conqueſts and Victories, procur'd him the Envy of his Neighbours. And, ſome Criticks among his own Subjects, pretend to find many Faults in his Proceedings; as, Breach of *Royal* Promiſe to the Governour of *Saumur*, when he delivered him the Keys of the Town; to the *Rochellers*, in not razing *Lewis*'s Fort. Among Forreigners, the *Duke* of *Savoy*, the *Duke* of *Lorrain*, and the *German Emperor*, charge him with breach of Articles in his Treaties. So does the King of *Spain*. And all of them complain, That he alone has involv'd all *Chriſtendom* in War and Blood.

Every Thing has two Handles, and Men are apt to take all things by the Worſt, eſpecially

ally in Cases of this Nature. It is difficult for a *Sovereign Monarch*, to carry himself so evenly in Peace or War, as to escape Obloquy; especially, if he be Victorious. Losers must have leave to be peevish.

But I forget that I speak to him, who can repeal the Sentences of Greatest *Monarchs*; before whose Unerring Tribunal, all Earthly *Dignities* stand mute. Therefore, avoiding all impertinent Glosses, I will only present thee with what is proper to be said without partiality in *Lewis* his Vindication, being Matter of Fact, and leave the Decision to thy *Sacred* Judgment.

Herein it will not be amiss to call to Mind, how the Kings of *Spain* and the whole *House of Austria*, have invaded and disturbed the Peace of *Europe*, from time to time, these many Years.

The Usurpation of *Navarre* by *Ferdinand* King of *Arragon*, began the fatal Jarr, when he deposed *John* of *Albret* and *Catharine* his *Queen*, though he himself had no other Title to this Kingdom, than what the Swords of the *Arragonians* and *Castilians* gave him; being of *Pyrrhus* and *Lysander*'s Mind, who knew no other Limits to their Dominions, than what their Enemies stout Resistance set them. Thus *Navarre* being adjacent to Old *Castille*, *Biscay*, and *Galicia*, it became a Prey to *Spain*. Add to this, his Breach of *Royal* Word to *Catharine de Medicis*, (*Queen Mother* of *France*;) to *Don Antonio*, the next Heir of *Portugal*; the *Dukes* of *Savoy* and *Parma*, and *Catha-*

Catharine, *Dutcheſs* of *Braganza*; that he would acquieſce to the *Chamber* of *Lisbon*, in the Caſe of Succeſſion to the Crown of *Portugal*; when, contrary to all Law and Juſtice, he Invaded that Kingdom unawares, making it a *Tributary Province* to the *Spaniſh* Crown!

It has been the uſual Methods of Politick and Wiſe Princes, to check the Torrent of their Neighbours growing Greatneſs, to lopp the Luxuriant Branches of ill-gotten *Empire*; and, had *Henry* IV. of *France* prolong'd his Life, 'tis thought he would have reconquer'd *Navarre*, and planted the *Flower-de-luces* in *Fonterabia*, and *Pampelone*. Who can then with Juſtice, tax *Lewis* XIII. for managing a War, which all the World expected of his Father?

Moreover, the *Spaniſh* Methods in conquering *Mexico* and *Peru*, two mighty *Empires* in *America*; their barbarous Cruelty, their Inhumane Butchery of above Twenty Millions of the Natives, when neither Dignity, nor Age, nor Sex, was ſpar'd, but all became a Sacrifice to their Inſatiable Avarice of Gold, was a ſufficient Argument to incenſe all the Princes in the World againſt them.

I have no Intereſt in *France*, any more than I ſhould have in *Spain* if I were there: I only plead for Juſtice.

'Twas time for *France* to be alarm'd and ſtand upon her Guard, when ſhe ſaw her Potent Neighbour planting freſh Alliances and Intereſts, like Batteries, round about her; had the Danger only threatned from beyond the *Pyrenean*

reneau Mountains, ſhe might have waited their Deſigns. But, when ſhe ſaw ſo many *Powers* and *States* united in cloſe Leagues, and wholly ſubject to *Spain*, 'twas time to beat the Drum and carry the War from Home, 'twas time to climb the *Alps* and take a ſurvey of *Spaniſh Italy*; for, the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, the *Dutchy* of *Millain*, the *Iſland* of *Sicily*, the *Dukes* of *Mantua*, *Parma*, and *Urbin*, the *Princes* of *Maſſa* and *Piombino*, with the *Free States* of *Genoua* and *Luca*, did then all march under the Banner of *Spain*. So that none, but the *Great Duke* of *Tuſcany*, with the *Republick* of *Venice*, were left to withſtand his threatning Arms. Who will now blame King *Lewis*, for drawing into his *Confederacy* the *Hollanders*, *Heſſians*, *Griſons* and the *Swedes*? How could he otherwiſe diſſolve that formidable Union aforeſaid?

Beſides, the Murders of *Henry* III. and *Henry* IV. the one Kill'd at St *Clou* by *James Clement*, the other at *Paris* by *Ravillac*, were ſo apparently hatch'd, and committed by *Spaniſh* Counſel and Influence, that, had *Lewis*, the late King, no other Reaſons to ſtand upon his Guard, and obſerve the Motions of *Spain*, yet that were enough to Juſtify his war-like Preparations againſt that Crown. For, beſides the Motives of a juſt Revenge, the common Jealouſies of *State*, muſt needs prompt him to do his utmoſt, in Prevention of *Spaniſh* Intrigues.

Nor ought his matching with the *Infanta*, to have given him any greater ſecurity; ſince, under

under the faireſt Graſs, many times lurks the moſt Venomous Snake. What *Spain* could not do by open Force, nor ſecret Conſpiracy, ſhe hoped might be accompliſh'd by this ſpecious Marriage. And, it was no ſmall ſtep toward it, that the numerous Train of *Spaniards*, which came into *France* with the *Infanta*, preſently skrewed themſelves into all Offices and Places of Truſt, both in *Church* and *State*; daily making Parties and Penſioners for *Spain*, till at length all *France* grew weary of them; ſo that the King was conſtrained to ſend them Home again: Elſe, it is more than probable, that in a little Time he might have ſeen this flouriſhing *Kingdom* in a worſe Condition than ever had been known before. He has already ſeen the Bowels of *France* ript up by Inteſtine Broils, and weltring in its own Blood; he has ſeen the Princes and Nobles armed againſt him, debauching and alienating the Allegiance of the *French Gentry*, *Clergy* and *Commons*, and covering their pernicious Rebellion under the Mask of the *Holy League*. He has ſeen the *Duke* of *Rohan* leading up and down an Army of Twelve Thouſand *Foot*, and Twelve Hundred *Horſe*, at the King of *Spain*'s Coſt; he himſelf with his Brother *Soubize*, being both Penſioners to the King of *Spain*, the one receiving Fourteen, the other Eight Thouſand Crowns a Year. In fine, he has ſeen the ſtrongeſt *Cities* and *Forts* of *Picardy*, *Normandy*, and other *Provinces* of *France* plundred, and pillaged by flying Armies of *Spaniards* and

Impe-

Imperialiſts, even when he leaſt dream'd of any ſuch Misfortune; being at the ſame time involved in *Civil Wars* with his own *Subjects*. After all this, had he not Reaſon to prevent the like Miſchiefs and Incurſions for the future, by tranſporting the War into his Enemies Countries, who had committed ſo many Hoſtilities and Ravages in his? It was certainly high Time for *France* to rouze up her Martial *Genius*, and leave off her dreaming *Theory*, when *Spain* was ſo buſy with the *Practick*.

Theſe are the Arguments that may be alledged, in Vindication of the King of *France*'s Conduct toward *Spain*. And, not much leſs is to be recriminated upon the *Emperor* of *Germany*, his ſeizing the *Dutchy* of *Cleves* and *Juliers*, with many *Towns* and *Biſhopricks* in the Counties of *Luxenburgh* and *La Marck*; as alſo, in the Frontiers of *Suiſſerland* and *Lorrain*. His Conqueſt of the *Palatinate*, with the chiefeſt Cities, Forts, and Paſſes of the *Griſons*; his reducing the Lives and Liberties of that People to their laſt Gaſp and Period, was a ſufficient Motive to the *French* King, to put a ſpeedy Check to this encreaſing Grandeur of the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*.

I leave the Determination of theſe Matters to thy Sage Wiſdom, Great *Arbiter* of *Juſtice*, and bowing my Head to the Duſt, awfully retire.

Paris 15th *of the* 5th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

THREE Days ago, *Lewis* XIII. *King of France* and *Navarre*, was arreſted by the *King of Terrors*, and forc'd to pay the *Grand Debt*, to *God* and *Nature*; I will not ſay, before it was due, but ſooner than the accuſtomed Time of Payment, being not full Forty Three Years old.

Yet *Heaven* was ſo Indulgent, as not to ſuffer the *Grim Meſſenger* of *Fate*, to ſnatch him hence without a previous Summons: His Diſtemper being a lingring Conſumption, which gave him frequent Intimations of his fading Strength.

There are not wanting ſuch as whiſper, That he was hurried out of the World before his Time, by ſome unnatural Artifice. And, the Common Sort ſay, that *Mazarini*'s Scarlet, looks of a more *Sanguine Hue*, than it did Four Days ago.

The Reaſon of this Jealouſie, I ſuppoſe, is grounded on the Familiarity that has been obſerved between the now *Queen-Regent* and the *Cardinal*; both alſo being Strangers to the *French* Blood, ſhe a *Spaniard* and he an *Italian*. I will not determine how far theſe Reflections are juſtifiable, becauſe I know it is

impoſſible for Perſons in their Circumſtances, to avoid the Cenſure of buſie prying Minds, in ſuch a Juncture as this: Yet ſome, who move in a Sphere above the Vulgar, cannot forget by whoſe Inſtigations his *Royal* Father, *Henry* the *Great*, was ſent out of the World.

The known familiar Acceſs which the *Marquiſs Spinola* gave to *Ravillaç* at *Bruſſels*, the private Entertainments between them a little before that Murderer gave the fatal Blow, together with other Circumſtances, amounted to more than a ſtrong Preſumption with the *French*, that *Spain* was the Principal Author of that Tragedy.

And, the ſudden Exclamation of *Franceſco Corvini*, an *Italian Aſtrologer*, the Night before the King was kill'd, made ſome Men caſt an Eye of Suſpicion beyond the *Alps*. For, he ſtanding on the Leads of his Houſe in *Florence*, as though he were obſerving the Stars, on a ſudden ſtamp'd with his Foot, and ſaid, *To Morrow the Moſt Potent* Monarch *of* Europe *will be kill'd*. But ſome curious Heads imagine, he had his Intelligence nearer Hand, than from the Heavens; and, that rather, ſome of the Great *Italian* Stars had made him thus Prophetick.

Hence, by comparing theſe Times with thoſe, the preſent *Regency* of a *Spaniard*, and Superintendency of an *Italian*, creates a like Suſpicion in the *French*, concerning the Death of *Lewis* XIII. who though he died in his Bed, yet might as well be murder'd by a Drug, as his Father was by a Knife. Theſe

are

are the ſecret Surmizes of Cabals, not a little heightned by reflecting on the Time of both their Deaths; Both dying in the ſame Month, the ſame Day of the Month, and much about the ſame Hour of the Day.

Yet notwithſtanding theſe Murmurs, when his Body was open'd and his Intrails taken out and ſearch'd, the *Phyſicians* gave their Sentence, That he died a Natural Death. His Bowels are carried to *St. Denis*, a Town above three Leagues from *Paris*, there to be buried; and his Body is Embalmed in order to its Sepulture in the ſame Place; there being a Magnificent Church, where all the *Royal Blood* of *France* is commonly Interr'd.

Yeſterday I was in Company with one of his *Phyſicians*, and entring into Diſcourſe of the *King*'s Death, (the common Theme of all Companies at preſent,) he told us, that the *King*'s Waſting and Death proceeded from the Diſproportion of his Moiſture to his Heat, the latter being predominant in his Conſtitution; ſo that not meeting with a ſufficient check from Natural Humidity, it kindled conſtant Feavers in his Body, which never left him till he left the World.

He was a very devout Man in his Religion and free from Vice, at leaſt, to outward Obſervation. A remarkable Inſtance of his Piety he gave in his Youth; when entring a certain Country Village, the better ſort of Inhabitants offered to attend him with a Canopy, he anſwer'd, *I hear you have no* Church *here, neither will I ſuffer a Canopy of* State *to*

be born over my Head in that Place, where God *hath not a Conſecrated Roof to dwell under:* For, theſe *Nazarens* believe, that *God* dwells in their *Temples.*

He was temperate to a Miracle, in the Midſt of *Royal* Dainties; not ſuffering his Palate to betray his Vertue. He ſcorn'd thoſe Pleaſures which debaſe the Mind. And, took more delight in the noiſe of Drums and Trumpets, and the Roaring of Cannon, than in the ſoft Blandiſhments of Love. He was adorned with many other Vertues, which gained him the Love of all, and more eſpecially, the Favour of Heaven. Yet, after all his Victories, Succeſſes and Triumphs, all that can be now ſaid of him is, *He is dead.* Thus paſſes away the Glory of the Greateſt Potentates.

God preſerve our *Invincible Sultan*, ever Glorious, Proſperous, Renowned and Immortal.

Paris, th 17 of the 5th *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am plac'd as an *Eccho* in *Paris*, to remit to the *Ottoman Port*, the *Sanctuary* of the *World*, whatſoever makes a Noiſe in *Chriſtendom*. I have ſent a *Diſpatch* to the *Venerable Muſti*, as alſo to the *Principal Secretary* of *State*, containing the News of the Death of *Lewis* XIII. King of *France* and *Navarre*.

I need not repeat here, what I have ſaid to them; Becauſe I know, they will communicate to thee my Letters.

Yet ſuffer me to ſay ſomething of this Great *Monarch*, who had his Nature been more durable, would in all probability have exceeded all his *Royal Progenitors*, both in his Conqueſts abroad, and his Abſolute Sway at Home. Of which he gave an early Preſage, appearing at the Head of Armies, at thoſe Years when other Princes are but learning the Rudiments of War in the Academy.

When he was little more than Twelve Years of Age, he began to diſcover his Valour and Conduct, in ſubduing the Rebels of *Poitou* and *Bretaigne*, leading an Army againſt them in his own Perſon.

Yet, that Succeſs, did not diſcourage others of his Subjects, from attempting freſh Inſurrections againſt him. *Fate* decreed, that

he ſhould gather the Laurels which compoſed his Crown, from amongſt Briars and Thorns; His whole Life being one continued *Series* of War, either at Home or Abroad, and ſometimes both.

But, that which moſt exercis'd his Patience, was, the frequent *Inteſtine* Broils and Inſurrections of his own Subjects, of which he ſaw no leſs than Ten during his Reign, ſome of them headed and abetted by the *Princes* of the *Blood*; Nay, as if Heaven had cut him out for the Toils of War, when all Things elſe were in a Poſture of Peace, his own *Mother* and *Monſieur* his *Brother*, ſeveral Times call'd him into the Field, by taking up Arms againſt him.

When Victory had erected *Obeliſks* and other Monuments of Honour to him in *Italy* and *Spain*, and had cut Triumphal Arches through the *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains, for the Conquerours Return; When he had made the *Rhine* to flow with *German* Blood, and had every where both by Sea and Land left Tokens of his matchleſs Fortune; coming to his own Country, inſtead of Trophies and Honours to welcome home their Sovereign, his Ears were always grated with the unwelcome News of *Civil Wars* in his own Kingdom.

Yet, he that conſiders, need not wonder at theſe Convulſions of the *State* in *France*, or any other Kingdom ſo populous as that is. In the *Oeconomy* of the *Univerſe*, though it be governed by an *Eternal Providence* which cannot

cannot err, yet we see the *Elements* at war with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this restless Strife and Quarrel, arises the Health and good Constitution of the *Natural* World. So is it in the *Political* World; No *Kingdom* or *Commonwealth* can subsist without Purgations of her peccant and superfluous Humours; which War effects, as the most Appropriate and Natural Remedy in such Cases.

Neither had *Lewis* any great Reason to be angry at these Disorders, since through his Prudent Management, they furnish'd him both with the Opportunity and Means to reduce this Kingdom to an entire Obedience, which his *Predecessors* could never accomplish. Thus, they say, the Palm, the more it is oppressed with Weights, shoots up the higher.

Kingdoms and *Empires*, like *Natural* Bodies, have their proper Time of Growth; and, the *Genius* of each Nation, stimulates it with a strong Desire and Appetite of enlarging its Dominions, which it never ceases to pursue, till it be arrived to the Meridian and Height of Grandeur; though it be often interrupted and retarded in its Course to Maturity, by *State*-Feavers and other Maladies.

Thus *France*, during the Nonage of her growing *State*, felt various Shocks and Fits; often threatned with a Dissolution by the high-wrought Blood of potent Factions. Yet, in her Constitution, she had Antidotes as well as Poysons: And, her wise Kings, had skill

to check and curb a Popular Diſeaſe. But, none e'er rooted out the Cauſe, till this great *Lewis* took the Cure in Hand. He has awakened all the *Vital* Powers of *State*, and rowz'd the very Soul of *Government*. 'Tis he alone, has cruſh'd the laſt Head of that Factious *Hydra*, which, for ſo many Reigns, had exercis'd the Arms of his *Royal Anceſtors*.

Wouldſt thou know, by what Methods he has accompliſh'd this Great Work? I'll tell thee in a Word; By Rigour and Severity. He fleec'd the *Rich Plebeians* of their Gold, and kept the *Poor* in that Condition, by continual Taxes and Impoſitions.

Yet, he was a *Prince* of that admirable Temper in his Government, that he acquired the Epithet of *Juſt*.

His *Queen* is now *Regent*, according to the *Law* of *France*, the *Dauphin* being but four Years of Age.

The *Sovereign Arbiter* of *Fate*, grant to the Glorious *Sultan*, Victory over all his Enemies, that ſo, theſe *Weſtern* Nations, when their Courſe is run, may be ſubdued to the *Sacred Empire* of the *true Believers*.

Paris, 17th of the 5th *Moon*.
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the Venerable Mufti, Succeſſor *of the* Prophets, *and* Meſſengers *of* God.

THY laſt Letter, has confirmed the Effects of the former; and given me a freſh Teſtimony, of thy *Paternal* Affection and Friendſhip: It is an evident Sign, that thou takeſt Care of poor *Mahmut*, when with an Authority full of Tenderneſs, thou reproveſt his Faults, without leaving him Occaſion to deſpair. Such Reprehenſions, are a Sovereign Balm to a wounded Spirit; and, I hope, after an Application ſweetned with ſo much Clemency, I ſhall never do any Thing which may merit or need the Diſcipline requiſite to a Gangrene.

If I was negligent in performing the *Penance* thou before enjoynedſt me, I will now endeavour to make Reparation. If the Account I gave thee, of the *Religion* of theſe *Weſtern* Parts, was too Superficial and Brief; I will now enlarge, and preſent thee with the Chief Obſervations and Remarks I have made during my Reſidence here, and my Captivity in *Palermo*.

I need not acquaint thee, with that which cauſes the Greateſt Rupture between the *Roman* and *Greek* Churches; *Cyril* the *Patriarch*,

has ſaid enough to thee on that Subject. Thou knoweſt, that the Grand Quarrel between them is about the *Supremacy*, which the *Roman Prelate* claims over all the *Churches* in the World, by a *Divine* Right. But, neither *Cyril*, nor the *Friers* of *Jeruſalem* with whom he conteſted, would inform thee, that this Supremacy where ever it reſides, is onely founded in *Right* of the *Empire*. They would make thee believe, That the *Chriſtian Biſhops* were, from the Beginning, *Sovereigns*, Eſtabliſhed by *God*, *Princes* Independent of the *Imperial* Sceptre; concealing, that the firſt Founders of their pretended *Monarchy*, were poor Fiſhermen, who never dream't of ſuch a Grandeur, as their Succeſſors were afterwards inveſted with, by the Liberality of the *Roman* and *Grecian* Emperours. It would be a Reproach to themſelves, if they ſhould let thee know, how Holy and Harmleſs were the Firſt *Patriarchs* of *Byzantium* and *Rome*, who refuſed the Honours and Dignities of the World, and were onely Ambitious of Excelling one another in Vertue and a Pious Life. Their very Addreſſes to thee, are a Contradiction to the Examples of their Predeceſſors, each Party offering Treaſures of Gold, thinking to bribe the Incorruptible Judge with the glittering Dirt. Aſſuredly, the Seeds of an Irreconcilable Diſcord are ſown in theſe *Infidels*; they are ſetled upon the Lees of Error, till the *Day* of *Judgment*.

As to the State of Controverſie between them, it is certain, that while *Rome* was the *Capital*

Capital Seat of the *Empire*, the *Roman Biſhops* had the Superiority granted them; but, when the *Imperial Reſidence* was tranſlated from thence to *Byzantium*, by *Conſtantine* the *Great* (from whom it derives the Name it now bears of *Conſtantinople*) then the *Eccleſiaſtical* Supremacy was alſo transferr'd to the *Patriarch* of that City; who enjoys it to this Day, through the Favour of our Munificent *Sultans*, who ſucceed the Antient *Emperours* of *Greece*. This Superlative Power, the *Popes* of *Rome* would not recognize in any other but themſelves, being loath to part with the Authority they once poſſeſs'd; whence proceeded the *Schiſm*, between the two *Churches* of the *Eaſt* and *Weſt*. And, while the *Patriarchs* of the *Grecians*, ſhelter'd their new acquir'd Honour, under the Protection of the *Emperours*; the *Popes*, partly by Artifice and partly by Force, made themſelves *Lords* of *Rome* and the Adjacent Territories, taking Advantage of the *Abſence* of the *Emperours*, the *Puſillanimity* of the *Senators*, and *Diſcord* of the *Citizens*. Supported with this *Princely* Eſtate, they *Excommunicate* all the *Churches*, which did not ſubmit to them, as the *Sovereign Prelates* of the *Chriſtian* World; publiſhing ſevere *Edicts* againſt the *Greek Church*, and doing every Thing that might confirm the World, in the Belief of their Authority and Grandeur. The *Potentates* of *Europe*, frightned with the Thunder which the *Roman Pontifs* uſed, and induced by other Reaſons, did Homage to them, acknowledging their

their *Sovereign* Jurisdiction in the *West*. In this State they have continued ever since, without yielding in any Thing to the *Patriarchs* of *Constantinople*.

There have been great Endeavours used on both Sides, to gain their respective Ends; and, several *General Councils* were called, that is, an Assembly of the Chief *Bishops* and *Doctors* of both *Churches*, to examine and decide the Difference. And, sometimes the *Fathers* of the *Greek Church*, have subscribed a Submission to the *Pope*; but, as soon as they return'd home, they have Recanted, and the Breach render'd as wide as ever. They accuse the *Romans* of Partiality, and say, That the *Councils* were pack'd; yet, both Parties seem to give an extraordinary Deference to these *General Councils*, believing, That the *Holy Ghost* is there present, and guides them into all Truth. The *Councils* which they esteem *Infallible*, have *contradicted* each other: This Repealing what That had Decreed, and a Third Disannulling that Repeal. The *Councils* believe themselves above the *Pope*, and the *Pope* exalts himself above the *Councils*. Sometimes they have Two or Three *Popes* together, all claiming that, which can be the Right but of One. In fine, they have involved themselves in such a Labyrinth of Disputes and Cavils, and are entangl'd in such a Circle of Absurdities, that the soberer part of *Christians*, begin to question the Authority both of *Popes* and *Councils*: Insomuch, as it being generally known, that the last Assembly of this

this Kind, was manifeſtly over-ruled by the Agents of the *Court* of *Rome*, people ſpar'd not to paſs this Jeſt on it, and ſay, *That the* Holy Ghoſt *was ſent from* Rome *to the* Council *of* Trent *in a* Cloak-bag; intimating thereby, the many Inſtructions and Advices which were continually tranſmitted from *Rome* by the Poſts, to the *Fathers* ſitting in that *Council*, whereby all things were determined according to the *Pope*'s Pleaſure, and to the Advantage of the *Roman Court*.

'Tis certain, the *Chriſtians* now adays, have abated much of that *Blind Obedience*, which they formerly paid to the *Roman Pontifs:* they begin to ſee with their own Eyes, and not with thoſe of their *Prieſts*. There was a Time, when many Kings were made to hold their *Crowns* in Fee of the *Roman Prelate*, who pretended a Right to diſpoſe of all the *Kingdoms* and *Empires* of the Earth, as *Vicar* of *God*. But, the *Kings* of *England*, *Sueden*, and *Denmark*, with ſome *Princes* of the *German Empire* and the *States* of *Holland*, have taught others the Way to ſtand upon their Guard; ſo that, though the *Emperour* of *Germany*, *Kings* of *France*, *Spain* and *Poland*, with the *Princes* of *Italy*, profeſs an Obedience to the *Holy Father*, yet 'tis rather out of a *Maxim* of *Policy*, than any real Perſwaſion of Religion.

The *Spaniards* ſeem the moſt ſuperſtitiouſly Devoted to the *See* of *Rome*; yet, they will not endure the *Excommunication*, which the *Pope* pronounces againſt their King, above the

the Space of one Day: It seems, upon some old Difference between them, it is usual for the *Holy Father* to *Excommunicate* this *Sovereign* once a Year, that is, on the *Thursday* before *Easter*, which is the same as our *Feast* of *Beiram*. Now, as I am told, the *Spanish Ambassador* next Day presents the *Pope* with a Gennet or Horse, upon which, the Censure is taken off. This is an *Ecclesiastick* Juggle; and the *Court* of *Rome* use a great deal of such *Holy Legerdemain*, to keep the Sons of the *Church* in their Obedience.

The *French Church*, though in all Things agreeing and professing an entire Obedience to the *Roman*, yet claims to her self some Immunities and Privileges, which the *Court* of *Rome* is very loath to grant. Hence it comes to pass, that there arise frequent Contests between the *Popes* and the Kings of *France*, which are generally accommodated to the Advantage of the Latter; the *Pope* not being willing to try the Force, of *THE LAST REASON OF KINGS*: This is a *Motto*, engraven on the *French* King's Cannon, which he has threatned to carry to the Walls of *Rome*, if the *Pope* should entrench on the *Gallican* Rights.

But, though they thus disagree in some Niceties of State, yet they and all the Rest of the Nations within the *Roman* Communion, have but one *Form* of *Divine* Service, which they call the *Mass*, and it is the same with the *Grecians Liturgy*. On *Festival* Days, it

is

is ſolemnized with Variety of Choice *Muſick* and *Singing*; with Innumerable Wax-Tapers, burning at Noon-day. I have ſeen at ſuch a Time, ſixteen *Prieſts* before the *Altar*, all Veſted in moſt coſtly Silks, embroidered with Gold and Pearls.

They have alſo many *Chappels* and *Altars* in the ſame *Church*, and ſometimes they Celebrate *Maſs* on all the *Altars* together; differing herein from thoſe of the *Greek Communion*, who have but one *Altar* in a *Temple*. For which they plead Antiquity, it never having been known, that the *Primitive Chriſtians* had any more. On the other ſide, the *Romans* plead Conveniency, for the Multitude of their *Altars*; that the *Pope* has a power to diſpenſe with the Antient Rites and Traditions in ſuch Caſes; and, that nothing was more reaſonable, than that their *Altars* ſhould be multiplied, as the Number of their *Proſelytes* and *Prieſts* encreas'd.

I will not pretend to decide this Controverſie; permit me only to ſay, that the *Faithful Muſſulmans*, have more reaſon to require ſeveral *Preachers* at the ſame time in our *Magnificent Moſques*, where it is impoſſible for all the Auditors in ſo vaſt an Aſſembly, to hear and underſtand the *Law* Expounded by one Man, though it be performed in the Vulgar Tongue: Whereas, their Service is celebrated in a Language, whereof the Multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much, whether they are near the *Prieſt* at the *Altar*, or afar off, ſince they underſtand not a Word

he

he ſays; and, the *Grecians* judge it ſufficient to be preſent at this their Daily *Sacrifice*, though it be at the very Porch of the Temple.

Another Difference there is alſo between theſe Two *Churches*; The *Roman* allows not a *Married Prieſt*, unleſs in ſome extraordinary Caſes, and then the *Pope's Diſpenſation* muſt be procured. But, *Concubinage* is connived at, though forbidden by the *Cannons* of the *Church:* Whereas thou knoweſt, that all the *Grecian Papa's*, marry and get Children.

The *Spaniards*, among all the Nations within the *Roman Pale*, are reckon'd the *Beſt Catholicks*, but the *Worſt Chriſtians*; the *French* are ſaid to be, the *Beſt Chriſtians*, but the *Worſt Catholicks*; and, the *Italians*, are accounted neither *Catholicks* nor *Chriſtians*.

I know not what reaſon they have to ſtate the Difference ſo between the Two Former; but, the Character of the Latter, ſuits in one Reſpect with the uſual *Proverb* of that Country; it being Common in the Mouths of *Italian Gallants*, to ſay, *He that is a* Chriſtian *is a* Fool.

The Devouter ſort of *Catholicks*, pay a great Reverence and Devotion to the *Reliques* of their *Saints*. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were ſure of Two Things, That all thoſe whom they eſteem as *Saints* were really ſuch; and, That all the *Reliques* they keep with ſo much Veneration in their *Churches*, did really appertain to the Perſons under whoſe Names they go: For, then it would

would be no more, than what the *True Believers* practise throughout the World; and it is well known, That when a piece of the Garment of our *Holy Prophet*, was dipt in the Water which they cast on the Flames of *Constantinople*, the Fire immediately ceased, to which before no Stop could be given by all the Industry and Endeavours of Men. Assuredly, the Bodies of the *Prophets* and *Messengers* of *God*, are *Holy*, and have a Power of Sanctifying whatever they touch, producing often miraculous Effects; but, the Avarice of Men may abuse this Truth to their own private Ends; and, the *Christians* themselves will not believe all to be *true Reliques* of *Saints*, which their Crafty *Priests* shew for such.

There be innumerable other *Sects* of *Christians*, which are neither in *Communion* with the *Roman* nor the *Grecian Churches*; but, accusing them of *Idolatry*, separate themselves from their Society, and form Distinct Congregations. These are not known in *France*, saving onely the *Hugonots*, otherwise called *Protestants*; Which last, is a *Term* comprehending all that have Revolted from the *Roman Church*, and was first assumed by the *Lutherans* at *Ausburgh* in *Germany*.

In *England* and *Holland*, there are abundance of these *Sects*, some of them newly sprung up, others of longer Date. And, all thus far agree with the *Mussulmans*, that they use not *Pictures* or *Images* in their *Temples*; so, that were they rightly instructed in the

Holy

Holy Alcoran, it would not be a Thing altogether impracticable, to perſwade them to *Circumciſion*. There is a *Sect* which they call *Socinians*, who ſeem to preach out of the very *Book* of *Glory*, denying the *Divinity* of *Jeſus*, the *Son* of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*; even as our *Divine Lawgiver* does, in ſeveral *Chapters* and *Verſicles* of the *Alcoran*.

The *Chriſtian Church*, ſeems to be a ſtately Building, whereof *Prelacy* is the Corner-Stone; if this were removed, all would fall to the Ground. That which they call the *Hierarchy*, if it could once be diſſolv'd or pull'd down, we ſhould ſoon ſee all *Chriſtendom* laid in Ruines. This *Hierarchy*, is a Gradual Subordination of *Arch-Biſhops*, *Biſhops* and *Prieſts*; the Inferiour depending on the Superiour, and all deriving their Orders and Dignities from their *Chief Patriarchs*. Theſe are the Links which compoſe that Chain, that faſtens *Chriſtendom* together; were this but once broke, the United Intereſt of *Europe* would ſoon fall into pieces. The Way muſt be, by beginning at the lowermoſt Link; could but the *Prieſts* be render'd Independent on the *Biſhops*, and on each other, it would be a fair ſtep toward the diſmantling of the Out-works, theſe *Prieſts* drawing infinite Numbers of People after them; as it is apparent in *Geneva*, *Holland*, *Suiſſerland* and other Places, where they have quite aboliſh'd the *Order* and *Authority* of *Biſhops*: And it is obſervable, that none of theſe forementioned Countries ſince that Time, have ever been

been Inſtrumental in oppoſing the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*; As if, with the Downfal of *Epiſcopacy*, the Charm were diſſipated, which had for ſome Ages precipitated theſe Nations (among others) to a Raſh and Obſtinate Reſiſtance of that Force, which is deſtin'd by *Fate*, to Conquer and Reform the World.

Weigh this Thought well, and thou wilt find, that the *Order* of *Biſhops*, is Eſſential and Neceſſary to the Good Eſtate of *Chriſtendom*; and, that the onely Way for the *Muſſulmans* to undermine all *Europe*, will be, to ſupplant this *Order*, and Introduce an *Eccleſiaſtick* Independency among the *Prieſts*; by which means, every one ſhall aſſume to himſelf, not onely his proper Fragment of the torn Dignity, but the whole Fundamental Power of a *Biſhop*; taking upon him to do thoſe Offices, which before it was not accounted Lawful for any but a *Mitred* Head to perform. Hence, in Time, will follow innumerable Inconveniences, Diſtaſtes, and Broils; and, perhaps, as many *Schiſms*, as there are particular *Prieſts* to head them: Since, every one will be apt to think himſelf capable of dictating to all the Reſt, and judge it below him to receive the *Law* from any. Thus, will there be a clear Stage, for Ambition, Avarice and Luſt, to act their Parts on; and when, by the Craft of deſigning Men, the Superſtition of Bigots, and the Eaſineſs of the Credulous, the Greateſt Part ſhall be ſo divided, that it will be difficult to find two Men of the

ſame

ſame Mind in *Articles* of *Faith*; It will then be eaſie, either by the Intelligible Reaſons in the *Alcoran*, or the more Cogent Arguments of the Sword, to plant the *true* and *undefiled Faith* in theſe Countries. The *Creator* of all Things haſten his *Holy Prophet*'s Return, that all Nations may embrace his *Law*, aſſert his *Unity*, and be incorporated into the *Glorious Empire* of the *Ozmans*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVI.

To the Caimacham.

SInce the Death of King *Lewis*, all mens Eyes and Hearts are fix'd upon the *Dauphin*; who, though he is very Young, yet is he a *Prince* of a forward *Genius*, and promiſing Aſpect, giving ſignal Proofs of a *Martial* Spirit.

One Day, ſeeing the Guards, as they were exerciſing their Arms, he diſcovered an extraordinary Complacency, and ſaid to thoſe that ſtood by; *I had rather be a Soldier, than a King:* Imagining, from the Softneſſes he is accuſtomed to in theſe Infant Years, that the Life of a *Soldier*, is incompatible with that of a *King*.

Since that Time, he haraſſes his Tutor and Attendants

Attendants, with perpetual Tattle about Guns and Swords. And, *Cardinal Mazarini*, not to baffle or check ſuch Generous Inclinations, has cull'd out a Companion for him, agreeable in Temper, onely a Year or two elder.

Theſe Young Sons of *Mars*, beſtow their Time partly in ſhooting with little harmleſs Engines, made on purpoſe for the *Dauphin's* Recreation, in Imitation of Guns; ſometimes with Bows and Arrows; at other Times, they fence with Files adapted to their tender Arms, and Childiſh Skill. In theſe Kind of Exerciſes, the *Dauphin* grows a great Proficient; and, it is look'd upon, as an *Omen* of his future Warlike Deeds.

A *Spaniſh Aſtrologer*, has calculated his Nativity. He prophecies ſtrange Things of this young *Prince*; As, that he ſhall excel all his *Royal Anceſtors* in Feats of Arms; That he ſhall make the Crown of *France Imperial*, having ſubdued *Spain*, *Italy* and *Germany*; That he ſhall ſhake the *Ottoman Empire*, but, in the End, ſhall be depoſed by his own Subjects.

I know not what Credit may be given to the *Profeſſors* of this *Science*, in regard the Antient Rules of *Aſtrology*, on which the *Chaldeans*, and other *Eaſtern Sages* grounded their Predictions, are now either wholly loſt, or ſo corrupted and obſcured by the Comments and Gloſſes of latter Authors, that there are hardly any Footſteps of the Original *Maxims* to be trac'd. Yet, without troubling

bling *Aſtrologers*, *Prophets*, or *Wizards*, one may preſage from the Natural *Genius* of the *Dauphin*, that when he comes to feel his Strength, he will not be idle, but follow his Fathers Steps, who, before he was Thirteen Years of Age, appear'd at the Head of Armies.

The *Omnipotent* guard our Glorious *Sultan*, and the *Empire* Eſtabliſhed by his own Hands, and, may his Bleſſing deſcend on the *Royal Off-ſpring*; that the young *Sultan Mahomet*, may perform greater Things, than are propheſied of the *French Dauphin*.

Paris, 6th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVII.

To the Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

I Remember, I promiſed to ſend thee farther Advices of the War between *Spain* and *Portugal*, ſince the late Revolution in thoſe Parts.

The *Iſland* of *Tercera*, was the onely Place that held out againſt the *New King*, when all others, with Expreſſions of extraordinary Joy for their Deliverance from the *Caſtilian* Yoke, ſubmitted to and acknowledg'd *D. Juan de Braganza*, as the *Lawful Heir* of that *Crown*.

The

The Reſiſtance which the *Governour* of this *Iſland* made, obliged the King to ſend thither a certain Number of Ships of War, to block up the Place, and hinder the Importance of any Proviſions. And, this courſe prov'd ſucceſsful; for, though the *Spaniards* attempted ſeveral Times to relieve it, yet their Veſſels were either taken by the *Portugueze* Fleet, or ſent back again without doing their Errand. So that at length, *Dom Alvaro de Viveiros*, the *Governour*, finding himſelf reduced to great Streights for want of Neceſſaries, without any Hopes of being relieved, was forced to Capitulate and Surrender.

The *New King* has made an *Allyance* with the *Suedes*, which is of no ſmall Advantage to him; having thereby eſtabliſhed a Commerce with that Country, and furniſhing himſelf from thence with Powder, Horſes, Arms and all other Proviſions of War.

He has alſo made a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders*, but not with ſo good Succeſs as the former. Thou haſt heard what Poſſeſſions the Kings of *Spain* and *Portugal* have acquired in *America*, they being the firſt Diſcoverers of that *New World*. It happned, that about the Time of the late Revolution in *Portugal*, the *Hollanders* of *Braſil* took from the *Portugueze* the Towns of *Angola*, St *Thomas*, *Aragnon* and other Places belonging to *D. Juan de Braganza* in thoſe Parts. The Knowledge of this coming to the *Portugueze Court*, cauſed the King to ſend his *Ambaſſador* to demand of the *States* the Reaſon of this Breach.

They

They anſwer, It was done before the News of the *Revolution* had reached the *Weſt-Indies*. This, with ſome Acts of Hoſtility in the *Oriental* Parts, has leſſen'd the good Underſtanding which was between them.

In the mean Time, the Spight and Hatred of the *Caſtilians*, encreaſed daily; much Blood was ſpilt on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, which obliged *D. Juan* to eſtabliſh Six Places of Strength, quartering in them an Army of Thirty Thouſand Men. The *Spaniards* to oppoſe theſe Forces, had likewiſe four or five Armies in *Caſtile*. There were many Skirmiſhes and Encounters, Stratagems and Ambuſcades on both Sides; and, it was hard to determine who had got the Advantage, till Fortune ſeem'd to favour the Cauſe of the *Portugueze*.

They had a Valiant and Expert Commander, who was *Governour* of one of their Frontier *Provinces*; his Name is, *Fernand Telles de Menezez*. This *Hero* animated by the Juſtice of his Cauſe, and ſpurr'd on by the Natural Ardour of his Spirit, pierc'd into the Bowels of *Old Caſtile*, took the Towns of *St Martin*, and *Elges*, demoliſhing the Caſtle belonging to the latter, which alſo commanded all the Country thereabouts; and, being encounter'd by Two Thouſand Five Hundred *Spaniards*, he fell upon them and cut them all in Pieces. He alſo render'd himſelf Maſter of a ſtrong Place call'd *Kalverde*, which he ſtor'd with all ſorts of Ammunition, and left a *Portugueze*-Garriſon in it.

They

They were no leſs Victorious in another *Province*, from whence the *Portugueze* Armies ruſh'd into the Adjacent Territories of *Spain*, taking the Towns of *Aroches*, *Villar de Rey*, *Codicere*, *Anzinaſola*, and other Places of Note, without any Reſiſtance, ſave that of a Few *Caſtilian* Troops, moſt of which they took Priſoners, with a Booty of three Hundred *Spaniſh* Gennets. After this, they took *Chelles* by Storm, one of the moſt conſiderable Towns in that Part of *Spain*. Nor was the King of *Portugal* onely thus ſucceſsful near Home, but his Affairs proſper'd alſo abroad. The Kings of *Goa* and *Maroc* ſought his Alliance, with other Princes in the *Eaſt-Indies*; and, in General, all the *Potentates* in *Chriſtendom*, excepting onely *Spain*, made Friendſhip with *D. Juan de Braganza*, and eſpouſed his Intereſts.

There has been a General Aſſembly of all the *Eſtates* of *Portugal*; wherein, the People have teſtified their Joy and Satisfaction in their *New King*, by offering him, together with their Lives, the Diſpoſal of their Fortunes, to be imployed for the Service of the *Crown*, and the Releaſe of his Royal Brother *Dom Duartus*, of whom I formerly made Mention in one of my Letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troubleſome, if I relate to thee how the *Spaniards* uſed this unfortunate Prince after they had Impriſon'd him: Neither is it altogether impertinent, to let thee ſee, how ſpightful this Nation is in their Revenges, and how Cruel

in the Execution of their Reſentments.

After *Dom Duartus* was delivered into the Hands of the *Marquis Caſtel Rodrigo*, the *Spaniards* gave him not the Entertainment and Reſpect due to a Prince, but uſed him like a Slave or Malefactor, cauſing him to be lodged in a mean dark Chamber, his Hands to be chained every Night, his Robes to be taken from him, none of his Domeſtics ſuffered to come near him, and doing all the Indignities to him that their Malice could ſuggeſt, as proper means to render his Impriſonment intolerable, and his Life a Burden. If thou askeſt me, for what Crime it was they thus puniſhed him, I can tell thee of none, unleſs it were one, to be ſo nearly related to the King of *Portugal*.

But, this is not the onely Example of the *Spaniſh* Cruelty; they executed their Revenge on poor unarmed Peaſants in the Field; the *Duke d' Alva* cauſing three Hundred *Portugueze* Husbandmen, as they were labouring in the Vineyards, to be murdered in cold Blood, ſacrificing them, as he ſaid, to the *Ghoſts* of the ſlaughter'd *Caſtilians*. And, it was attributed to their under-hand Inſinuations, that four *Portugueze* Ambaſſadors, with Three and Fifty of their Train, were barbarouſly put to Death by the *Japoneſes*, againſt the Law of Nature, and the Sanction of all Nations. Such Violences have never been practis'd in the *Ottoman Empire*; the *Sanctuary* of the *Earth*, has not been prophan'd by an Injuſtice of ſo deep a Die.

There has been lately diſcover'd, a Second Conſpiracy

Conſpiracy againſt *Dom Juan de Braganza*, wherein were concerned *Dom Joſeph de Menezez*, *Governour* of St. *Julien*, the moſt Important Fortreſs of all the Kingdom, and *Dom Franciſco de Lucena*, *Secretary* of *State*. Theſe held a private Correſpondence with the *Duke d' Olivares*; and, it was agreed between them, that the *Governour* of *Badaiox*, a Subject of the King of *Spain*, ſhould be put in Poſſeſſion of St. *Julian's Fort*, which is the very Key of *Lisbon*, and that other Places of Strength, ſhould be delivered up to ſuch *Spaniſh* Officers as *Olivares* appointed. But, a Letter which was ſent from *Dom Juan de Garay*, *Governour* of *Badaiox*, to the *Governour* of St. *Lucies-Fort* in *Portugal*, being by Miſtake carried to the Hands of the *Count d' Obidos*, a *Portugueze General*, and a faithful Friend to the King, diſcovered the Intrigue, and the Traytors were ſeized and brought to Condign Puniſhment.

I cannot at preſent ſend thee any more News of the *Portugueze* Affairs. *God* grant thee a long and happy Life in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU wilt wonder when I tell thee, I am melancholy for want of Solitude. That which adminiſters Occaſion of Sadneſs to others, is the onely Cure of my Grief. Yet, this will not ſeem a *Paradox*, when thou conſidereſt, that Converſation is the Air of the Soul, and that he who values the Health and Eaſe of his Mind, ought to chuſe ſuch an Element for it to breathe in, as is pure and ſerene, which is very Difficult to find in any Society. This is the Reaſon, that I never think my ſelf more alone, than when I am confin'd to ſome Kind of Company.

Thou haſt obſerved, that moſt Men will engroſs all the Talk to themſelves; this is very Irkſom. Yet, I ſhould not grudge them the Monopoly, were their Diſcourſe pertinent and agreeable; but, to be forc'd to hearken, to all their empty Tattle of Hawks and Hounds, Garbs and Faſhions, with an endleſs Jargon of Things leſs to the Purpoſe than the former, which will keep their Tongues employ'd ſometimes two or three Hours together; renders their Converſe more troubleſome, than that of the Spark, who pick'd up *Horace* in the Streets of *Rome*.

Others are of a quite contrary Humour; and, thou mayſt as ſoon get a Word from the

the *Mufti*, as from them. They ſit like Statues, as if they emulated the Character of *Griuli Eben Sagran*, one of the *Vizirs* of the *Bench*, who in ten Years that he had ſat in the *Divan*, was never obſerved to ſpeak a Syllable.

Yet, this ſort is more tolerable than the other, who with their everlaſting Chat, rock the Company aſleep, and take from them the very Power of Thinking.

However, I prefer the Retirement of my Chamber, to both theſe Inconveniences. There I can enter into my ſelf, and by retreating from all Commerce with my Senſes, I find a private Back-Way to converſe with the whole Univerſe. Think not this a *Chimæra*, or that *Mahmut* pretends to extraordinary Illuminations; 'tis nothing but what every Man may experience, who will but take the Pains to be throughly acquainted with Himſelf. If he can but gain a familiar Acceſs to the inward Apartments of his own Breaſt, he will ſoon find a Poſtern there, which will readily open and let him into the moſt retired Cloſets of Nature: From thence he may ſally forth, and take a better Survey of the World, than he can by his Eyes. Here he will behold all Things undiſguiſed, and in their true Quantities and Qualities. And, which is more admirable, he will be able, without the Help of *Opticks*, to ſee himſelf enjoying this Felicity, and to know that he ſees it, which is a ſufficient Conviction, that he is not in a Dream.

Wouldſt thou improve thy Knowledge,

affect not a Multitude of Books; there are but few worth the Reading. What is the whole Creation, but one Great Library; every Volume in which, and every Page in those Volumes, are impress'd with Radiant Characters of infinite Wisdom? And, all the Perfections of the Universe, are contracted with such unimitable Art in Man, that he needs no other Book but himself, to make him a complete *Philosopher*. Thou wilt say, that this requires too great an Abstractedness of Mind, and is very painful. I tell thee, my dear Friend, I am extremely subject to Melancholy; whose Effect, thou knowest, is to render one very Thoughtful, and those Thoughts rack the Soul with intolerable Anguish. Yet I do not fly from them, as generally Men are accustom'd, neither do I seek to drown them in Wine, or chase them away with any Sociable Divertisements. My usual Way is, to bid them Battel, oppose Thoughts against Thoughts; and, with the Dint of Reason, to subdue this peevish Humour. To this End, I hunt up and down for my Enemy, and rummage every Corner of my Soul, pursuing the Cause of my Sadness, with such Arguments as these: Why should I be melancholy, who possess Nothing that I fear to lose, and yet enjoy all that I could wish for, were I without what I now Possess? I am a *Mussulman*, and therefore under the Protection of *God*: I serve his *Vicegerent*, the *Grand Signior*, faithfully, and find Acceptance with the *Bassa's* of the *Port*: I am

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in *France*, yet cannot call it a *Foreign* Country, ſince Innocence and Vertue naturalize a Man in all Parts of the World. I cannot ſay I am unfortunate, ſo long as I have no Vice, for which I need either to Bluſh, or grow Pale. If I am ſlander'd, this ought to be an Occaſion of Joy, ſince it ranks me with Men of the Greateſt Merit, who could never eſcape the Calumnies of the Envious. And, I have reaſon to Triumph, in that I find no Inclination to revenge my ſelf, but rather to pity my Traducers. If any Man ſhould play the *Satyriſt* with my Deformity, and rudely deſcant on my Ugly Countenance, or the Diſproportion of my Limbs; there is no more Reaſon to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the Wind for blowing off my Hat, or the Rain for wetting my Cloaths, or a Dog for barking at me as I go along the Streets, the one being as Natural as the other.

Thus I argue with my ſelf, Dear *Oglou*, when aſſaulted with Melancholy; theſe are the Remedies which I apply to that black Diſtemper of the Mind: And ſometimes I go farther, if theſe will do no good: I then ask my ſelf, whether it be the fear of Death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my Cure. This kindles the brighteſt Spark of Reaſon, which in a Moment diſperſes all the Miſts. The diſmal Pageantry of *Chimæra's* vaniſhes, and all the Tragick Pomp of Grief ſtreight diſappears. Not, that I would have thee think I am fond of dying, but I conſider *Death* as the *unavoidable Fuſe* of all Men;

and, that therefore it is reasonable to be chearful, since that which no Man can escape, will one Time or other, release me and every Man from the Miseries of this Life. This Thought recovers me from the worst Effects of Melancholy; and, I believe, the *Damned* themselves would sometimes be in a good Humour, if they had but the least Glimpse of Hope, that they should one Day be deliver'd from their Torments. For, whatsoever sorts of Men there are in this Life, I cannot think, *there be any* Stoicks *in Hell.*

And now I have entertained thee with Company and Solitude, with Books and Men, with Life and Death, with Earth and Hell; let us take one Step farther, and refresh our selves with the Remembrance of Heaven, the Joys of the Bless'd in *Paradise*; which, certainly is the best Relief of Anxious Thoughts, the most perfect Cure of Melancholy, the Guide of Life, and the Comfort of Death.

God grant, that thou and I may see each other, and drink together in the *Arbours* of *Eden*, and kiss the *Daughters* of *Paradise*.

Paris, 14th *of the* 8th *Moon,*
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Tefterdar, *or Lord Treaſurer.*

Kingdoms and *Empires* (like Men) have their Lucky and Unlucky Seaſons. *Spain* ſeems for a conſiderable Time to have been under a Cloud, as if her *Gaurdian Fate* began to droop, and were not ſtrong enough to check the riſing Grandeur of *France*.

It has been an old Obſervation, *That thoſe whom* God *conſigns over to Ruine, he firſt infatuates.* It was a Grand Overſight in *Don Franciſco de Melo*, to conſtitute the *Duke* of *Alburquerque*, *General* of his *Horſe*. For, he thereby ſo diſguſted the *Spaniſh* Officers in his Army, that emulating the Honour of this young *Portugueze*, the greateſt Part of them deſerted, in the very Nick of Time, when their Preſence was moſt neceſſary to confirm the *Battalions*, already ſhrinking from the furious Onſet of the *French*.

This gave the young *Duke* of *Anguien*, an intire Victory, and has crowned him with glorious Laurels; while *Don Franciſco de Melo*, by this ill Conduct, has quite loſt his Reputation, and is forced to reſign up his *Commiſſion* to another.

This Battel was fought before *Rocroy*, and may be reckoned as a Parallel with that Bloody Battel of *Leipſick*, between the *Imperialiſts* and *Swedes*, on the 7th of the 9th

Moon, of the Year 1631: A Day which was remarkable at *Constantinople*, on the Account of that terrible Lightning, which surprized the late *Sultan Amurat* in his Bed. Many other extraordinary Events signalized this Day in *England*, *France*, *Germany*, and other places, which occasioned the great *Astrologer Herlicius*, to call it, *a Day of Blood.*

Such another was this Unfortunate Day to the *Spaniards*, at the formentioned Battel of *Rocroy*; where they lost an infinite Number of Men, with all their Field-pieces and a Hundred and Fifty Colours.

He that created the *Moon* and the *Constellations* in *Heaven*, to distinguish the Times and Seasons, guard thee from the Influence of Malignant Stars, and from the Destroyer, who ranges the World on certain *Critical* Days.

Paris, 12th *of the* 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem at the Port.

IT is Time, it is high time, moſt Sage *Miniſter*, for the *Ottoman* Sword, the Sword of Juſtice to be unſheathed, not againſt an open Enemy, but againſt its profeſſed Friends and Subjects. The Head of the *Baſſa* of *Cyprus*, is become a Burden to him; as likewiſe, thoſe of *Mitylene*, *Sio*, and *Lemnos*. They plot Miſchief, againſt the Throne that is eſtabliſhed in Equity; they are ungrateful to their Sovereign, who hath exalted them; they are become unworthy of the Honours, with which they are dignified.

I could hardly believe the firſt Reports of this Treaſon, till I were at length fully convinced by undeniable Teſtimonies, that it was too true.

Yet, it is a Secret even in the *French Court*. I alone have diſcover'd this Myſtery, by the Means of a *Jew* and a *Grecian*, both my Agents in thoſe Parts, and Men whom I can confide in.

The Buſineſs is this. The *Baſſa*'s and *Governours* of the *Iſles* beforementioned, have conſpired together to divide themſelves from the Body of the *Ottoman Empire*, and to make the *Iſlands* of the *Aegean* Sea, a *Commonwealth* Independent on the *Throne* which governs the *World*. The *Baſſa* of *Cyprus*, is the Ring-leader

leader of this Conſpiracy, and that *Iſland* is to be the *Capital Seat* of their *New Republick*.

The *Governours* of the Five Greater *Iſles*, are to be called, *the Sovereign Counſellors of State*. By theſe, all the Affairs of the *Archipelago* are to be managed; Onely the *Baſſa* of *Cyprus* ſhall be ſupreme, and have the caſting Voice in all Caſes of Diſpute.

The encloſed Papers, contain the perfect Model of their New Government, the Articles and Propoſitions on which this Rebellious deſigned *Commonwealth* is to be built, with the Names of the Chief Conſpirators ſubſcribed.

Permit me, Sage *Miniſter*, to ſet before thy Eyes, the Occaſions of theſe Treacherous Deſigns.

It has been the Cuſtom of the *Port*, to connive for a conſiderable Time at the Oppreſſions, Rapines, and Exactions of the *Baſſa's* and *Governours* of *Provinces*; to ſuffer them to haraſs the People under their Juriſdiction; to pillage and ſpoil them of their Moneys, Goods and Eſtates, till they have amaſs'd together vaſt Sums of Money. And then, it has been as uſual for the *Sultans*, upon the leaſt Complaint, to ſend the Bow-String to the Criminal *Baſſa*.

Whatever may be pleaded in Defence of this Method in former Times, my Opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now. And, if I may be permitted to ſpeak freely, I have Reaſon to think, that this was one Ground of the deſigned Treaſon in the *Iſles* of the *Ægean Sea*.

Formerly,

Formerly, thoſe who were removed to theſe Commands, were not ſo well verſed in the *Maxims* of *Policy*, nor ſo apprehenſive of the *Cabinet Secrets* of *State*. But now the Age is refined, Men are more ſubtle, jealous and ſelfiſh than they were. Nature teaches all Men to preſerve their Lives with utmoſt Diligence.

The *Baſſa* of *Cyprus*, who is the Ring-leader of this Conſpiracy, has been let alone in a long Courſe of Tyranny and Oppreſſion over his Subjects; by which means, he has heap'd to himſelf prodigious Treaſures. His guilty Mind told him, that Complaints would be made againſt him, and that one Time or other he muſt be ſtrangled. He knew, that his Gold would be thought better to become the *Sultan's Seraglio* than his own; and, that he had been long enough in his Office, to ſerve the Politick Ends of State.

Revolving theſe Things in his Mind, he quickly concluded, that the Crimes he had been guilty of in his Government, would draw upon him inevitable Ruine, unleſs he prevented it by committing greater. And that, as Oppreſſion of his Subjects had made him Rich, ſo Treaſon againſt his Sovereign muſt make him ſafe. He communicates his Thoughts, to ſome of his truſty Friends and Confidents. They encourage him to proceed, repreſenting to him the Natural Strength of the *Iſland*, ſeconded by Abundance of ſtrong Forts and Caſtles. That the Soldiers might eaſily be won to his Party by Money, and the Inhabitants might

might be pacified by ſome Publick Reſtitutions, and other Acts of Indulgence.

Thus was the Foundation laid of this formidable Treaſon, which ſoon gathered Strength by the Acceſſion of more Conſpirators, till at length all the *Iſles* aforeſaid were engaged in the Diſloyal League.

I will not preſume to dictate what is to be done in this Caſe. I leave that to thy Oraculous Sentence. But, permit me to ſuggeſt my Thoughts, of a proper Means to prevent the like Miſcarriages for the future. And that is, by executing timely and Impartial Juſtice. It ſeems to me, not onely a Reflection on the *Juſtice* of the *Imperial* Sword, but alſo on the *Politicks* of the *Royal* Cabinet, to ſuffer a *Baſſa* to grow Rich by Oppreſſion of the People under his Command. For, when he has thus plunder'd his Subjects to fill his own Coffers, he has armed himſelf with the very Sinews and Nerves of Rebellion; Mony being that, which gives Life and Motion to all great and bold Undertakings.

Therefore, it will be better, not to countenance the leaſt Oppreſſion in theſe great Men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the Conſcientiouſneſs of their Crimes, and ſtrengthen'd by their ill-gotten Wealth, to Rebel againſt their Lawful *Sovereign*. Let *Aleppo*, *Sidon*, *Algiers*, *Tunis* and *Tripoly*, be Precedents of this kind. By *Juſtice* the *Throne* is beſt and moſt ſecurely eſtabliſhed: nothing unjuſt and violent is permanent,

God overthrow the Devices of theſe Traytors,

tors, and crown our *Glorious Sultan* with Succeſs.

Paris, 26th of the 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXI.

To Chiurgi Muhammet Baſſa.

I Have been in this City very near ſix Years, and it will be expected, that in all this Time I have made ſome profitable Remarks, on the *Nature* of the *French*, the *Intrigues* of the *Court*, the *Policy* of the *State*, the *Diſcipline* of their *Armies*, and the *Strength* of the *Kingdom*.

Some Obſervations I have already communicated to the *Miniſters* of the *Divan*, and to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port*. All my Letters are made common to the *Happy Slaves of him who rules the World*. Thou haſt heard of the Death of a Potent King, a Great Queen, and a Mighty Favourite: Now let us change the *Scene*, and paſs from the Melancholy *Themes* of *Death*, the Unavoidable *Fate* of *Mortals*, to the ſprightly Joys of Life, the blooming Years of an Infant King, who takes an early Leap from his *Cradle* to a *Throne*. Thou wilt not expect I ſhould ſpeak much of him, who as yet can ſay but little of himſelf.

himself. However, in passing by this *Little Great one*, it would be ill Manners not to pay him a Salute or *Congé*; who, though Young, seems no Novice in *Punctilio's* of *Courtship*, as appears by his Address to the *Bishop* who Baptized him; (if thou knowest not what that means, it is the *first Ceremony* whereby they are made *Christians*, and, it answers to our *Circumcision*.) As soon as the *Mystery* was performed, this Young Prince, with an assured Countenance, and becoming Gravity, spoke thus to the *Prelate*: *My* Father, *I humbly thank you, and shall be eternally obliged to you: My Parents gave me onely an Earthly Crown, but you have made me Heir of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

There were present, the *Queen*, the *Princess* of *Conde*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, with Divers other Persons of *Quality*. The whole Assembly, were astonished at the Child's Expression (being but about Four Years of Age); taking it for an *Omen* of his Future Piety and extraordinary Actions. He discovers a prompt Wit in all his Discourse, using but few Words, and those very apposite. His whole Deportment is graceful, and surprizingly regular; attended with a Discretion, which is not look'd for, but from those of Riper Years. In fine, *Nature* seems to have fitted him for the *Empire* to which he is born.

In the mean Time, as if *Infant Governours* were now become Fashionable, there are several made *Bishops* and *Abbots*, while they are yet in the Cradle. This the *Inferiour Cler-*

gy ſtomach, and the *Laity* grumble, ſaying, That there are like to be good Times in *France*, when thoſe who are ſtyled the *Fathers* of the *Church*, are *Babies*. This is *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Policy, to faſten the *Nobility* to the Intereſts of the *Crown*, by thus honouring their Children with the Principal Dignities of the *Church*. And, thou wilt ſay, he is a Wiſe Man in ſo doing, when thou conſidereſt, how great a ſhare the *Biſhops* and other *Eccleſiaſticks* have, in the Wealth of the Land. And that he could not do the King a better Service, than by diſpoſing of theſe Preferments, to ſuch as would not onely thereby be obliged to Loyalty themſelves, but would alſo link the *Families* to which they belong, to the *Royal* Cauſe.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Policy of this *Miniſter*, in thus endeavouring to ſecure the *Dignified Clergy*, when thou weigheſt their Strength, and conſidereſt their Numbers.

There are in *France* 12 *Archbiſhopricks*, 104 *Biſhopricks*, *Convents* of the *Greater Order* 540, *Convents* of the *Leſſer Order* 12320, *Abbies* 1450, *Nunneries* 67; 700 *Frieries*, 259 *Seminaries* of the *Order* of the *Knights* of *Malta*, 27400 *Pariſh-Churches*, *Hoſpitals* 540. Private *Chappels* or *Oratories* 9000. To fill all theſe, they reckon 226000 *Religious*, or *Derviſes*, beſides 130000 *Pariſh-Prieſts*.

It has been uſual, to take an Eſtimate of the Glory and Riches of a *Prince*, from the Number of his People; but, I would not have thee think the *French* King the Wealthier, for

for this Prodigious Number of *Devotees*; The greateſt part of which, he has more reaſon to look upon, as an Army of Enemies, than Subjects. Indeed, the Intereſt of the *Arch-Biſhops*, *Biſhops* and *Pariſh-Prieſts*, is twiſted with that of the *Crown*; but, the *Monks* and *Friers* are the Creatures of the *Pope*, and all of them together are not maintained with leſs Coſt, than the Fourth Part of the *Revenues* of *France*, out of which in former Times, there went Yearly a Million of Crowns to the *court* of *Rome*.

I cannot perceive, wherein conſiſts the Policy of cheriſhing ſo many Neſts of Spiritual Leeches, who ſuck the very Blood and Vitals of the Nation: One would think, it were ſufficiently dreined by the *Royal* Cuſtoms, Taxes, and Impoſts.

Theſe Kings have Monopoliz'd all the Salt of the Kingdom into their own Hands, which they compel their Subjects to buy of them at their own Rates. To this End, they have Officers in all Parts, who vend it for them. It looks, as if they took care to preſerve their Subjects from Corruption, and were afraid, leſt they ſhould putrefy alive; there being not a Man in all their Dominions, who is not obliged to take the Quantity which the Officers Impoſe on him, except in ſome particular Provinces, which for reaſons of State, or by Treaty, are exempted. The Revenue which ariſes to the King from this Commodity, amounts to near Three Millions of Crowns yearly. He hath Eight Millions more coming

coming in by Subſidies, from the Peaſants; beſides many particular Impoſts on Fleſh, Wine and other Commodities. Yet, he loſes a conſiderable Part of his Revenues, by Farming them out to his Subjects, or Mortgaging them in Time of War for ready Mony. He has no leſs than Thirty Thouſand Officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his Revenues, whoſe Penſions and Salaries leſſen the Kings Income by above Half; ſo that, out of Fourſcore Millions of Crowns, which are Yearly ſqueez'd from the People, ſcarce Thirty Millions come entire into the King's Coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the Improvidence of theſe *Infidel* Kings, and at the ſame Time condemn their Tyranny and Injuſtice, who oppreſs, plunder and ruine thoſe that furniſh them with all Neceſſaries for Humane Suſtenance, to enrich (not themſelves, but) a Company of greedy Caterpillars; for, ſuch, and no better, are thoſe who gather their Revenues. It is not ſo in the *Sacred Empire* of the *Ozmans*, where *Juſtice* has erected her *Throne*, and *Oppreſſion* dares not ſhew her *Face*.

But, the *French* ſeem born for Slavery, they bear it ſo patiently, without ever aſpiring after a Redemption. The *Chriſtians* exclaim againſt our *Janizaries*, accuſing them of Inſolence, Oppreſſion, Rapine, and all the Vices to which a Licentious Souldiery are uſually addicted; but, theſe are Trifles, to what the *French Dragoons* commit, when quarter'd upon the poor Country-people: they Rob them of

of all they have, practising a Thousand Villainies, to which the *Janizaries* are wholly Strangers; Adulteries pass for Gallantry with them, and Rapes are counted but the Excesses of an Immoderate Passion; the Husband must stand quietly, whilst his Wife is in the Arms of a Domineering *Hector*; the Father must behold his Daughter deflowr'd, without discovering the least Regret. These are the Methods by which this People are mortified, and they seem to be stupid under their Calamities, not having Courage enough left to meditate a Redress, unless it be by becoming Soldiers themselves; for, of such as these, is the *Infantry* of *France* composed. Hence, it is not to be admired, that they are esteemed the feebleſt, baſeſt and moſt deſpicable Soldiers of any in *Europe*; ſince, not the purſuit of Honour, nor Love to their Country, induces them to take up Arms, but deſpair of living otherwiſe, being reduced to the moſt rigorous Extremities on this ſide Famine.

Live thou in the Honour with which *God* and our *Emperour* have inveſted thee, and conſerve thy Vertue, which will raiſe thee yet Higher. Forget not to have *Mahmut* ſometimes in thy Thoughts, who loves the with a true Heart, and ſerves thee with Alacrity.

Paris, 15th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1643.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Egry Boinou, *a* White Eunuch.

THE *French* Kings ſteer their Courſe by other *Maxims* of Policy, than thoſe which are practis'd at the *Sublime Port*. It ſeems, they are not apprehenſive of any Ambitious Deſigns in the *Princes* of the *Blood*; ſince, they not onely allow them *Liberty*, but alſo load them with *Honours*.

Thou haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of *Henry* the IV. this King's Grandfather, and of the paſſionate Love he bore to Ladies. Among the Reſt of his Miſtreſſes, none poſſeſs'd a larger ſhare of his Affections, than the *Dutcheſs* of *Beaufort*; by her he had two Sons, the Eldeſt is called *Alexander*, the other, *Cæſar*. They are both now Living, and enjoy Great Preferments; the Firſt, being made *Grand Prior* of the *French Knights* of *Malta*, which is a Dignity next to that of *Maſter* of the *Order*, who commands the whole *Iſland*. It is obſervable, that this *Alexander*, during his Fathers Life-Time, had attained no higher than to be made a *Knight*; but, as ſoon as his Brother *Lewis* XIII. came to the *Crown*, he procured him the Honour he now has. The Second Brother alſo, is made Governour of *Brettaigne*, and married to the *Duke* of *Merceur*'s Daughter. By which means, he is become one of the Richeſt *Peers* in *France*.

King

King *Henry* had alſo two other Sons, one of his own Name, whom he got on the *Marchioneſs* of *Verneville*; He is now a *Biſhop* and *Abbot*, which are conſiderable *Dignities* in the *Church*. The other Son they call *Antoine*, whoſe Mother was the *Counteſs* of *Morret*. He alſo is inveſted with the like *Eccleſiaſtical* Honours as his Brother *Henry*. Theſe Four Brothers, though by the *French* eſteem'd as Baſtards, (becauſe born of the Kings *Concubines*) are nevertheleſs entruſted with the Offices and Preferments already mention'd, without any Jealouſie that they will be guilty of ſiniſter Practices to embroil the *State*, or gain the *Crown*. And, if I may ſpeak freely, there ſeems to be more of Humanity and Juſtice in this Courſe, than in that Cruel Cuſtom of our *Sultans*, who no ſooner aſcend the Throne, but all their Brethren are immediately Sacrific'd to their Suſpicion and the Ends of *State*; or, if they chance to eſcape the *Bow-String*, are detain'd their whole Lifetime in a cloſe Impriſonment, which is worſe than Death.

Lewis XIII. has alſo left another Brother behind him, born of the ſame Mother as himſelf. They call him, the *Duke* of *Orleans*; a Man of a daring Spirit, and great Reſolution. He is but newly come to the *Court*, having been baniſhed for ſome Enterpriſes againſt his Brother.

It was the Opinion of the *French*, that this *Prince* would have a ſhare in the *Regency*; but, *Lewis* would by no Means conſent to it,

to

to the Prejudice of his Queen, whom he left entirely poſſeſs'd of the *Sovereign* Power, till the Young King comes of Age. However, as yet, ſhe holds a ſeeming Correſpondence with the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and the *Prince* of *Conde*; by whoſe Mediations, ſeveral *Grandees*, who were Priſoners of *State*, are now releaſed, and make their Appearance at the *court*.

From hence thou mayſt gather, that Things are not managed here with ſuch Rigour and Severity, as at *Conſtantinople*, where the Commands of our *Invincible Emperors*, are impetuous, and the Execution ſwift.

There is a *Biſhop* to whom the *Queen-Regent* ſeems to be inclined. He has the Character of a very good Man, but they ſay, he is too ſimply Honeſt for a *Courtier*; and that *Cardinal Mazarini* will over-reach him. However, that *Prelate* has the *Queen*'s Ear at Preſent, and his Creatures extol him for a Man of great Abilities. 'Tis ſaid, the *Queen* has writ to the *Pope*, deſiring a *Cardinal*'s Hat for him. And ſome whiſper, that he will be made the *Prime Miniſter*, in the Room of *Mazarini*. To ſpeak my Sentiment, I wiſh he were; for there ſeems not ſo much Reaſon to apprehend from his Counſels, any notable Deſign againſt the *Ottoman Port*, as from thoſe of the *Cardinal*, whom I look upon as a *Second Richlieu*. Here are ſeveral Intereſts on Foot; the whole *Court* is divided into Factions, ſtriving to undermine and ſupplant each other.

It is not here as in *Turkey*, where the greateſt *Baſſa*'s

Baſſa's are but the *Sultan's* Slaves. The *Princes* of *France*, are equal to ſome *Soveraign Kings*; and upon the leaſt Grudge, will raiſe Armies, and give the King Battel, if he does not come to their Terms, and make a ſatisfactory Compoſition. Neither dares the King put any of them to Death, for fear of the People, who generally take their Part, being greedy of Novelties and prone to rebel.

Wouldſt thou know, by what Means the *Nobility* of *France* arrive to ſuch a dangerous Power? I tell thee, in a Word, the Kings themſelves have put a Sword into their Hands, which they ſpare not to draw, when their Ambition or Diſcontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all Tribute and Homage; have the Command of whole *Provinces* committed to them, in which are great Numbers of Walled Towns, Forts and Caſtles. Theſe great Charges, procure them the Eſteem and Veneration of the People living under their Government; who honour them as Kings, and readily take up Arms in their Vindication.

The *Queen-Regent* is fearful, leſt they ſhould take Advantage of her Son's Minority; and, under Pretence of Reforming the *State*, or ſerving the King's Intereſt, they ſhould involve the Kingdom in *Civil Wars*. She keeps a ſtrict Watch over the *Duke* of *Orleans*, and obſerves the *Prince* of *Conde's* Motions: Her Guards are doubled, and ſhe neglects nothing that may aſſure the Intereſts of the *Crown*.

Thou, who ſtandeſt by the *Silent Fountain*, and art near the Perſon of the *Grand Signior*

think

think of doing *Mahmut* ſome good Office, who loves cordially, ſerves faithfully, and prays fervently for the Health and Long Life of our *Glorious Sultan*, and wiſhes thee thy Fill of Happineſs.

Paris, 27th *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Baſſa.

HERE are arrived ſeveral Hundreds of *Slaves*, who have Manumitted themſelves by a Bold Adventure; an Exploit, which, to give them their due, has ſomething in it of Bravery. The Place of their *Captivity*, was *Alexandria*; thou knoweſt the Circumſtances of that *Haven:* What Hazards will not the deſire of Liberty put Men upon? There were ſeveral Thouſands of *Franks* in the City, whom the Reſtraint and Rigors of Servitude, had made weary of their Lives. Among the Reſt, a Native of *Brabant*, who having been bred up in the Art of diſtilling *Strong Waters*, his *Patron* hired him a Shop, furniſhing him with all Materials and Neceſſaries to proſecute his Calling, in hopes of very profitable Returns. To this Man's Shop, there was a great Reſort of all the *Franks* in the City, by

which Means he improv'd his Trade, and thriv'd mightily. He was a Bold Fellow, and took a particular Pride in great Attempts; and, though he might have lived very happily, and enrich'd himself by his own Occupation, yet he had another sort of *Chymistry* to practise; being resolved, to draw his Fellow-Slaves, (who were now become his Customers) off from the Lees of Despair, and elevate them to a Resolution of seeking their Freedom. He often harangu'd them on this Subject, and a strict Intelligence was held between all the *European*-Slaves in that City. At length, it was agreed amongst them, to seize a certain Vessel, that lay in the Harbour, and commit themselves to the Winds and Waves. This was carried on with so much secrecy, and so dextrous a Conduct, that unsuspected, above two Thousand of them got aboard, and put out to Sea. The Wind favouring them, they first arrived at *Candia*, where they Landed some Hundreds of their Crew; after this, they touch'd at *Malta*, where they disposed of others; then, at *Livorno* in *Italy*; and lastly, came safe to *Marseilles*, where the Remainder came ashore. These are Natives of *France*, *England*, *Brabant*, and *Holland*, with Two *Spanish Priests*.

The Inhabitants of *Paris*, are very Charitable to them, especially the Merchants, who traffick in the *Levant*, of which there are great Numbers in this City. The *Clergy* also, have made a Collection for them; and, 'tis said, the *Queen Regent* has ordered her *Almoner*,

moner, to distribute three Thousand Crowns among them.

They inveigh bitterly against the *Mussulmans*, cursing our *Holy Prophet*, and thanking their good Stars, for thus fortunately redeeming them from an *Insupportable Slavery*. I cannot see, wherein they merit Blame in all this; it being Natural for all Men, to covet Liberty; and to rejoice when they have escaped any Misfortune. I protest, I cannot be angry with them in my Heart for any Thing, but the *Blasphemies* they vomit against the *Messenger* of *God*. The rest, are Actions as Natural, as to Eat and Drink. *Self-Preservation* being common to all Animals, there seems as much Reason to condemn a Bird that chirps and triumphs, when she feels her self upon the Wing, ranging the Balmy Air, being newly released from the Cage; as, to find fault with these Fellows, for rejoicing that they have escaped the Confinement and Hardships of *Captivity*.

However, it was an unpardonable Neglect of the Guards who belong to that City, to suffer these *Infidels* thus to give them the slip. So culpable a Remissness, may cost some of them their Heads.

The *Great God*, whose Power is manifested in the *Ocean* as well as on the *dry Land*, furnish thee with as favourable Winds as these *Fugitives* had, when thou saileſt to execute the *Orders* of the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 11th Moon, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXIV.

To Muſtapha Guir, *an* Eunuch Page.

THIS *Court* has within theſe Three Days put on another Face, than it had ever ſince the *Royal Obſequies* were perform'd. One would hardly think it the ſame, were it not for the *Mourning* they ſtill wear, on the Account of the late *King*'s Death. This is a Formality uſed all over *Chriſtendom* in ſuch Caſes, and ſerves for a *Diſguiſe* to *Hypocrites*. The *French Grandees*, make uſe of it to maſque their ſeveral *Politick* Deſigns. They wear *Black*, the *Emblem* of *Sadneſs*, to denote their *Grief* for the *Dead Monarch*, and yet they feaſt and revel, to the end they may ſend more of the *Royal Blood* after him. The Matter I am going to inform thee of, is *Tragical* in it ſelf; and had been worſe, but for the Prevention of *Providence*.

Three Days ago, the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with divers of the *Prime Nobility*, were invited to a Feaſt by the *Queen*'s Order. The Place where 'twas kept, is called the *New Caſtle*. It is needleſs for me to deſcribe the Magnificent Entertainment; thou mayſt conclude, all Things were performed with Great Coſt, and Majeſty. They Banquetted with Wine to Exceſs; inſomuch, as the *Duke* of *Orleans*, about Midnight, walking through a Gallery, was ſo inebriated with the Juice of the Grape, that

that he fell aſleep on a Couch, which ſtood about the middle of the Walk; he was wrapt in his Cloak, a Garment well known in the *Court*, by the large Diamond that button'd it before; but no Body came by that way, till two Hours afterwards, a certain *French Lord* paſſing to his Lodging, took Notice of a Man aſleep on the Couch, and drawing nearer, knew it to be the *Duke*. Wondering what ſhould be the meaning of it, he inquired of the *Duke's Page*, that ſtood not far off, who told him, *His Maſter was overcome with Wine*. The *Lord* not thinking it convenient to leave a *Prince* of the *Blood*, in ſuch a Place at that Time of the Night, cauſed his Servants to take him up and carry him to his own Lodgings, who for the greater Conveniency, left his Cloak behind upon the Couch. As ſoon as they were gone, the *Duke's Page* puts on the Cloak, and being alſo tyred with watching, laid himſelf down to ſleep. The *Duke* not long after awakes, and call'd for his *Page*, not knowing where he was. The Servants of the *French Lord*, immediately ran to the *Page*, but found him dead upon the Couch, being ſtabb'd through the Heart. Thou mayſt imagine what a Surprize the whole *Court* was in, when this Accident was known. Next Morning, ſtrict Inquiſition was made into this Affair, but nothing brought to light; onely 'twas obſerv'd, that about Three a-Clock in the Morning, an unknown Perſon was ſeen by the *Centinels*, to be let in to *Cardinal Mazarini's* Apartment. The Buſineſs is huſh'd

up; yet people ſpare not to whiſper, that the *Cardinal* was privy to the Murder; adding, that the Blow was given by Miſtake, the *Page* being ſuppoſed to be the *Duke*, as he lay wrapt up in that Remarkable Cloak. It is common in theſe *Infidel* Countries, for great Men to hire Ruffians to execute their Revenge. And theſe Fellows are as prompt and dextrous at a private Murder, as our *Mutes* are to execute the Pleaſure of the *Grand Signior*, when he commands them to ſtrangle any Offending *Baſſa*. But they will have half the Price of their Villainy before-hand, and the Reſidue when 'tis accompliſh'd. Thus is innocent Blood become a Merchandice: They Traffick for Aſſaſſinations; and, a Man cannot call his Life his own, ſince at that very Inſtant, it may be bought by another. I have not heard, that ſuch a deteſtable Wickedneſs has ever been practis'd in the *Empire* of the *Muſſulmans*, much leſs in the *Seraglio's* of our *Sultans*, which are the Manſions of Juſtice and Vertue.

One of the *Grandees* of *France*, (whom they call the *Duke* of *Beaufort*) takes inceſſant Pains to find out the Author of this Murder. He is a mortal Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and would give half the Revenue of his Dukedom, could he remove him out of the Kingdom. He inſinuates very plauſible ſuſpicions into the Minds of the *Courtiers*, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuſe him of being Acceſſary to the *Pages* Death, having no Evident Proofs againſt him, but

but he endeavours to create in all Men a Belief, that he had a hand in it. He has conſulted a *Magician*, who has ſhew'd him the Figure of the Murderer in a Glaſs, and by another Effect of his Enchantments, has preſented him with a Picture drawn from the *Magical* Portraiture in the Glaſs, which the *Duke* has cauſed to be imitated by the Skilfulleſt Maſters in *France*, ſending the Copies in great Numbers to all Parts of the Kingdom, with Orders to the Governours of Towns and Cities, eſpecially ſuch as are on the Frontiers and Sea-Coaſts, to cauſe all Travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the Picture; that ſo (if poſſible) the Murderer may be diſcover'd, who will not fail to be put to all the Tortures they can invent, to draw a Confeſſion from him, *That* Cardinal Mazarini *had contrived the Murder of the* Duke *of* Orleans, *though by Miſtake 'twas executed on his Page.* But the *Cardinal* is even with him, having accuſed him to the Queen, of deſigning to Murder him; whereupon, the *Duke* is ſent Priſoner to the *Caſtle* of the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*. This makes the Creatures of *Beaufort*, to murmur and ſay, There is a Higher Hand than the *Cardinal's* alone, in the Contrivance of this Murder. Libels are ſcatter'd up and down the Streets, and 'tis ſaid, that the *Ghoſt* of the *Page* has been often ſeen to walk in the Royal Apartments.

In the mean Time, I wait all Opportunities to do the *Grand Signior* ſome effectual Service, ſnatching every Contingency which

may advance the *Ottoman* Intereſt. Neither am I forgetful, to oblige my Friends.

The *Great God*, preſerve thee from untimely Death, and give thee [illegible]r with the *Sultan*.

Paris, 30th. *of the* 11th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

LETTER XXV.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

WHEN I wrote laſt to thee, I thought I ſhould have taken a farther Journey than thou: *Aſia* was the deſigned Stage of thy *Travels*; but I look'd on my ſelf at that Time, as bound for another World: And therefore, having no Hopes of ever ſeeing thee again in this, I gave thee a ſolemn Adieu. It is now Four Years ſince that Letter was writ, during which, thou haſt ſeen many ſtrange Things in the *Eaſt*, while I have obſerv'd ſome Remarkables in the *Weſt*. Thou art return'd ſafe to *Conſtantinople*, and I am ſtill alive in *Paris*. I am overjoy'd to hear I have a Brother living; I hope thou wilt not be ſorry, that I have hitherto eſcaped the Stroke of Death. We two, are the onely ſurviving of all our Race; let us love one another, as though there were Nothing elſe in the World for us to love. As for our Mother, I know not whether ſhe be on Earth or in *Paradiſe*. The laſt-Letter ſhe ſent me, expreſs'd her Grief for the Death of her ſecond

ſecond Husband, ſince which, Eighteen *Moons* are elaps'd, and I have heard Nothing of her. I deſire thee, if thou haſt any Tenderneſs for *Mahmut*, to ſatisfie me whether ſhe be living or dead? Perhaps ſhe is married again, and may be removed into ſome unknown Country. I am perplex'd with a Thouſand Anxieties about her.

Remember, That the *Tribe* to which we belong, was none of the moſt Obſcure in *Arabia*. Let us imitate the *Virtues* of our *Kindred*, without medling with their *Vices*; In ſuch a *Family*, it will not be difficult to find ſome good Examples, and ſuch as are worthy to be follow'd. Let us learn Temperance from One, Prudence from Another, Magnanimity from a Third, and the Rules of Piety and Juſtice from them All. This I take to be a proper Method to acquire an Excellency in Vertue, and to root good Habits in us; it being certain, that Practical Examples have more Influence on Men, than the moſt pithy and ſage Inſtructions. Who can reflect on the Incomparable Modeſty of *Uſeph*, my Fathers Brother, and not be charm'd? Thou mayſt remember, with how ſweet a Grace of Mildneſs and Condeſcention, all his Actions were adorn'd. He was eſteem'd the moſt Polite Man in thoſe Parts. From him we may learn, to bear Injuries patiently, and not to grow peeviſh at the Impertinences of the Vulgar; not to be of a rugged Temper, Fierce or Revengeful, but to be always of an even Deportment, purſuing all Men with Civilities and good Offices;

the very Nature of which, brings its own Reward along with it (if there were no other) the Mind being fed with an inexpreſſible Complacency, after ſuch Generous Performances.

Mehmet Ali, our Kinſman, was a Man of ſingular Government and Moderation. He was neither vainly fond of his Friend, nor Humorous or Cold. He rejected Flatterers, and was not concern'd at Slanderers. He was neither Superſtitious, nor Prophane; Liberal without Pride, Frugal without Avarice, and in all Things he carried himſelf with exquiſite Sobriety and Reaſon.

Such Men as theſe, we ought to ſet before us, as Patterns of a good Life; and, in following their Steps, we ſhall honour the *Family* from which we deſcend.

In peruſing thy Letter, I find thou haſt made ſome profitable Remarks in thy *Travels*. Thou haſt been at the *Courts* of ſeveral Great and Illuſtrious *Princes*, and returneſt Home enrich'd with a Treaſury of Jewels, of a far higher Price than Rubies and Diamonds. The Knowledge which thou haſt purchaſed, is a Merchandice for Kings, and will render thee acceptable to the Sovereigns of the Earth. Thou haſt improv'd much in a little Time, and ſhalt reap the Honour and Profit of thy Experience all the Days of thy Life.

It will be a kind Office, if thou wilt gratify thy Brother with ſome of thoſe choice Obſervations thou haſt made. I have a particular Deſire, to be inform'd of many Things in the *Indies*. Our Couſin *Iſouf*, is covetous of his *Memoirs*;

Memoirs; he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewiſe travers'd all the *Eaſt*. I would fain know the Age and Character of the preſent *Mogol*. Here is a *Portugueze* in the City, with whom I ſometimes converſe. He has been at *Indoſtan*, and ſays, That the preſent *Emperour* of that Country, is a Man of no great Abilities, ſuffering his Affairs to be managed by the Conduct of Women; That he has more than ordinary Familiarity with one of his Daughters; That he has Four Sons, whom he has made *Sovereigns* of *Provinces*: They are Princes of Active Spirits; and, he ſays, 'tis fear'd, they will one Day depoſe their Father.

He tells a Remarkable Story of the *Grand Mogol*'s being once in Danger of his Life; which, becauſe it has ſomething in it very extraordinary, I will in Brief relate it to thee.

It happen'd, that this *Prince* was riding on one of his *Elephants* in the *Province* of *Caſhemire*, when ſuddenly the Beaſt grew raging mad; (it ſeems it is the Nature of theſe Animals, when they are ſtung with Luſt, at certain Times of the Year, to fall into a kind of Phrenzy, which, if not timely obviated, will laſt Fourty Days.) He, whoſe Office it was to manage the *Elephant*, perceiving that the Kings Life was in apparent Danger, through the Furious Humour of the Beaſt, had not Time to ſay any more to the King, but onely theſe Words; *There is but this onely way to ſave your Life, that I ſacrifice mine to the* Elephant, *which I freely do, as an unfeigned Teſtimony of my Loyalty.* With that,

that, he caſt himſelf at the *Elephant's* Feet, which immediately took him up with his Trunk and kill'd him, and ſo became pacified. The King aſtoniſh'd at ſo ſurprizing an Accident, and to teſtifie his Gratitude for ſo unparallell'd a Fidelity, ſent for this Man's Sons, and having ask'd them, Whether they could have Reſolution enough to follow their Fathers Example in ſuch a Caſe, to which they all anſwering, *That his* Majeſty *might ſee it immediately, if he pleas'd to give but the Word*; the King caus'd Rich Veſts to be beſtowed on every one of them, with other Preſents, and made them the *Chief Maſters* of his *Elephants*, throughout the *Empire*. The *Portugueze* added, That in token of Thankfulneſs to Heaven for ſo ſignal a Preſervation, the *Emperour* gave Royal and Munificent Alms to all the Poor in that *Province*; vowing, never to ride again on an *Elephant*, ſince it had coſt him the Life of one of his moſt Faithful Servants.

If thou haſt met with any Inſtances of ſo Remarkable a Vertue, Inſert them in thy Letter; for, whatever may be in the *Eaſt*, a Man may live whole Ages, in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, before he ſhall find ſuch unſhaken Fidelity in a Servant. The *King Eternal* caſt an Eye of favour on thee, and reward thee for the Love thou beareſt to our Glorious *Sultan*.

Paris, 16th *of the* 12th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1643.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. II.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *a Man of the* Law.

HERE is a Man come to this City, if he may be called a Man, who pretends to have lived above these Sixteen Hundred Years. They call him the *Wandring Jew*. But some say, he is an *Impostor*. He says of himself, that he was *Usher* of the *Divan* in *Jerusalem*, (the *Jews* call it the *Court of Judgment*) where all *Criminal Causes* were tryed,

tryed, at the Time when *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Chriſtians Meſſias*, was Condemned by *Pontius Pilate*, the *Roman Preſident*. That his Name was *Michob Ader*; and that, for thruſting *Jeſus* out of the *Hall* with theſe words, *Go, why tarrieſt thou?* The *Meſſias* anſwered him again; *I go, but tarry thou till I come*; thereby condemning him, to live till the *Day* of *Judgment*. He pretends to remember the *Apoſtles* that lived in thoſe Days, and that he himſelf was *Baptized* by one of them; that he has travelled through all the *Regions* of the *World*, and ſo muſt continue to be a Vagabond till the *Meſſias* ſhall return again. They ſay, that he heals Diſeaſes, by touching the Party affected. Divers other *Miracles*, are aſcribed to him by the *Ignorant* and *Superſtitious*. But the *Learned*, the *Noble*, and the *Great*, cenſure him as a Counterfeit or a Mad-man. Yet there are, who affirm, that 'tis one convincing Argument of the Reality of his Pretence, that he has hitherto eſcaped a Priſon, eſpecially in theſe Countries, where the Authors of all Innovations are ſeverely puniſhed. He has eſcaped the *Inquiſitions* at *Rome*, in *Spain*, and in *Portugal*, which the Vulgar will have to be an evident *Miracle*.

One Day I had the Curioſity to Diſcourſe with him in ſeveral Languages; and, I found him Maſter of all thoſe that I could ſpeak. I converſed with him Five or Six Hours together in *Arabick*. He told me, that there was ſcarce a true Hiſtory to be found. I asked him,

him, what he thought of *Mahomet*, the *Prophet* and *Lawgiver* of the *Muſſulmans?* He anſwered, That he knew his Father very well, and had been often in his Company at *Ormus* in *Perſia*; That *Mahomet*, was a Man full of Light and a Divine Spirit, but had his Errors as well as other Mortals, and that his chiefeſt was, in denying the *Crucifixion* of the *Meſſias*; for, ſaid he, *I was then preſent, and ſaw him hang on the* Croſs *with theſe Eyes of mine.* He accus'd the *Muſſulmans* of *Impoſture*, in making the World believe, That the *Tomb* of their *Prophet*, hangs miraculouſly between Heaven and Earth, ſaying, That he himſelf had ſeen it, and that it was built after the manner of other Sepulchres. Thou who haſt been at the *Holy Place*, knoweſt whether this be true or falſe. He upbraids the *Perſian Mahometans*, with *Luxury*. The *Ottomans* with *Tyranny*, the *Arabians* with *Robbery*, the *Moors* with *Cruelty* and the *Muſſulmans* of the *Indies* with *Atheiſm:* Nor does he ſpare, to reproach the *Chriſtian Churches:* He taxes the *Roman* and *Grecian* with the *Pompous Idolatry* of the *Heathens*. He accuſes the *Æthiopian* of *Judaiſm*, the *Armenian* of *Hereſie*; and ſays, that the *Proteſtants*, if they would live according to their Profeſſion, would be the beſt *Chriſtians*.

He told me, he was in *Rome*, when *Nero* ſet Fire to the City, and ſtood triumphing on the Top of a Hill to behold its Flames. That he ſaw *Saladine*'s Return from his Conqueſts in the *Eaſt*, when he caus'd his Shirt to be carried

carried on the Top of a Spear, with this Proclamation, Saladine, Lord *of many rich Countries, Conquerour of the* East, *ever Victorious and Happy, when he dies ſhall have no other Memorial left of all his Glories, but only this poor Shirt.*

He relates many remarkable Paſſages of *Solyman the Magnificent*, whereof our Hiſtories are ſilent, and ſays, he was in *Conſtantinople*, when *Solyman* built that *Royal Moſque*, which goes by his Name. He knew *Tamerlain* the *Scythian*, and told me, that he was ſo call'd, becauſe he halted with one Leg. He pretends alſo to have been acquainted with *Scanderbeg*, the Valiant and Fortunate *Prince* of *Epirus*. He ſeemed to pity the inſupportable Calamity of *Bajazet*, whom he had ſeen carried about in a *Cage* by *Tamerlain*'s Order. He accuſes the *Scythian*, of too Barbarous an Inſult on the Unfortunate *Sultan*. He remembers the Antient *Caliphs* of *Babylon* and *Ægypt*; the *Empire* of the *Sarazens*; and, the *Wars* in the *Holy Land*. He highly extols the Valour and Conduct of the Renowned *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne*. He gives an accurate Account of the Riſe, Progreſs, Eſtabliſhment, and Subverſion of the *Mamalukes* in *Ægypt*. He ſays, he has waſhed himſelf in the Two Head-ſprings of the River *Nile*, which ariſe in the moſt *Southern* Part of *Æthiopia*. That its Encreaſe is occaſion'd by the great Rains in *Æthiopia*, which ſwell all the Rivers that fall into the *Nile*, and cauſe that vaſt *Inundation*, which has ſo much

puzzled

puzzled *Philoſophy* to find out the Origin. He ſays, that the River *Ganges* in *India*, is broader and deeper than the *Nile*, that the River *Niger* in *Africa* is longer by ſome Hundreds of Miles. And, that he can remember a Time, when the River *Nile* overflowed not till Three Months after the uſual Seaſon.

Having profeſſed himſelf an Univerſal Traveller, and that there was no Corner of the Earth, where he had not been preſent: I began to comfort my ſelf with the hopes of ſome News from the *Ten Tribes* of *Iſrael*, that were carried into Captivity by *Salmanaſſar* King of *Aſſyria*, and could never be heard of ſince. I asked him ſeveral Queſtions concerning them, but found no ſatisfactory Anſwer. Only he told me, that both in *Aſia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, he had taken Notice of a Sort of People, who (though not *Jews* in Profeſſion) yet retained ſome *Characteriſticks*, whereby one might diſcover them to be deſcended of that Nation.

In *Livonia*, *Ruſſia*, and *Finland*, he had met with People of diſtinct Languages from that of the Country, having a great mixture of *Hebrew* Words; that theſe abſtained from Swines Fleſh, Blood, and Things ſtrangled. That in their Lamentations for the Dead, they always us'd theſe Words [*Jeru-Ferus Maſco Salem.*] By which he thought, they called to Remembrance *Jeruſalem* and *Damaſcus*, thoſe two Famous Cities of *Paleſtine* and *Syria*: In the *Circaſſians* alſo, he had traced

traced ſome Footſteps of *Judaiſm*; their Cuſtoms, Manner of Life, Feaſts, Marriages, and Sacrifices, being not far removed from the Inſtitutions of the *Moſaick Law*. But what is moſt remarkable, he ſaid, that he had converſed with profeſſed *Jews* in the *North* Parts of *Aſia*, who never ſo much as heard of *Jeſus*, the Son of *Mary*, or of the Revolutions in *Judea* after his Death, the Siege and Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, or any other Matters wherewith all Hiſtories abound concerning that Nation. He ſaid moreover, that theſe *Jews* had only the *Pentateuch*, not having heard of the reſt of thoſe Books which compoſe the greateſt Part of the *Old Teſtament*; and, that this *Pentateuch*, was written in a ſort of *Hebrew*, far different from that which is now commonly ſpoken, by the reſt of the diſperſed *Jews* throughout the World. That the number of theſe *Jews* was Infinite. And finally, he thought, that theſe (if any) were the true Poſterity of thoſe *Ten Captive Tribes*.

Having mentioned the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, I ask'd him where he was at that time? He told me, in the *Court* of *Veſpaſian* at *Rome*, and that he had heard the *Emperor* ſay, when he underſtood the *Temple* of *Solomon* was burnt to Aſhes, *He had rather all* Rome *had been ſet on Fire*. Here the Old Man fell a weeping himſelf, lamenting the Ruines of that Noble Structure, which he deſcribed to me as familiarly, as if he had ſeen it but Yeſterday. He ſays, that *Joſephus* wrote

wrote partially of the *Seditious* in the City, being related to one of the Chief *Ring-leaders*, whom therefore he ſpar'd, being loath to ſtain the Reputation of his own *Family* to all Poſterity.

I tell thee, Sage *Cheik*, if this Man's Pretences be true, he is ſo full of Choice *Memoirs*, and has been Witneſs to ſo many Grand Tranſactions for the ſpace of Sixteen Centuries of Years; that he may not unfitly be called, *A Living Chronology*, the *Proto-Notary* of the *Chriſtians Hegira*, or *Principal Recorder* of that which they eſteem the *Laſt Epocha* of the *World's Duration*.

By his Looks, one would take him for a *Relick* of the *Old World*, or one of the *Long-liv'd Fathers* before the *Flood*. To ſpeak modeſtly, he may paſs for the *Younger Brother* of *Time*.

It would be endleſs to tell thee how many other Diſcourſes we had of his Travels and Memoirs; till tired with his Company, and judging all to be a Cheat, I took my Leave.

I tell thee, he ſeems to be a Man well vers'd in all Hiſtories, a Great Traveller, and one that affects to be counted an Extraordinary Perſon. The Common People are ready to adore him; and, the very Fear of the Multitude, reſtrains the *Magiſtrates* from offering any Violence to this *Impoſtor*.

Live thou in the Exerciſe of thy Reaſon, which will not permit thee to be ſeduced into Errors, by the ſubtle Inſinuations of Men.

Continue

Continue to Love *Mahmut*, who Honours thee without a Fiction.

Paris, 4th of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER II.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer.

JEalouſie, the Bane of Publick Alliances, as well as of Private Friendſhips, has carried the Arms of *Suedeland* into *Denmark*, at a Time when leaſt expected.

All *Europe* was alarmed at the News of this *Surprizing Invaſion*; it being thought, that the *Suedes* had Work enough cut out for them in *Germany*.

However, few could penetrate into the Reaſons which induced them to reſpite the *Imperialiſts*, and at the ſame Time carry the War into the Dominions of King *Chriſtian*; who, by his Mediation, and other good Offices between the *German Emperour* and that Crown, merited another kind of Return, than a *Hoſtile Invaſion*.

But the Peace-maker has moſt Times a thankleſs Office. I have ſeen a Gentleman, endeavouring to part or pacify Two of his Friends, encountring in the Streets of *Paris*, and

and has received the Point of one of their Rapiers in his Heart for his Kindneſs. So fared it with the King of *Denmark*, who was accepted of by both Parties, as Umpire of the Quarrel; and had ſent his *Ambaſſador* to *Munſter*, where he treated ſo ſucceſsfully with the *Imperialiſts*, that he brought them to Terms very advantageous to the *Suedes*; yet, the firſt Overtures of his Mediation, gave ſo great a ſuſpicion to that Nation, that while the *Daniſh Ambaſſador* was actually concluding a Peace for them, they commence a War, or rather tranſlate it from the *Provinces* of the *Empire* to *Scania*, entring that Country with Twelve Thouſand Men; And, to ſhew the World they were in Earneſt, they privately treat with the *Hollanders*, to aſſiſt them with a *Fleet* and *Men*, which was granted them under the Command of *Admiral Martin Tyes*.

At the ſame Time, *General Torſtenſon* entered *Holſtein*, where he advanced with admirable Succeſs; took *Kiel* by ſurprize; and, paſſing forward, poſſeſſed himſelf of *Jutland*, driving King *Chriſtian* into a Corner of his Dominions; for, now he had only *Zealand* and *Fionia* left, which are Two *Iſlands*; the former whereof, commands the Paſſage into the *Baltick Sea*.

Here, the King of *Denmark* finds himſelf beſet with Difficulties and Dangers, by Sea and Land; yet, in regard his greateſt Strength lay in his Shipping, he wholly applies himſelf to rig and man out a good *Fleet*. At the

the ſame Time, he informs his *Allies* of this Unjuſt War, and made paſſionate Complaints to the *Emperour*, for whoſe Sake all this befell him, imploring his Friendſhip and Aid in ſo great a Calamity. The *Emperor* ſends *Galaſſo* with Forces, who entering the Territories of *Hamburgh* and *Lubeck*, a *League* was Negotiated between the *Emperour* and the *Daniſh* King. But by the Artifices of the *French* and *Holland Ambaſſadors* at *Copenhagen*, the King was diſſwaded from making an Alliance with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*.

However, the *Dunkirkers* offered King *Chriſtian*, to maintain a Conſiderable *Fleet* in the *Sound*, at their own Charge, which he ſeemed to accept of.

All the *Miniſters* endeavour to play their own Game, and abuſe the Goodneſs of the Unfortunate King. Whilſt in the mean Time, he loſes Ground in *Holſtein*; *General Torſtenſon* having taken *Chriſtianprys*, a very ſtrong Place.

What will be the Iſſue of theſe Tranſactions, Time will manifeſt; but, were not this King Maſter of an Extraordinary Vertue, he would ſink under ſo many preſſures, being a Man of a Great Age. But, *God* ſupports whom He pleaſes.

Paris, 20th *of the* 1ſt *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Cara Haly, *the Phyſician at* Conſtantinople.

THOU haſt ſeen many in the Arms of Death, wraſtling with the *Grim Monarch* of *Shadows*, who by the Privilege of an excellent Conſtitution, have diſengaged themſelves from his Clutches, and ſtood at open Defiance with him for ſome Years afterwards. But I queſtion, whether thou haſt ever known any, whom that Conquerour has once laid in the Duſt, that recover'd again.

In a Village about half a League from this City, there died a Man (or at leaſt he ſeem'd to die) about a Week ago. He was ſtretch'd forth into the Poſture fitteſt for his Coffin, by the Hands of two old Women. His Relations and Friends, flock'd about the Body, to pray for his Soul, as is the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*. The Houſe was fill'd with Tears and Sighs, and a mournful Cloud ſat on every Brow. He lay thus for the ſpace of Thirty five Hours, Dead in the Suppoſition of all his Family. When the Watchers who ſate by, were ſuddenly aſtoniſhed to hear him ſneeze; they ran away at firſt, as People affrighted at ſome Ghaſtly Viſion, and alarm'd the whole Neighbourhood with the News. *Phyſicians* were ſent for, who cauſing him to be laid in

a Warm Bed, and using proper Applications, he recover'd his Senses, and by Degrees his Speech: they are in Hopes to restore him to perfect Health again. He relates to his Visitants, many strange Things, that he has seen and heard during the Five and Thirty Hours that he was thought to be Dead. He says, he has been before the *Throne* of *God*, and has seen all the *Orders* of *Angels*; that he was commanded to return back again to his Body, to warn Men of the approaching *Day* of *Judgment*. He preaches Repentance and good Works, to all that come near him. Hence it is, that the Devouter sort of People, resort to his House in *Pilgrimage*, esteeming him a *Saint*. They say, he has anticipated the *General Resurrection*, to give a fresh proof of it to this unbelieving Age, and to evince, that it will come to pass before he shall quit his Body. He Prophecies, the Conversion of the *Jews* to be near at Hand, and, that the *Mussulmans* shall embrace the *Christian Faith*.

Such as are fond of Novelties, and superstitiously inclined, believe what he says, to be as true as the *Alcoran*; but, the *Learned* impute it all to the Fumes of Melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my Part, who believe that *Mahomet*, the *Messenger* of *God*, was the last, and *Seal* of all the *Prophets*, look for none after him; nor am I credulous of every one, who pretends to a *Divine* Commission. Yet, when I am in Company with such as are this Man's Admirers, I talk as they do, and seem what I am not, that I may

I may the better acquit my ſelf what I really am. Beſides, it is not Prudence, to provoke the Fury of Bigots, by oppoſing their Sentiments.

They relate a Story, of a Man who died in this City, ſome Hundreds of Years ago; and, 'tis upon Record, That this Perſon during his Life Time, was eſteemed a *very Holy Man*, but after his Death, while they were performing his Funeral Obſequies, and carrying the Body round the *Church* in *Proceſſion*, he ſuddenly ſtarted up from the Biere on which he was carried, pronouncing theſe Words with an Audible voice, *I am arraigned before the Judgment-Seat of* God! All that heard him ſpeak, were aſtoniſhed at ſo ſurprizing an Event, and the *Prieſts* who ſang the *Hymn* of *Reſt* to his *Soul*, for a while deſiſted. But again going on with their Proceſſion and Hymns, he aroſe the Second Time, and ſaid aloud, *I am tryed at* God's *Tribunal.* This put another ſtop to the Solemnity, till after ſome Deliberations, they reſolved to proceed a Third Time, when he ſtarted up again, and ſaid, *I am condemned by the juſt Sentence of* God. This put a final Stop to the Funeral Ceremonies. They would no longer chant a *Reſt*, to the *Soul* of him, whoſe dead *Body* aroſe, and pronounced him *Damned.* Neither would they bury his *Body* in *Conſecrated* Ground, whoſe *Soul* they knew was lodg'd in *Hell*, by a Voice from the Dead. There is an *Order* of *Deruiſes*, called *Carthuſians*, who, they ſay,

are a ſtanding Monument of the Truth of this Relation. For, one *Bruno*, being touch'd with Compunction, at ſo tremendous an Accident, immediately forſook the Society of Men, and led a Contemplative Life in exquiſite Silence, Abſtinence, Faſting and Prayer, enjoyning all his Followers to do the like. Who are now ſpread into moſt parts of *Chriſtendom*, having Magnificent Monaſteries, Great Immunities, and are eſteem'd the *ſtricteſt Order* of the *Roman Church*. They are ſerv'd in the Markets, before the King himſelf. If any *Derviſe* of another *Order* deſires to come into this, he may; but, from this there is no Return. They dig a part of their own Graves every Day; having every one a Cell and a Garden to himſelf. They converſe with one another but once a Week. And if when they are walking in the *Cloyſters* of their *Monaſtery*, they happen to ſpie a Stranger, they ſcud away into their Cells, as Conies into their Holes, at the ſight of a Dog. They never taſte of Fleſh, and are obliged to pray Eight Hours in Four and Twenty.

This *Order* has afforded eminent Scholars and Stateſmen; but now 'tis like to have men of another Character for its Proſelytes; for, ſince the Reſurrection of this *new Prophet*, I mention'd in the beginning of my Letter, the Rabble are all turning *Carthuſians*.

Thou who art acquainted with the Nature of *Ecſtaſies* and *Trances*, wilt know what to judge of this Man's Raptures. The great *Cardan*, could fall into them when he pleaſed,

and

and I have heard of a Learned *Mahometan Dervise* in the *Indies*, that had the Art of with-drawing his Soul from the Body, at which times he beheld *Divine* and *Celestial* Things, not by way of *Contemplation*, but real *Intuition*. We must acknowledge these to be the Favourites of *Heaven*, Friends of *Nature*, and privy to the Secrets of *both Worlds*.

I desire thee, to write me some News of my Friends; for, I can hear nothing from them. Which makes me think my self among the Dead, and quite forgotten. If thou still retainest thy wonted Chearfulness, thou art happy. Sadness is the Bane of the Soul, from which, I pray *Heavens*, preserve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th of the 1st *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER IV.

To William Voſpel, *a* Chriſtian Recluſe *of Auſtria.*

I Am a *Chriſtian* as well as thou, and yet I cannot find a Reaſon to live after thy Manner. Not, that I reprehend thy Choice, but I conſult my own Happineſs. I could willingly embrace a *Monaſtick* Life, were it not for the *Vow* of *Obedience*. Thoſe of *Chaſtity* and *Poverty*, are not ſo frightful. But, to be abſolutely reſign'd to the Will of a *Superiour* (who may be a Thouſand Times more Vicious than my ſelf) is far more irkſome, than to be a *Slave* in *Turky*. There, a Man may pave himſelf a Way to many Enjoyments in the midſt of Captivity, and ſweeten his worſt Condition, with the Hopes of Freedom one Time or other. But here I muſt be condemn'd to an everlaſting Servitude, and ſuch an one, as renders it a Crime, ſo much as to think of Pleaſure, or dream of a Releaſe. I muſt be for ever confin'd, to obey one that perhaps is not Maſter of himſelf; to humour all his Caprices; to give the Lye to that Sence and Reaſon, with which *God* and *Nature* have endued me; to make Black and White, Good and Evil, Reciprocal Terms; though every one knows, they are perfect Contradictions. In fine, I muſt reſolve in all Things, (not

(not excepting my very Thoughts) to be conducted by him, who for ought I know, follows no other Guide but his own Irregular Paſſions. What will then become of me, after ſuch an unreaſonable Forfeiture of my Native Liberty? I will tell thee in one Word; from a Rational Creature, I ſhall be changed to a Brute; from a Man to a Sot; and, having now ſome Sparks of Vertue, I ſhall then be made the Rendezvous of all Vice.

Think not, that I go about to make thee hate the Manner of Life thou haſt choſen: Though I eſteem thee miſerable, do not judge ſo of thy ſelf. Thou mayſt find, a great deal of Pleaſure in that Reſtraint, which to me would be the moſt Inſupportable Calamity in the World: And, it may be as eaſie for thee, to ſubmit to the Will of another, as 'tis hard for me to comply with my Own. I am of ſo wavering a Conſtitution, that I cannot without great Difficulty pleaſe my ſelf, much leſs could I be able to humour the Extravagancies, of a Soul different from Mine. I have obſerved, that ſhould I follow the Motions of my own proper Inclination at all Times, I ſhould do many Things whereof I might afterwards repent: why may not the Caſe be the ſame, or worſe, if I blindly obey the Will of a Stranger? Am I ſure, that he is a Good Man? Or, if he be ſo to Day, how do I know but that he may be otherwiſe to Morrow? Nay, what Security can be given me, that if he be a *Saint* this Hour, he will not be a *Devil* the next; ſince, the Temper of Man varies as often, and

ſuffers as many Alterations, as the Elements do, out of which he is compounded? Where then can be the Reaſon, of giving my ſelf wholly up to any Man's Diſpoſal all my Life Time? Is it not ſufficient to obey the *Sovereign Prelate*, who commands the whole *Church*, yet impoſes not the Dictates of his own Will as a Law, but governs all *Chriſtians* according to the *Ancient Traditions*, *Stated Canons*, and *Decrees* of the *Apoſtles*, *Fathers* and *Councils*? Whereas, thoſe who Preſide over the *Convents* of the *Religious*, many Times rule arbitrarily, commanding their Subjects to do thoſe Things, which are diametrically oppoſite to the very Fundamental Rules of *Chriſtianity*, and contrary to the *Law* of *Nature*. The more I think on't, the greater is my Averſion for this private, blind Obedience.

Thou wilt ſay, that a *Regular Life* is the Way of Perfection. I grant it; but cannot a Man lead a *Regular Life*, unleſs he be immur'd in a *Convent*? Or be *Perfect*, if his Mind be not ſquar'd to the Retirements of a *Cloyſter*? I will tell thee my Sentiments freely, and without a Maſque. The Nature of every Thing, is its Perfection: There are Perfect *Sinners*, as well as Perfect *Saints*. Thus we ſay, ſuch an one is a Perfect Drunkard, Fornicator, Cheat, Tyrant or the like. I ask thee, Whether this ſort of Perfection may not be (I wiſh I could ſay, is not too often actually) found, within the Walls of a *Religious Houſe*? On the other hand, doſt thou think it impoſſible,

to

to find the Perfection of Vertue, in the mix'd Life of the World? Be not a *Cynick*, nor condemn Things whereof thou haſt made no Experiment. Remember, how many Kings and Queens, Princes and Nobles have been *Canonized* for *Saints*, who in the midſt of ſo many Splendors, kept their Eyes undazled. Whoſe Ears, never let in the Blandiſhments of Flatterers, nor the malicious Whiſpers of the Envious. Whoſe Hands, were never polluted with innocent Blood, nor their Thirſt quench'd with the Tears of Widows and Orphans. But, in all Things, they conſerv'd an inviolate Purity, Modeſty, and Integrity of Manners. Theſe Perſons, were perfect in the midſt of Imperfections, and Regular in the Height of Humane Diſorders; *Saints* upon *Earth*, and *Angels* among *Men*.

Aſſuredly, 'tis not impoſſible for a Man (let his Condition be what it will, Publick or Private, Servile or Free) to conduct himſelf evenly and by a Rule, through all the *Meanders* and *Mazes* of Humane Life. I muſt confeſs, This is very difficult, and all Men have not that *Divine* Art. Few can walk on Pinnacles, and not make falſe Steps; ſuch is our Life, and happy is he that makes the feweſt. Yet, there is a Dexterity, with which whoſoever is acquainted, need not go to a *Monaſtery*, to enquire the Way to Bliſs.

Thou wilt perhaps accuſe me, of too much Bluntneſs and ill Manners, in thus Declaiming againſt that Kind of Life, which thou haſt enter'd into. But, pardon the Freedom I take

with my Friend; and reſt ſatisfied, That though I affect not a *Recluſe* Life my ſelf, yet I honour thoſe, who having once engaged themſelves therein, perſevere with Conſtancy; from which, I ſhall never perſwade thee, or any Man to depart.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER V.

To Berber Muſtapha Aga.

A *French* Merchant, lately come from *Iſpahan*, brings Intelligence, that the *Chan* of the *Uſbeck Tartars*, is arrived at that City, to crave Aid of the preſent *Sophi* of *Perſia*, againſt his Rebellious Children who have depoſed him, and bereaved him of one of his Eyes. The *Sophi* has given him a Royal Reception, going himſelf in Perſon, above a League out of the City to meet him, accompanied with all his *Nobles*. This Gentleman came away, before the *Tartarian Prince* had ſucceeded in his Deſign. But, it was generally ſuppoſed, that *Cha Abbas* would aſſiſt him, with a conſiderable Army of *Horſe* and *Foot*, as alſo with Money to carry on the War.

This King is not Thirteen Years of Age, yet takes upon himſelf the Management of Pub-

lick.

lick Affairs. He is addicted to drinking of Wine, a great Lover of Muſick and Women. Of a Noble Inclination, yet ſomething too Paſſionate. He commanded the Belly of one of his *Pages* to be ript up, for breaking a Cryſtal Baſon which he much admir'd. Yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he cauſed him to be honourably buried, and a ſtately Tomb to be erected over him. He alſo enquired out ſuch of his Kindred as were living, to whom he gave large Penſions.

There has been little of Action in theſe Parts, ſince the Signal Defeat that was given to the *French*, by the Forces of *John de Werdt* and *General Mercy*. Four *French Mareſchals* were taken Priſoners, with all the Chief Officers, ſix Thouſand Soldiers, beſides their Ammunition and Baggage.

In this Action, 'tis ſaid, the *Spaniſh Horſe* behaved themſelves very bravely, ſpurr'd on with an Ambition, to recover the Glory they ſeem'd to have loſt in ſo many Battels. They ruſh'd into the *French* Quarters, with a Fury which ſoon put them into Diſorder, and afterwards diſpoſed them to quit the Field.

Before this Battel began, 'tis ſaid, there were ſeen Two Armies of Birds fighting in the Air; which engaged ſo furiouſly, that the Ground was cover'd with their Dead Bodies. And, that Morning, when one of the *French Mareſchals* was going out of his Tent, with a Piſtol in his Hand, in order to try it, the Barrel ſplit and tore his hand in Pieces. Theſe are now looked upon as Prodigies, and O-

minous Signs of the Loss they afterwards sustained; but, had the Victory been on their Side, no Body would have taken Notice of them.

The *God* that gives Victory when, and to whom he pleases, grant, that the *Ottoman* Arms may be ever successful against the *Infidels*.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER VI.

To the Vizir Azem *at the* Port.

THOU, that art the Principal Support of the *Ottoman Empire* under the *Grand Signior*, oughtest to be informed of all Things which may either threaten Damage, or promise Assistance, to the Throne which rests on *thy* Shoulders.

I pass away some of my Time among Seamen; especially such as sail in the *Levant*; their very Breath, is a Relief when I am Chamber-sick, or stifled with the close Vapours of *Paris*. I phansy, their Lungs transport hither the Breezes of the *Mediterranean*, or the more wholesome Airs of *Asia*. I talk so familiarly with them in their *Marine Dialect*, that they scruple not to take me for a *Tarpaulin*,

Tarpaulin, and therefore entertain me without Reserve, as one of their Crew.

This very Evening, I was with some of these *Retainers* to *Neptune*. Among the Rest of the Discourse I had with them, we touched upon the *Dardanells* which guard the *Hellespont*. They taxed the *Christian* Princes with Cowardise, or, unpardonable Negligence, that they have never attempted to force their Passage through that Channel into the *Propontis*, and block up the *Imperial* City by Sea, and set it on Fire; especially the *Royal Seraglio*, from whence are issued out the Decrees of Life and Death to the whole Earth.

I told them, they were mistaken in the Strength of those *Castles*, which command that Important Avenue. And, that no Ships ever durst venture within their Reach, without Leave. When one of them started up, and made me this Answer: *Sir, we have Vessels impenetrable as Rocks, which dare come to an Anchor, under the very Walls of those superannuated Forts, and defie all the* Turkish *Ammunition, to remove us thence. We onely want a Commission from our King, to try the Experiment.*

I tell thee, Supreme *Minister*, I found too much Reason in his Answer, to make room for a Reply. Wherefore, dissembling for a while, the Agony I was in for the Welfare of the *Sublime Port*, I took my Leave of the Company, and immediately set Pen to Paper, to let thee know what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*.

I am

I am not vers'd in the Art and Method of Fortification; yet, pardon an Errour of Loyalty and Zeal, if I commit it, in propoſing to thee the Neceſſity of erecting Platforms all along the oppoſite Shores of the *Helleſpont*, to ſtrike Terrour, and prevent the Enemy from attempting that, which in all probability would not fail of Succeſs.

Thou that art all Wiſdom, wilt know how to make a right Uſe of this Hint, from the faithful *Mahmut*, who never thinks himſelf Happy, but when he does ſome acceptable Service to the *Invincible Sovereign* of the *Sea* and *Land*.

Paris, 14th of the 2d *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER VII.

To Ououmiche *his Mother, at* Grand Cairo.

THOU mayſt better imagine than I can expreſs, the mighty Joy I felt, when I firſt opened thy Letter, and read the Name of her that conceiv'd me, written by her own Hand; whereby I am aſſur'd, that thou art yet alive and in Health. Believe me, it came in a ſeaſonable Time, to reſcue me out of a diſmal Melancholy, which had ſeized my Spirits.

rits. Surely, *Fate* directed thy Pen, and *Providence* timed the Arrival of the Veſſel which brought me this happy News from *Africk*, in the ſaddeſt Hour of all my Life. Juſt as the Meſſenger knock'd at my Chamber-Door (where I ſat overwhelm'd with doleful Thoughts) the whole World ſeem'd to me a vaſt Wilderneſs or Deſert, inhabited only by Beaſts of Prey, where the Great and Strong, devour thoſe whoſe Weakneſs cannot arm them in their own Defence. A mere Stage of Tragedies, the Shambles of cruel Butcheries and Murders. In this Figure, did my troubled Imagination repreſent the *Earth*, with all the *Race* of *Adam* dwelling upon it. If I could propoſe to my ſelf ſuch a Thing as a Friend in the World, I know not how long 'twould be, before that very Perſon whom I had greateſt Reaſon to eſteem as ſuch, might prove my Mortal Enemy; of ſo brittle a Compoſition is the Fidelity of Man. I looked upon my Life, not as my own, but altogether lent me; I eſteemed not only Men but Beaſts, and the very Inanimate Things, my Creditors, for the Permiſſion I had to breathe. I thought my ſelf highly indebted to the Fire, that it did not burn me to Death in my Sleep, and no leſs to the Winds, that they did not blow the Houſe down where I lodge, and bury me in its Ruines. For, where would be the Injuſtice, if any of thoſe Elements which are the Ingredients of my Life, ſhould become the Inſtruments of my Death? I conſidered, that as I neither made my ſelf, nor

knew

knew how I came to be what I am, so I was ignorant when and by what means I should ceaſe to be. Perhaps, I might be ſtruck with a *Thunderbolt* from *Heaven*, or ſwallowed up by ſome greedy *Chaſme* in the *Earth*. A Tile from a Houſe, might put a ſtop to the Motions of this Machine of Fleſh; or, a Fall from a Horſe, might break its Maſter-Springs. My preſent *Station* I looked upon as Precarious, ſince thoſe very Perſons who appointed me this *Employment* to ſerve one Turn, would not Scruple to take off my Head to ſerve another.

In theſe melancholy Thoughts was I almoſt drown'd, when thy Letter came and ſtruck a Light out of the Midſt of Darkneſs. I was now ready to die with Exceſs of Joy, who before was half killed with extreme Sadneſs.

But tell me, my Dear Mother, in the Name of our *Holy Prophet*, what Motive induced thee to quit the wholeſome Air of *Greece*, for the noiſom and peſtilential Vapours of *Egypt*? Is *Cairo* a more eligible Seat than *Conſtantinople*? Or, becauſe thou haſt loſt thy *Second Husband*, wilt thou be wedded to an Incurable Grief, and think no *Mourning* ſufficient, unleſs thou go in Pilgrimage to his very Grave, there to diſſolve in Tears, and mingle thy ſelf with his *Aſhes*? He died in *Cairo*, and is there interr'd; and thou mighteſt have liv'd in *Scio*, or any part of *Greece*, without blemiſhing thy Widowhood. People will ſay, thou aimeſt at the Fortune of the *Epheſian* Widow, who found a

a *living Husband*, in the Sepulchre of her *dead one*; but I, who know thy Vertue, have other Thoughts of thee; yet, I cannot approve thy thus becoming Tenant to a Charnel-House. Therefore, the beſt Advice I can give thee, is, to return to the *Imperial* City again, to the Company of thy Friends and Acquaintance; or, at leaſt, return to thy ſelf, and be not tranſported with an extravagant Sorrow, for one whom thou ſhalt never ſee again. Tears cannot recover the Dead, nor can thy warmeſt Sighs inſpire him with Breath. He is divorc'd from thee by an Irrevocable Law; and, whilſt thou art in vain lamenting for him on *Earth*, he may be Celebrating new and joyful *Nuptials* in *Heaven*, being eſpouſed to ſome of the *Beautiful Daughters* of *Paradiſe*. Be perſwaded then, that he has quite forgot thee, having engag'd himſelf in freſh Amours above; That he is in the Arms of ſome *Surpaſſing Beauty* of *Eden*, and that thou haſt no more Intereſt in him. Let this Conſideration, aſſwage thy Grief, cure thy Fondneſs, and make thee begin to think of another Husband. Thoſe who make their firſt Viſits to the *French* Widows, after the uſual Formalities of Condoleance are over, take the Liberty to tell them, *That they muſt live by the Living, and not by the Dead.* This comfortable *Proverb*, is often uſed, even before the *Funeral* Solemnities are finiſh'd; and, thou haſt now paſs'd away above Two Years ſince thy Husband's Death, in fruitleſs Mourning. 'Tis Time to conſult thy future Happineſs.

pineſs, and abandoning thy Commerce with the *Dead*, to become ſociable with the *Living*.

The *Great Creator*, who is *God* of the *Living*, and not of the *Dead*, inſpire thee to take ſuch Meaſures, as may beſt comply with the Ends for which he made thee; and, repleniſh thy Latter Days, with double the Bleſſings of the Former.

Paris, 22[d] *of the* 4th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

IT is no ſmall Satisfaction to me, that ſince the Death of *Cardinal Richlieu*, I have ſtarted no Reaſons to apprehend any Deſigns in this *Court*, againſt the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. The *French Grandees*, have paſs'd away a whole Year, without giving much Trouble or Alarm to the Reſt of the World. Every one minds his own Affairs, and all puſh forward to get neareſt the *Queen-Regent*. The Miſunderſtandings between her, and the *Duke* of *Orleance*, encreaſe daily. And, this divides the *Court* and *City*, into Two Factions. *Cardinal Mazarini*, ſeems to be the Man

Man deſtin'd to balance the Authority of both Parties. He Spins his Fortune, with as fine a Thread as his Predeceſſour; being ſenſible, that though the *Court* love him not, yet they cannot ſubſiſt without him. He Inherits the *Memoirs* and *Inſtructions* of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and his *Spirit* too, as well as his *Miniſtry*; being a Man, of an Invincible Courage, and exquiſite Forecaſt. The Greateſt Enemy he has, is a *Lady* of the *Court* (for, I will not compare the Malice of the *Duke* of *Beaufort* to that of a Woman) they call her, *Madam de Chevereux*; a Perſon of a keen Wit, and good Judgment; a profeſſed Enemy to all that had any Dependance on *Cardinal Richlieu*. And, I could never learn any other Ground of her Hatred to *Mazarini*, but his being the *Creature* of that *Miniſter*.

The late King, had conceived an Irreconcilable Averſion for this Lady, ſuſpecting her to be Inſtrumental in carrying on a Private Correſpondence between his Wife (the now *Queen Regent*) and the *Spaniards*. To avoid the Conſequences of his Anger, ſhe fled into *Spain*, but is lately returned to this *Court*. 'Tis ſaid, the *Queen* received her with all the outward Marks of Affection at firſt, but ſuddenly grew cold and eſtranged, when ſhe began to attempt againſt *Cardinal Mazarini*. This made the Lady unite her Intereſt with that of the *Duke* of *Beaufort*, who very well matches her in the Imperiouſneſs of his Temper, and his Hatred of the *Cardinal*. They both agree in their Endeavours to ruine him; but,

but, I believe the Female Perſecution to be the moſt dangerous. The *Duke* has made too great a Noiſe, to do any conſiderable Execution on a Man, who has the Wit to conceal his Reſentments, and ſtrike before he is perceiv'd. In a word, the *Duke* finds himſelf in a Priſon, while the *Cardinal* is every Day more and more eſtabliſhed in the *Queen*'s Favour.

In the mean while, I inſinuate my ſelf into all Mens Company, from whom I can hope for any Intelligence. Among the Reſt, I have obſerved a *Courtier*, who often goes between the *Grandees*, and ſeems to be entruſted with great Secrets; he is very ſparing of Words, and makes his Shoulders do the Office of his Tongue. I have ſometimes enter'd into a Diſcourſe with him about the *Queen*, the *Cardinal*, and others; but all his Anſwers, are comprized in *Italian Rhetorick*, a Shrug and a Grimace. This ſilent Language, ſpeaks very efficaciouſly to me, and I eſteem him worthy to be courted, who knows ſo well how to bridle his Tongue. I ply this *Politician* every Day with Addreſſes, and tell him a great deal of *feigned* News, that I may tempt him to utter ſome that is *True*. He is a great *Privado* of *Madam de Cheverenx*; often waits on the *Queen*; ſometimes viſits the *Cardinal*; and is every Day converſant, with one or other of the *Nobles*. If I can win this Man, I hope to penetrate farther into the *Myſteries* of the *Court*.

The

The *God*, from whom nothing is hid, ſo diſpoſe of all *Humane* Events, that the *Empire* of the *Muſſulmans* may be eſtabliſhed, notwithſtanding the Cabals and Plots of the *Infidels*.

Paris, 16th *of the* 5th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER IX.

To Signior Lorenzo del' Caſa Bianca, a Genoueſe *at* Marſeilles.

THOU ſendeſt me ſtrange and ſurprizing News, that the *Malta* Gallies have taken the Eldeſt Son of the *Grand Signior*, and Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*, Captive at Sea, as he was ſailing to *Ægypt*.

I tell thee, if ſuch a Thing were true, the *Grand Signior* would not fail to ſend ſuch a Force, as ſhould dig up the very Foundations of that *Iſland*, and caſt it into the Sea.

But I can reſolve thee, that there is nothing more of Truth in this Story, ſaving, that about Ten Veſſels of the *Grand Signior's*, bound for *Alexandria* (on Board of one of which, was *Sultan Mahomet's* Nurſe, with her Son, much about the Age of *Sultan Mahomet*) were taken by Six Gallies of *Malta*, whereby

whereby the *Malteſes* were enriched with a great Treaſure of Silver, Gold and Jewels, beſides Slaves.

This Intelligence I have received from my Correſpondents at *Conſtantinople*. Men that are no Strangers to the *Seraglio*, but ſuch as have the Ear of the *Prime Vizir*.

They ſay indeed, the *Grand Signior* took a particular Phancy to this Nurſes Child, often play'd with it, and ſeemed to careſs it with more complacency, than his own Son *Sultan Mahomet*, which gave ſo great a diſguſt to the *Sultaneſs*, the Mother of *Mahomet*, that ſhe procured the Baniſhment of the Nurſe and her Child, who in their Voyage to *Alexandria*, were taken Captives by the *Malteſe* Galleys, as has been ſaid; And this is the Ground of the Report.

However, *Sultan Ibrahim* is ſo exaſperated againſt the *Malteſes* for this Depredation, that he has ſworn by *God* and *Mahomet*, never to ſheath his Sword, till he has revenged the Injury, by laying waſte the *Iſland*, putting the *Knights* to Death, and leading the Inhabitants into Captivity.

He has vented his Rage already on the Captain *Baſſa*, cauſing him to be ſtrangled, for not guarding the Seas better; and, 'tis ſaid, he threatens a War with *Venice* on the ſame Account, becauſe the *Malteſe* Galleys, after this Pyracy, put a-Shore in *Canaia*, where they recruited their Veſſels, with all neceſſary Proviſions.

I ex-

I expected the Silks last Week, which I wrote for, and the Oil of *Calabria*. Send them by the first Opportunity.

Paris, 28th *of the* 5th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER X.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ALL *Europe* rings with the Report of the *Sultan's* Son being taken Captive by the *Malteſe* Galleys. No doubt, but thou haſt heard ſuch a Diſcourſe among the *Franks* at *Conſtantinople*; and, thou knoweſt the Intrigues of the *Seraglio*. It is pleaſant, that the *Kuzlir Aga's* ſlave, ſhould have no Father for her Child; that he himſelf ſhould adopt it for his own; that the Mother of it ſhould be preferred to be Nurſe to *Sultan Mahomet*; that *Sultan Ibrahim*, ſhould ſingle out this Fatherleſs Son of an *Eunuch*, to ſport with him, take him in his Arms, and treat him with all the Endearments that are Naturally ſhew'd by Parents to their own Children.

The *French* Ladies laugh at this Story, and ſay, That the *Seraglio* begins to grow more Civiliz'd, and to exchange the *Severity* of *Conſtantinople*, for the *Gallantries* of *Paris*.

But,

But, let them laugh that win; the *Maltese* have most reason to caress themselves for their good Fortune in such a Prize.

They say, the *Grand Prior* treats his Young Captive with a most profound Attach and Veneration; imagining, he has in Custody the Heir of the *Ottoman Empire*: for, they know not the true Secret, but are possessed with a real Belief, that Young *Sultan Mahomet*, is in their Hands.

Let what I have said, be as the words of thy Nurse, when she prated a thousand Impertinencies to thee, within a Month of thy Nativity. In fine, be trusty to thy Friend.

Paris, 10th *of the* 6th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

IT is not unknown at the *Divan*, how the *Princes* of *Italy* have worried one another these Two Years. I dispatch'd long ago some *Memoirs* of the Feuds between the *Barbarini's* and the *Duke* of *Parma*. The *Pope* upholds the Former, making the Quarrel his own, in Defence of the *Ecclesiastick State*; The *Venetians*, *the Grand Duke* of *Toscany*, the *Duke* of *Modena*, with the *French* King, interest themselves in the Cause of the Latter. He is a *Prince* of an Active Spirit, and darts up and down like Lightning through the *Pope's* Territories. If he has lost *Castro*, *Montalto*, and other Places of Strength in this War, it is but by Way of Exchange; having possessed himself of as considerable Holds belonging to his Enemies. Yet, the *Barbarini's* sheltring themselves under the Protection of *Pope Urban*, seem to triumph and promise themselves an entire Victory; using the Artifices of Superstition, to weaken the *Duke's* Credit. And, because some of his Vessels (which carried above a Thousand Souldiers) were cast away, they would perswade the credulous World, that *Heaven* fights against him. They likewise had designed, to build a Fort and a Bridge over the River *Po*, to open a Way to them-

themſelves into the *Confederates* Country, and to ſhut it up to all Invaders of their own; but were prevented by the *Venetians*, who ſent Ten Thouſand Men to ſtop the Building of the Bridge, or to demoliſh it, if built.

In the mean while, the *Confederates* though they ſeemed to eſpouſe the *Duke*'s Quarrel, yet trifled with him, protracting their Aſſiſtance, and diſputing about *Punctilio*'s; every one reſtraining the Conditions of their Friendſhip, within the Limits that would beſt ſquare with the Intereſt of their own *State*. They had all Armies on foot, but could not agree how to diſpoſe of them. The *Venetians* demanded ſuch a Poſt, as might be moſt advantageous to that *Republick*. The *Duke* of *Toſcany*, would have the main Body of their Forces ſo quartered, as to cover his Dominions. Thus, each Party purſued their own Claim, while their Enemies gained Time, and put themſelves in a Poſture, either to march into the *Territories* of the *Confederates*, or, defend the *Eccleſiaſtick State*.

Certainly, it is Fatal to the *Chriſtians*, to be thus divided among themſelves, even when they have greateſt Cauſe of Union. Yet, the *Duke* of *Parma*, the very *Soul* of this *Confederacy*, breaks through all their Demurrs and Heſitations, impatient of fruitleſs Delays; riſhes into *Ferrara*; takes *Bondeno*, abandoned by the Garriſon; after that, *La Stellata*, a Place of greater Strength; but, proceeding forward, the *Barbarini*'s encamped not far from *Ferrara*, the better to obſerve the Progreſs

greſs of the *Confederates*, and ſo put a ſtop to the Motions of the *Duke*. He and his Friends, had Twenty Thouſand Men in the Field, to which the *Venetians* not long after, added Six Thouſand more. They were in different Bodies; and as they quarter'd themſelves, ſo the *Papal* Forces remov'd their Camp. Several Skirmiſhes paſſed between them, but no great Execution done.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* were not idle by Sea, having ſeveral Barks and Galleys full of arm'd Men, Coaſting along the *Pope*'s Territories. They took Five Forts on the Shore; and, piercing farther into the Country, made themſelves Maſters of *Arriano*, a great Town, and ſacked *Codegoro*, putting all to the Sword, and laying the Place in Aſhes.

On the other ſide, the *Barberini*'s ſeized on *Spilimberto*, *Vignivola*, and ſome other weakly guarded Towns on the Frontiers of *Modena*, and killed Two Hundred of the *Confederates*, who had inveſted *Crevalcuore*. *Cardinal Antonio*, on the *Pope*'s ſide, has the Management of the War; a Man of an aſpiring *Genius*, and very ſubtle. He, perceiving the *Duke* of *Toſcany* incenſed at the late Loſs, had taken the Field, with a conſiderable Army; ſends Six Thouſand Men to oppoſe him, but they were raw and undiſciplin'd Souldiers, and could not hinder the *Duke*'s Forces, from ſeizing an Important Paſs, and reducing the City of *Pieve*, *Monteleone*, *Caſtiliano del Lago*, and *Paſſiniano*.

While the *Son* of *War* were thus buſied in

the Field, the *Agents* of *Peace* were not wanting on all Sides, to accommodate the Differences that threatned all *Italy* with fatal Conſequences. But, they did no more than amuſe one another with Ambiguities, Subterfuges, and Evaſions; while the *Barberini*'s ſought to gain Time, and draw the King of *Spain* to countenance their Intereſt. The *Venetians*, ſenſible of this underhand Dealing, proteſted by their Ambaſſador at *Madrid*, that they would unite with the *French Crown*, if his *Catholick Majeſty*, ſhould by indirect Ways ſtrengthen the *Barberini*'s. The King, apprehenſive of ſuch a League, forbears to meddle in an Affair which might be ſo Injurious to *Spain*, and gives Inſtructions to his Ambaſſadors at *Rome* and other *Courts* of *Italy*, to mediate a Peace, which might be advantageous to the *Confederates*.

The Treaties however came to nothing, and the Mediators finding themſelves eluded, ſuſpended their Negotiations, and gave freſh Opportunity to the Men of Arms to play their Parts. *Cardinal Antonio* aſſaulted *Nonantola* with Four Thouſand Men, but was defeated by the *Venetians*, who ſlew ſeveral Hundreds of his Souldiers, and took Two Hundred Priſoners. After this, the *Confederates* plunder'd all the Country of *Ferrara*, and took *Vergato*, defended by Eight Hundred Men. In the Surprizal of *Bazano*, they kill'd above Two Hundred of the Enemy; and, marching forward, took *Monteria*, *Serravalle*, and other Places; while *Cardinal Barberini*'s

berini's Forces, were cut off at *Burgho St. Sepolchro*, where he loſt Eight Cannon, Four Petards, with Abundance of Proviſions.

It would be an endleſs Task, to recount all the Skirmiſhes and Battles, that have paſſed between them. I only inform thee of the moſt Remarkable, that thou maiſt inſert them in the *Regiſter* of the *Ottoman Empire*.

To conclude this Letter, it will be worth thy Obſervation, That the *Pope* falling Sick, and his Death feared, did much conduce to put an End to theſe Differences. For, the *Barberini*'s, now being apprehenſive of the Advantage his Death would give the *Confederate Princes*, were very forward to embrace any Overtures of *Peace*: So that, by the Dexterity of the *French Miniſters*, it was at laſt concluded, and all Differences adjuſted, the *Duke* of *Parma*'s Territories being reſtored to him, the *Cenſures* of the *Church* taken off, and the *Eccleſiaſtick State* put in the ſame Condition it was in at the Beginning of the War.

I ſhall continue to ſend thee ſuch Intelligence, as may be ſerviceable to thee in that Eminent Station thou enjoyeſt in the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. And, ſhall think my ſelf a very happy Man, if I can by any Means acquire thy Favour.

Paris, 23^{d} *of the* 6th *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, *an* Ægyptian Knight.

ONE would think, that there were yet ſome of the Ancient Race of *Gyants* on Earth. Here is a Man come to this *Court*, full Eight Foot high, a *Finlander* by Nation; he looks like ſome Poſthumous Birth of the Sons of *Titan*. He is Maſter of prodigious Strength, and challenges any Two the ſtouteſt Men in *France*, to throw him a Fall. I have ſeen him take Two Boys of Ten Years of Age on the Palm of each Hand, and lift them up from the Ground together, with his Arms ſtretched out to the full Length, and walk Sixty Paces with them in this Poſture; at the End of which Stage, he ſet them down again on their Feet, without the leaſt Violence or Straining. There are none ſo hardy, as to accept of his Challenge; for, they know he will not ſuffer them to come nearer than the Extremity of his Arm. And, ſuch is the monſtrous Strength of his Hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or ſtifle them with his Graſp. He talks of Travelling into *Turky*; if he does, I hope he will have more Diſcretion, than to venture within the *Seraglio*, leſt he incurr the Fate of the renowned *Muſcovite* Wraſtler, in *Sultan Amurath's* Time. Thou remembreſt that *Tragedy*,

gedy, which made all the Brave and the Generous, condemn *Amurath*'s Cruelty. He was a Stout *Prince* himself; and, it look'd like Envy in him, to punish the Efforts of Courage in his *Slaves*, with so unrelenting a Rigour. But, he was himself a Slave to his Passions; and, Jealousie had the Predominance in his Temper. That Vice betrayed him to horrid Violences, of which thou art not ignorant, having been privy to several of his Amours.

This puts me in mind of a *Spanish Cavalier*, who had a very Vertuous and Beautiful Wife, which, thou wilt say, are Two rare Companions. He kept a *Moor* in his House, whom the *Lady* had one Time caus'd to be severely beaten. The *Moor* secretly vow'd Revenge. He had an Intrigue with one of the *Lady's* Women, to whom he imparted his Mind. They conspired together, to accuse their *Lady* of Lightness, and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The *Cavalier*, their Master, was naturally Jealous, as generally are all the *Spaniards*; these Two possessed him with a Belief, that the *Gardiner* had frequent Access to his *Lady*'s Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye-Witness of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the *Gardiner*, and tells him, that the *Lady* would speak with him. Whilst the other runs to the *Lord*, and *bids him make haste*; *for, that the* Gardiner *was at that Instant with his* Lady. The Impatient *Cavalier* hastens up Stairs, and meeting the *Gardiner* coming out

of the Door of his Chamber, ſtabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expoſtulation; and, ruſhing furiouſly into the Chamber, ſerves his Wife in the ſame Manner. But, coming down again, the Maid ſtruck with Remorſe at ſo black an Event, fell down at his Feet, confeſſing her Crime, and declaring, that her *Lady* was Innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging Mad, at a Conjunction of ſo many Misfortunes, ſtabs the *Maid* and the *Negro*; and, laſt of all, to complete the *Tragedy*, kills himſelf.

I have often wonder'd, that ſome ſuch fatal Conſequences did not attend the Jealouſie of *Sultan Amurath*. He ſpared not to rip up the Bellies of his *Pages*, for the Sake of Two or Three *Melons*; and, 'tis a Miracle, that he did not ſacrifice half the *Slaves* of the *Seraglio*, on the Account of his *Miſtreſſes*.

Thou art now in a better Station, and free from Reſtraint. Act according to Reaſon, and let not Paſſion byaſs thee one way nor other.

Paris, 5th *of the* 7th Moon,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU haſt often required an Account of the *Parliament* of *France*, which is the *Supreme Court* of the Kingdom. Though the Name be known at the *Sublime Port*, yet the *Miniſters* are unacquainted with the Power and Authority of this *Senate*.

When it was firſt inſtituted, it conſiſted of Twelve *Peers*, an Hundred *Biſhops*, and all the *Prime Nobility* of the Land; who had power to give Audience to Foreign *Ambaſſadors*; to adjuſt all Differences of the Subjects. In fine, it might then be called the *Sovereign Tribunal*, from whence there could be no Appeal. Three Foreign Kings, have ſat as Members of this *Court*. It was in thoſe Days Ambulatory, following the King whithierſoever he went; but now it is always aſſembled in *Paris*, in the *Palace* which *Philip the Fair* built for his own Dwelling-Houſe. This *Parliament*, is divided into Seven *Chambers*, whereof, that which they call the *GREAT CHAMBER*, is the Chief. There belong to this *Chamber*, ſeven *Preſidents*, twelve *Counſellors*, the King's *Cadi* or Attorney, with a great Number of *Advocates*, and Men of the Law. The *Preſidents* and *Counſellors*, are cloath'd in Scarlet, which ſtrikes an awful Reverence into all that approach their Pre-

ſence. Some call this, *the golden Chamber*; and well they may, ſince that glittering Metal, is thought to be the Umpire of moſt Cauſes that are tryed in this *Court*. He that brings moſt Gold, is ſure to have his Buſineſs firſt diſpatched, and to come off Conquerour. For, as their preſent Power is little elſe but a mere Formality, ſo is alſo their Juſtice. The King's of *France*, have gradually ſo clipt their Original Authority, that now they ſeem to be but the Shadow of their Ancient ſelves. They never pretended to meddle with *Eccleſiaſtical* Affairs; that was always out of their Juriſdiction. The *Muſti* of *Rome*, claims this Prerogative as his Right. From whence thou mayſt obſerve, how maim'd and imperfect is the Royalty of *Chriſtian* Kings, who cannot puniſh their own Subjects, if *Clergy-men*, without the *Pope*'s Permiſſion. Yet, though this *Chamber* cannot meddle with the *Eccleſiaſticks*, they have a Privilege to diſpoſe of the *Regency*, during the King's Minority; as is evident in the late *Queen-Mother*, *Mary de Medicis*, and the preſent *Anne* of *Auſtria*, who were both by the *Parliament* declared *Regents*. They alſo confirm all the Kings *Edicts*; neither does he proclaim *War* without their Conſent, nor eſtabliſh any *Alliance*.

There are alſo beſides this, Six other *Chambers* of *Parliament*; Five whereof, are called *Chambers* of *Inqueſts*, and they conſiſt of Two *Preſidents*, Twenty *Counſellors*, and a convenient Number of *Lawyers*. The Sixth *Chamber* is a Collection out of all the Reſt, and

and contains no leſs than Two Hundred Officers. Here, all *Criminal* Cauſes are tryed; which are either immediately, or by Appeal brought before them. As in the Chambers of *Inqueſts*, Controverſies of the *Civil Law* are decided.

It is a pleaſant Sight, to ſee the Men of the *Law* all in their *Habits*, which are very Glorious and Rich. Indeed, all the Citizens of *Paris*, are extremely Gallant in their Apparel. But, I cannot be reconciled to their laviſh Cuſtom, of changing the faſhion of their Cloathes almoſt with every *Moon*. This Vanity, has been forbid in all well ordered *Commonwealths*. And, thou knoweſt, our *Eaſtern* People would as ſoon be ſtript of their Skins, as change the Faſhion, which has been in uſe for immemorable Ages. Here they have no Diſtinction of Dreſs; the Noble and Vulgar, Rich and Poor go all alike. You cannot diſcern a *Slave* from a *Prince* by his Garb.

Paris is divided into Four Parts, the *City*, the *Univerſity*, the *Town*, and the *Suburbs*. It is about Three Leagues in Circuit; ſeated advantageouſly enough, but wanting Fortifications. *Henry* the IV. had added ſome Strength to it, had he not been apprehenſive of the Seditious Humour of the Inhabitants, who in time might make an ill Uſe of his Kindneſs, and ſhut thoſe Gates againſt him, which he ſhould build for their Defence againſt a Foreign Enemy.

The *Court* is generally at St *Germain en Laz*,

one of the King's Royal Manſions, ſeated on the Top of a Mountain, which commands a Proſpect of a large and beautiful Vally. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the Conduct of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who is never from the *Queen-Regent*. I have already tranſmitted to the *Sublime Port*, ſuch Intelligence as I could gain of this *Great Miniſter*'s Intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a Glimpſe of this *Palace*, that thereby thou mayſt conjecture at the Magnificence of the Kings of *France*.

It is divided into Two Parts, the *Old* and the *New*. The Former was built by *Charles* I. The Latter by *Henry* IV. That may boaſt of its Antiquity, but this is ſo Majeſtick and Coſtly a Structure, as ſufficiently demonſtrates, that *Modern* Architects come not far ſhort of the *Ancient Romans*. The Rooms are all lofty and large, the Roofs and Cielings admirably contriv'd and adorn'd; the whole conſiſts of ſo many Courts, that it rather looks like a Town than the Seat of one Family.

But pardon me, Illuſtrious *Kaimachan*, if I tell thee, that none of the Kings of the *Eaſt*, can match this *Monarch* in the Gardens belonging to this *Palace*. I ſaw there, ſuch a Charming Variety of Delightful Objects, as made *Art* ſeem to ſurpaſs *Nature*, and even to out-do it ſelf. In a Word, the *Chriſtian Princes*, are very ingenious in the Contrivance of their Pleaſures, and make all the Elements contribute to their Recreations. Thou haſt often ſeen the Artificial Fireworks which are exhibited

exhibited at *Constantinople* at our *Festivals*, and on all Occasions of Publick Joy. But, thou hast never beheld such *Water-works*, as are exposed in the Gardens of this Palace every Day. There, by the mere Force of this Liquid Element, Instruments of *Musick* are set at Work, which afford a Harmony little Inferiour to the best Consorts in the World; and, which extremely adds to the Pleasure, one may at the same Time behold seeming *Musicians* playing on them, and keeping as exact Time with their Fingers on the Keys of Organs, Strings of Viols and Lutes, as if they were living Persons. There you may see, all Manner of Mechanick Trades exercised by Statues, who do every thing with a proper Action, and are very eager at their Employments, so long as the Water gives them Motion; when that ceases, they all return to their primitive Inactivity. From hence you pass to a seeming Sea, with *Tritons* moving on *Dolphins*, and sounding their Shell-Trumpets before *Neptune*, who is drawn in a Chariot by Four *Tortoises*. The Story of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, is also acted to the Life by mere *Statues*. But, the most Ingenious Piece of Workmanship, is, *Orpheus* playing on a Viol, while the Trees move, and Wild Beasts dance round about him. This is so costly an Invention, that, as one of the *Overseers* of the *Water-works* told me, a String of *Orpheus*'s Viol being broken, cost the late King *Lewis* Thirteen Hundred Crowns to repair it again.

We *Mahometans*, are apt to value our selves too

too high, on the Score of our *Princes* Grandeur. We boaſt, we flouriſh, and are guilty of a Thouſand Inſults, deſpiſing and putting the Reſt of Mankind under our Sandals; as, if none of the *Race* of *Adam* underſtood the World but we, or had the Wit and Power to carve out to themſelves the ſame Felicities we enjoy. The *Monarchs* of the *Eaſt*, ſtyle themſelves, *the onely Happy ones*, *Poſſeſſors of infinite Treaſures*; *Kings of the World*, *Shadows of God*, and what not! The *Great Mogol*, with his *Omrah's* and *Raja's*, pride themſelves in their *Elephants*. So do the *Kings* and *Mandarins* of *China* and *Tunquin*. The *Sophi* of *Perſia*, ſwells at the Sight of his immenſe Treaſures of Gold and precious Stones; glorying, that the very Shooes of his Horſes, are of the moſt exalted Metal; alſo the Mangers wherein they feed, and the Nails whereby they are faſten'd to the Ground. The *Cham* of *Tartary*, rejoyces in the Multitude and Strength of his Horſes, his Winged Chariots and Waggons; and, that when his Armies riſe and ſit down, the Earth trembles with their Weight and Motion. 'Tis true indeed, the *Grand Signior*, who is the *Wiſeſt* of the *Wiſe*, and the *Greateſt* of theſe *Great Ones*, is not guilty of this Vanity. He is deſtin'd by the *Lord* of the *Univerſe*, to chaſtiſe the Follies both of the *Eaſt* and the *Weſt*. Yet, his *Slaves*, cannot forbear *Rhodomontado's*. I have heard ſome of our huffing *Janizaries*, tell the *Greeks* of *Conſtantinople* and *Pera*, that the *Royal Seraglio* is the moſt Magnificent Fabrick in the World, and that

the

the Garden belonging to it, is a perfect *Transcript* of *Paradise*. Thou wilt not approve such Brags as these, when thou considerest, how expert the *Infidels* are in Building; and, that they spare no Cost to erect such Edifices, whose very Ruines may proclaim to future Ages, the Magnificence of their Founders. And, as to their Gardens, they are so regular and beautiful, adorn'd with so many Delicacies of *Nature* and *Art*, that one would think, they were made by some Traditional *Disciples* of *Adam*; and, that they had their Rules, from the *Primitive Planter* of the *World*.

The *French* King, has other Houses and Gardens of Pleasure round about *Paris*, where the *Court* interchangeably divert themselves during the *Summer*.

I humbly kiss the Hem of thy Vest, craving thy Protection against the Malice of my Enemies.

Paris, 16th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

SINCE the Losses which the *German Emperour* has received from the Arms of *Ragotski*, I am informed by *Nathan Ben Saddi*, that the *Emperour* designs to send a splendid Embassy with extraordinary Presents to the *Sultan*, in Hopes to prevail on him, not to protect that Prince.

'Tis true, *Ragotski* is of a violent and changeable Spirit, and therefore no great Confidence is to be reposed in him. Yet, I take it to be the Interest of the *Sultan*, rather to win him by Offices of Kindness and Friendship, than to make him his Enemy by deserting him in this Juncture.

He is at the Head of a Potent and Formidable Army; has taken *Solnock*, *Breden*, *Marnatz*, together with the strong Castle of *Sendar* near *Cassovia*; and many other Places of less importance, whereby a Way is laid open for his Army to over-run all *Hungary*, if assisted with the *Ottoman* Forces. Thus will he do the Office, which they say, the *Jackall* performs to the *Lion*, that is, to hunt out the Prey, and secure it for his *Master* and *Sovereign*.

Besides, the Fortune of this Prince, seems to invite our farther Assistance; for, he has had

had great ſucceſs all along this War; whereas the *Ottoman* Forces no ſooner appear'd on the Frontiers of *Moravia*, but Six Thouſand of them were encountred by the *Germans*, and routed.

Should the *Sultan* deſert him now, he may be compelled to reſign himſelf, with all *Tranſilvania*, to the Protection of the *German Emperor*. It is not ſafe to run the Riſque of ſuch an Event; *Tranſilvania* cannot ſupport it ſelf. Either the *Sultan* muſt continue his Protection, or the *Germans* will ſoon find the Way, to plant their Garriſons in the Four *Capital* Cities, and reduce the whole Country under their Obedience.

Paris, 27th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XV.

To Aſis Baſſa, *at the* Port.

THE *Pagans*, in painting *Fortune* Blind, diſcovered but the Dimneſs of their own Sight. And 'twas a double Errour, to offer *Sacrifice* to Her, that could not diſcern her *Votaries*. Yet, in my Sentence, the *Chriſtians* are more to blame, who term her Inconſtant, Partial, Bawd, Whore, and what not?

Theſe

These are Prophanations of *Providence*, and impious Scandals cast on *Eternal Destiny*. *Fortune* and *Chance*, are but Nick-names of *Fate*, since there is Nothing absolutely Casual in the World. They see the Vertuous persecuted, while the Vicious insult and flourish; and, they tax *Heaven* with unequal Dispensation of Rewards and Punishments; as if, with *Epicurus*, they thought the Adorable *Numen*, took no Care of Things on this Side the *Empyræum*, and rested in an Eternal Ignorance of Humane Affairs.

Doubtless, the *Infidels* are in an incurable Errour. They pore on the Outside of Common Events, and look no farther; they behold not the *hidden Chain* of *Causes*, nor the *Invisible Hand*, which disposes all Contingences with admirable Order and *Decorum*. Hence it is, that what comes not to pass but by the certain *Decree* of *Fate*, appears to these Buzzards, only as an Accidental Occurrence, and the mere Effect of *Chance*.

But thou, who art instructed in the Doctrines of Truth, wilt have other Thoughts of that, which befell a Poor Man not long since in these Parts. This Person was Charitable to Excess; for, he gave away all that he had to relieve the Necessities of others, chusing rather to throw himself naked upon *Providence*, than to deny an Alms to any One that ask'd him, so long as he had any Thing to bestow. Being at length, by his constant Liberalities, reduc'd to a very indigent Condition, he was forc'd to betake himself

himſelf to Digging for his Livelihood. Yet, notwithſtanding he gain'd his own Bread with hard Labour, he ceaſed not to ſhew his wonted Kindneſſes to the Poor, giving them whatſoever he could poſſibly ſpare from his own Neceſſities. One Day, as he was digging in a Field belonging to the *Duke* of *Montmorency*, he found ſeveral Earthen Pots full of Gold, ſuppoſed to be buried there in the Time of the *Civil Wars*. The good Man carries this huge Treaſure by Degrees home to his Houſe, with all imaginable Privacy. And, having diſtributed the greateſt Part of it in Works of Charity, he was going with his laſt Reſerve to the Houſe of a decayed Gentleman, to whom he gave a ſufficient Sum to repair his ſhatter'd Fortunes, being all that he had left: When, as he returned homeward, he found a Jewel in the High-way, which being ſold, yielded him Ten Thouſand Crowns. A Noble Bank for new Liberalities, and a convincing Argument, that there was ſomething more than *Chance*, which thus ſtrangely recruited his Purſe, that it might never ceaſe to be opened in Largeſſes to the Poor.

Who will not ſay, That *Fate* had a Hand in the Death of that Souldier, in the *Duke* of *Anguien*'s Army, who maliciouſly and wrongfully accuſed his Comrade, of raiſing a Mutiny? For, the incens'd *General*, took a *Fuſee*, and diſcharg'd it at the innocent Perſon, thinking to have killed him on the Spot; but, it prov'd otherwiſe, the Bullet paſſing through ſome

Part

Part of his Body, and through half a dozen Tents, ſmote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into ſo violent a Fever, that he died in Two days; while the other (whom before his Death he confeſſed to be Innocent) lives yet a Witneſs of this Remarkable Stroke of *Divine Nemeſis*.

The *faithful Watchman* of the *Sublime Port*, *Mahmut*, ſalutes thee with humbleſt Obeiſance, and wiſhes thee in all Things, a favourable and benign *Deſtiny*.

Paris, 12th of the 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XVI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

SINCE I came to this City, I have learned the Art of making Watches; which I exerciſe not for Lucre, but to comply with a *Precept* of the *Alcoran*; wherein alſo I find no ſmall Diverſion, it being a Relief to Melancholy to be in Action.

Should the *Eccleſiaſticks* of the *Latin Church*, be made ſenſible that I practiſe a *Mechanick* Trade, they would think me a Scandal to their Profeſſion, ſince I wear the Habit of a *Clerk*,

Clerk. They eſteem it next door to *Sacrilege*, for a *Gown-man* to condeſcend to the Labours of the *Laity*. They would pull my *Caſſock* over my Shoulders, ſhould they catch me in this Honeſt Crime; forgetting, that the *Primitive Profeſſors* of their *Religious Orders*, got their Bread by making of *Baskets*.

The Box I ſend thee, contains ſome of my Merchandize; being deſigned as Preſents for ſome of the *Miniſters* of the *Port*, and my other Friends at *Conſtantinople*. I deſire thee to take Care in ſending it ſafe, that the Watches may receive no Damage by Water.

It is reported here, That the *Emperour* is Sick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the Truth. I hear alſo, That *Prodigies* have been lately ſeen at *Vienna*, which the *French* interpret, as Fore-runners of his Death, and Signs of approaching Deſolations in *Germany*. I am not credulous of all Things, which the Vulgar ſay on ſuch Occaſions. Yet I cannot deny, but that the *Angels* who preſide over *Kingdoms* and *Empires*, may be the Monitors of Mankind, and by raiſing unuſual Spectacles in the Elements, may warn Mortals of future Alterations. This was the Opinion alſo of thy Country-man *Joſephus*, who ſays, That immediately before the *Deſtruction* of *Jeruſalem*, there was a *Voice* heard in the *Temple* of *Solomon*, ſuppoſed to be uttered by *Angels*, ſaying, *Ariſe, let us go hence*; as if the *Guardian Spirits* of that City, were then forſaking their *Charge*.

In

In this Place not long ago, were ſeen Three Suns together, or at leaſt the Appearance of ſo many. This the *Superſtitious* conſtrued, as an *Omen* of ill Luck. While the *Court-Flatterers* ſaid, they repreſented the *Duke* of *Orleans*, the *Prince* of *Condé*, and *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now have united their Intereſts, after a long Time of Animoſities and Miſunderſtandings. I look upon this *Apparition*, to be only a *Natural* Production, reſulting from the Reflexion of the Sun-beams on a bright Cloud. It is eaſie to ſolve ſuch *Phænomena*, without a *Miracle*. Yet ſome, I confeſs, have the Stamp of a *Supernatural* Power in their very Front. I my ſelf once ſaw Two mighty Armies marſhall'd in the Air, who acted all the Bloody Tragedies of War, and made *Arabia* deaf with the Noiſe of their Artillery; yet, not a Cloud at that time to be ſeen. But I remark'd no extraordinary Event to follow it. 'Tis hard to trace the *Omnipotent* in ſuch Myſterious Works, or learn the Drift of *Providence*.

I deſire thee to uſe thy utmoſt Diligence, to penetrate into the Deſigns of the *Court*, where thou reſideſt. 'Tis an Honourable Poſt, to ſerve the *Greateſt Monarch* in the World. Be Faithful and Vigilant, ſo may *God* and the *Grand Signior* heap greater Favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21ſt *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

To Solyman Aga, Chief Eunuch *of the Women.*

I Perceive by thy Letters, that our *Heroick Sultan* is very Induſtrious to take off the Scandal of Impotence, which the Ladies at his firſt Acceſſion to the *Throne* faſtned on him, having now ſeen a Fourth Son, born to him in the *Seraglio.* The Multitude of *Subjects*, is the Glory of a *Monarch*, and a ſtrong Defence in Time of War; and, the Multitude of the Prince's Children, is the Security of his People, both in War and Peace.

The *Sultan*'s Adventure, as he was going to *Scutari*, puts me in Mind of an Accident, which befel one of the Ancient Kings of *Ægypt*; who, as he was walking in the *Royal* Garden at *Memphis*, ſpyed an Eagle flying toward the Place where he was; at which Sight he ſtood ſtill, gazing on the King of Birds; till at length the Eagle arriving to that part of the Air which was over his Head, lets fall a Woman's Shooe at his Feet. The King ſurprized at this Accident, takes up the Shooe; and, ſurveying its exquiſite Symmetry and Form, thence took his Meaſures of the Lady that had worn it, and ſuddenly grew enamour'd of the unknown Fair; proclaiming through all *Ægypt*, great Rewards

Rewards to any that could discover the Owner of that Shooe. At length, a certain Beautiful Courtezan of *Nancretis*, named *Rhodope*, was proved to be the Mistress of it; who being brought to the King's Presence, he took her to his Bed, making her the Partner of his *Empire*.

This Lady had a much better Fate, than the tall *Armenian* Woman, with whom *Sultan Ibrahim* fell in Love on the like Occasion: For, *Rhodope*, after she had enjoyed her Honour many Years, at last died peaceably in her Bed, and was Entombed in one of the *Pyramids* of *Ægypt*: Whereas, thou tellest me, that this *Armenian*, soon after her Exaltation to the *Sultan*'s Embraces, was strangled by the *Queen-Mother*'s Command. I tell thee, it was a Bold and Cruel Act; and, were the *Sultan* sensible how she was Murdered, he would not spare to vent his Indignation against her that bare him.

Paris, 2[d] of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

ONE would think it an eaſie Matter, for a Stranger to conceal himſelf, in ſo vaſt and Populous a City as is *Paris*. Eſpecially, one who makes ſo mean and contemptible a Figure, as does the ſuppos'd *Titus* of *Moldavia*. I little thought, that the *Lowneſs* of my *Stature*, and the *Deformity* of my *Body*, would have attracted any curious Eyes; but, that my very *Habit*, would have protected me from all Suſpicion, and, that I might have paſs'd an Age undiſcovered, among the Infinite Crowds of People, who throng both the Houſes and Streets of *Paris*. Yet, there are ſome Critical Moments of our Lives wherein *Fate* delights to ſport with us, to throw Stumbling-Blocks in our Way, to entangle us in Difficulties and Perils. This is a neceſſary Diſcipline of *Heaven*, to rowze Men from the Lees of Security, and Confidence in their own Strength and Abilities, and to inſtruct us, *That* Providence *alone can extricate us out of the Labyrinths we often fall into.*

I was walking Yeſterday before the *Great Temple* of this City, which is dedicated to *Mary* the *Mother* of *Jeſus*; when, on a ſudden, I was accoſted (by one whom I little imagin'd to have ſeen in *Paris*) with theſe Words;

Mahmut!

Mahmut! How came you by this Habit? *What make you in this* Place? *Are you a* Chriſtian, *or do you thus diguiſe your ſelf for other Ends?* Thou mayſt eaſily imagine, what a Terror ſeized me, when I knew that he who ſpoke to me, was my *old Maſter* at *Palermo*. It brought to my Remembrance, all the cruel Blows and Stripes I had received, during that irkſome Captivity; and I could almoſt have phanſy'd my ſelf ready for the *Baſtinado*. However, diſſetnbling my Confuſion, I anſwer'd briskly, *Sir, you are miſtaken in the Perſon; my Name is not* Mahmut, *but* Titus. *I am a* Chriſtian *and a* Catholick; *if you are ſuch your ſelf, you have no Reaſon to upbraid my* Habit, *ſince I wear it as a Badge of my* Profeſſion, *being a* Student, *and* Candidate *of the* Prieſt-hood.

This Anſwer, inſtead of ſatisfying him, did but augment his Jealouſie; and, being of a Paſſionate Temper, he broke out into fierce Language, calling me, *Turk*, *Infidel*, *Slave*, *Dog*, and all the ill Names his Fury could ſuggeſt. He ſpoke ſo loud, that it was taken Notice of by the People as they walk'd by, who began to gather about us, to learn the Occaſion of ſo much Noiſe. I then condemn'd my ſelf, for not rather owning my ſelf to him, and inviting him to ſome more retired Place, where I might give him an Account of my Circumſtances. I look'd upon my ſelf as a dead Man, and would gladly have ſuſtained ſeven Years of Servitude again in *Sicily*, to have been rid of the Fear I was now under, of a more terrible Puniſhmene.

While

While I was in this Confuſion of Spirit, thinking of Nothing but Racks and Tortures, the Noiſe of the Rabble, who flock'd about us, had alarm'd the People that were at their *Devotions* in the *Church*, who came running out, to enquire the Cauſe of ſuch a Tumult: Among the Reſt, a *Friar*, eminent for his Learning and Vertue, and who had a particular Eſteem and Friendſhip for me, perceiving the Matter, came up cloſe to me, and taking me by the Hand, ſpoke aloud theſe Words: *Sirs, forbear to Injure a Stranger in the* Court *of the* Mother *of* God. *I know this Man very well, and will be Reſponſible for him; he is a* Catholick-Clerk, *and* Servant *of the* Living God. The Rabble gave a great Shout at the End of this Harangue; and, had not my *Sicilian* Maſter made a narrow eſcape, they would have endangered to tear him in Pieces. I know not what became of him afterwards, but I attended the *Friar* into the *Temple*, where we ſtaid during the *Celebration* of their *Maſs*; and, then he conducted me through the inner Parts of the *Temple*, by private ways into the Lodgings of the *Prieſts*; whence we iſſu'd out by a *Poſtern*, and, taking Boat, we croſs'd the River *Seine* into the Fields. The *Friar* congratulated my Eſcape from the Hands of the Multitude; and, I return'd him a Thouſand Thanks, for lifting me out of the Mire.

Thou ſeeſt, Dear Friend, that the *Arabian Proverb* ſpeaks not in vain, when it ſays: *That the Habitation of Danger, is on the Bor-*

ders of Security: And, *That a Man never runs greater Hazards, than when he leaſt fears them.*

He that turns the Scales of Life and Death, Good and Evil, grant, that ſome happy Emergency may always ariſe, to divert the Perils which thou ſhalt incurr in this Uncertain Life.

Paris, 7th of the 9th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

THIS *Court* is now in *Mourning*, for the Death of the Chief *Mufti*, or *Pope*. And indeed, there ſeems to be more than mere Ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the *French* Intereſt. He had almoſt paſs'd the Twenty ſecond Year of his *Pontificate*; which few of the *Popes* have done ſince *St. Peter*, a *Diſciple* of their *Meſſias*, from whom they pretend to derive their *Succeſſion*. Their *Hiſtories* ſay, that this *Peter*, was the *Mufti* of *Rome* Five and Twenty Years, and that ſince him not one, whether he was elected Young or Old, has enjoy'd the *Sovereignty* ſo long. Thoſe that have approached neareſt to it, were *Adrian* I. *Sylveſter* I. and this *Urban* VIII. who is now dead. It is reported, that at

at their *Coronation*, the *Maſter* of the *Ceremonies*, kneeling down, burns Flax before him that is elected, and with a loud Voice, repeats theſe Words Thrice: *O Holy Father! think not you are to live here as long as did* St. Peter; *but, let this Flame put you in Mind, of the Vanity of the World, and how ſwiftly the Glory of it paſſes away.*

Cardinal Pamphilio ſucceeds him in the *Roman Chair*, and has given himſelf the Name of *Innocent* X. it being the Cuſtom always at their Promotion, to aſſume the Name of ſome *Holy Man* (a ſtrange Piece of Hypocriſie, as if that was ſufficient to atone for their own wicked Lives.) But, none of them has preſumed to take the Name of *Peter*, out of Reſpect to the *Firſt Vicar* of *Jeſus*. This *Pamphilio* is above Threeſcore and Twelve Years of Age, by whoſe Exaltation the Family of the *Barbarini's*, to whom he was a profeſs'd Enemy, begin to fall into Diſgrace. *Cardinal Antonio*, one of that Family, is taxed with embezelling the Treaſures of the *Church*, committed to his Truſt.

He flies to *France* for Succour; and though he had no great Reaſon to expect *Cardinal Mazarini's* Friendſhip, having formerly oppoſed his Intereſt at the *Roman Court*, in the Time of the late *Pope Urban*; yet this *Cardinal*, by an Exceſs of Generoſity, has eſpouſed his Cauſe, and engaged his Maſter, the King of *France*, in his Quarrel.

What will be the Iſſue of this Contention, Time will evince. But, Men begin to talk

already, That the King of *France*, will carry a War into *Italy*, which will ſhake the Walls of *Rome* it *ſelf*.

Thus, there is no Stability in Humane Affairs; but, *Time* and *Providence*, perpetually ſtart new Events.

God grant, that thou mayſt live to ſee the *Ottoman Creſcent*, on the Top of *St. Peter's Church* in *Rome*.

Paris, 6th of the 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XX.

To the Vizir Azem *at the* Port.

THE great Preparations which *Sultan Ibrahim* is making by Land and Sea, affords a Subject of Diſcourſe to all *Chriſtendom*; but adminiſters a ſpecial Occaſion of Jealouſie, to the *Republick* of *Venice*.

They look on his declared Intentions to Invade *Malta*, only as a Cover or Cloak to his real Deſigns upon themſelves; being confirmed in their ſuſpicion, by the Complaints which the *Sultan* made to *Soranzo*, their *Reſident* at the *Port*, when he delivered himſelf with an Air, that expreſſed far deeper Reſentments than his Words.

Nor can the Artificial Strains of Courteſie which are uſed toward the *Reſident*, blind or cancel

cancel the apparent Affront and Contempt which he received from the *Caimacham*; who refuſed to give him Audience after ſome hours Attendance, though at the ſame time *Prince Ragotski*'s Envoy, was admitted at the firſt Word.

Theſe Conſiderations, with others of like Nature, have ſufficiently alarm'd the *Venetians*; ſo that they are making all the ſeaſonable Preparations that are requiſite, to oppoſe the Torrent of the *Ottoman* Fury and Rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This, they perform with all imaginable Diligence and Secreſie, being neither willing to give a juſt Ground of Jealouſie to the *Sultan*, nor yet to be ſurprized unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary Conſultations in the *Senate* about theſe Affairs, ſome diſapproving theſe Warlike Preparations, others promoting them: One Party judging, that a Peace ought rather to be purchaſed with a Tender of Gold: A contrary Side pleading, that ſuch a Purchaſe would be both diſhonourable and diſadvantageous; ſince upon every new Diſguſt, the *Ottomans* would commence, or, at leaſt, threaten a War, on purpoſe, to erect a continual Mart for Peace, the Sale thereof being like to prove ſo profitable to them. Among the reſt of the *Senators*, *Signior Grimaldi* made an *Oration*, of which I have obtained an Authentick Copy; And, it ſpeaks thus:

THIS *Glorious* Republick, *which has flouriſh'd for ſo many Ages, ought not, in my Opinion, to become the Merchandiſe of up-ſtart Shepherds.* 'Tis *needleſs, to recount our Original, or wipe off the Ancient Duſt of our Primitive Records, that we may be able to tell the World, we are the* Reliques *of* Troy. 'Tis *bootleſs, to put you in Mind, how this moſt ſerene and flouriſhing* State, *laid her firſt Foundations in the Sea, and built her Neſt in the Floods: That the* Nereids *fled to her Shadow; and, the Reſt of the* Sea-Gods, *even* Neptune *himſelf, courted her Alliance and Protection. Suffice it to ſay, that this* Victorious State *thus founded and built, has ſpread her Conqueſts through* Iſtria, Dalmatia, *and* Epirus; *has annexed unto her Government,* Corfu, Cephalenia, Zant, *and* Crete, *with many other* Iſlands *of the* Adriatick, *and* Mediterranean *Seas; and, that this* Virgin Commonwealth, *has preſerved her ſelf undefloured theſe Twelve Hundred Years. In all which Time, ſhe never ſubmitted to the luſtful Tyranny of any Foreign Conquerour: And, muſt ſhe now become a Common Proſtitute to* Infidels? *be bought and ſold at any Rate? and pay the Price of her own Slavery? Has this moſt* Auguſt Senate, *by a long* Series *of ſucceſsful Wars, been exalted to the Height*

Height of Sovereign Power, and is she now to be brav'd into a base and mercenary Peace, the gilded Mask of abject Slavery? We that have stemmed the Torrent of Ottoman *Invasions, and resisted the Puissance of all* Asia, *must we now pull down our own Banks, and tamely let the proud Insulting Enemy in, paveing his Way with Gold? Rouze up, my* Lords, *the Ancient* Genius *of this Mighty* State, *awaken the old* Venetian *Valour; and, unless you resolve always to bear the* Ottoman *Yoke, now shake it off, and make a War your Choice, rather than your last Remedy.*

The Eyes of all the Western *Nations, are fixed on this* August Assembly. *The* Fate *of* Christendom, *is now in the Scales; it is in your Power alone to turn the doubtful Balance; it is from your unshaken Valour, the* Christian *World expects a Benefit, which shall be recorded on the Pillars of Eternity. Suffer not your selves, Most Excellent* Lords, *to be cajoled by the specious Pretences of the* Ottoman *Fox, but confide in your own Illustrious Arms, and the Justice of your Cause, which will not fail to attract the Favours of* Divine Providence. *Let not those Laurels, which have been all along sprinkled with the Noble Bloud of your Renowned Ancestors, be tamely taken from your Heads, and trampled under the Feet of* Infidels. *Whom do you fear? A man supine-*

by lull'd in wanton Pleaſures; drown'd in the ſoft Delights of his Seraglio; *a fitter Champion for the Fields of* Venus, *than for the bloudy Toils of* Mars, *the harſh Fatigues of War? But what do you dread? The Bug-bear-Title of* Grand Signior? *It is in our Power, to check his boaſted Grandeur, and make him ſenſible, The* State *of* Venice, *has a* Sword *can match the* Turkiſh Scymitar.

Do but reſolve, the Work's half done. I feel already in my Mind, bliſsful Preſages of a laſting Peace, the effect of a Juſt *and* Seaſonable War, *which is much to be preferred to the* precarious Truce *(for it deſerves no better Title) which they deſign to cheat us with, in Contemplation of our Gold; a* Truce, *which they will break at Pleaſure, to Start new Grounds of Compoſition. Thus, could we drain the* Indies *dry, we muſt refund our Treaſure into the* Ottoman *Coffers, and all too little to ſatiate their Greedy Avarice, and Tyrannous Demands. Thus would the moſt* Serene Republick *of* Venice, *be poſt-pon'd to the* Divan *of* Algiers; *who have already ſhaken off the* Turkiſh *Yoke, retaining indeed the ſervile Name of* Subjects, *but refuſing the Tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not ſuffer that* Barbarous Little State, *thus Nobly to aſſert their* Liberty, *whilſt we reſign our Necks to the* Yoke. *Our Fleets are numerous,*

numerous, our Soldiers disciplin'd, our Seamen bold and expert, our Treasury full of the Nerves of War. Let us be in a Readiness, and, if Sultan Ibrahim *dares be the first Aggressor; then, beat Drum, sound Trumpet, and every Man to his Post.*

This huffing Harangue of *Signior Grimaldi*, though it met with some Abettors in the *Senate*, yet the Counsel of the Graver and Wiser Heads prevailed; which was, to send Orders to the *Venetian Resident* at *Constantinople*, to sound the Inclinations of the *Sultan*, and, if possible, to make a Pecuniary Accommodation.

This Intelligence I receive from a *Jew*, living at *Venice*; one whom I confide in, and who gives me a constant and faithful Account of all the Important Occurrences of that *State*. He is familiar with *Girolamo Pusserla*, and *Bernardino Lupulo*, Two of the *Senators* who voted for *Peace*; by which Means, he can easily feel the Pulse of the *Venetian State*, nothing of Moment being concealed from him by these *Clarissimo's*.

The late Action of *Giacomo da Riva*, *Sopraveditor* of *Tino*, against the Ships of *Tripoli* and *Tunis*, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own Defence. I doubt not, but it will be otherwise represented at the *Port*; but, I wish some Mens groundless Discontents, and the private Interest of others, be not improved to the Notion of Publick Injuries, by the

Artifice of ſuch as wiſh not well to the *Ottoman Empire*.

I diſcharge my Duty, in ſending thee the beſt Intelligence I can in this Juncture.

God, the *Supreme Monarch* of the *Univerſe*, diſpoſe theſe Overtures, and all other Humane Events, to the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*, and the Propagation of the *true Faith*.

Paris, 13th *of the* 10th Moon, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XX.

To Mirza Muhammed Effendi, Vicar *to the* Mufti.

THE *Jews* have a *Proverb*, *That he who breeds not up his Son to ſome Trade, makes him a Thief.* And the *Arabians* ſay, *That an idle Perſon is the Devil's Play-fellow.* Therefore, our *Holy*, and *Wiſe Lawgiver*, has commanded all *True Believers*, to exerciſe themſelves every Day in ſome *Manual* Occupation. Neither is the *Sultan* on his *Throne*, any more exempted from Obedience to this *Univerſal Precept*, than he who cleans the Streets. The Soul of Man, is active as Fire; or, to take our Compariſon as the *Hebrews* do from another Element, It can no more ceaſe

ceaſe from being buſie, than Water can withhold it ſelf from running out of every Hole of a Sieve. Men will be always exerting their Faculties one way or other, and there is no *Medium* between Good and Evil. Whoſoever is not employ'd in One, muſt neceſſarily fall into the Other. Theſe are the Points to which all the Lines of Humane Actions tend, the Centers where all our Affairs meet. But, though there be no ſuch Thing as a Mediocrity between theſe Two Extremes, and every Man is within the Circumference either of Vertue or Vice: Yet, there are certain Steps and Degrees in each; Specifick Differences alſo, which take their Riſe and Proportions from Nature, Morality and Religion. Thus, *Humane Prudence* teaches us, of Two Evils to chuſe the leaſt; while the *Divine Oracle* inſtructs us, Not to ſtand upon Niceties and *Punctilio's* with Vertue, but to puſh forward till we arrive at an Heroick Generoſity.

As for me, who ſerve the *Grand Signior* in this Station, I am forced to compound with the *Law*, and capitulate with the *Severer Precepts* of the *Alcoran*. I tell many a *Lye*, that I may do the more effectual Service to *Truth*. I am compell'd to deny my *Religion*, that I may prepare a Way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote Fetches of Policy, I accompliſh the Direct Intentions of Juſtice, while I commit little Vices among the *Infidels*, to introduce great Vertues. Thus, making good the Counſel of the *Perſian Philoſopher*, *That it is neceſſary*

neceſſary for him who would reach his Journeys End, ſometimes to go round about. And, thou knoweſt what Encouragement has been given me; being aſſur'd by the *Sovereign Prelate* of our *Holy Law*, That while I keep in the Orb of my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, I am out of the *Devil's Circle.*

If thou wouldſt know how I buſie my ſelf at my Hours of Leiſure: I make Watches; not knowing how better to ſpend my vacant Time, than in framing an Inſtrument, whereby I may perceive how Time paſſes away. This little Engine, points out each Minute, and meaſures exactly the Succeſſion of Hours; it keeps Pace with Years, yet out-runs not Months. 'Tis the *Journal* of the Sun, a *faithful Record* of his daily Travel through the *Heavens.* In a Word, 'tis the *Secretary* of *Time*; and a *compendious Hiſtory* of the *Firſt-born Iſſue* of *Eternity.*

Eliachim the *Few*, takes ſome off my Hands; and, the Reſt I preſent to the *Grandees*, or any Body whom I would oblige. I have ſent ſome by the Way of *Vienna* to the moſt *Venerable Mufti*, and to thy ſelf, as alſo to others of my Friends at the *Sublime Port.* They are all ſeal'd up, with Directions to thoſe for whom they are Deſigned. I wiſh, that this mean Teſtimony of my Duty and Affection, may be accepted. And, that my Superiors would from hence conclude, that I am no bad Husband of my Time.

The *Unchangeable Eſſence*, who moves all Things, yet is mov'd of None; who ſets all the

the *Springs* and *Wheels* of *Nature* a-going, yet remains himſelf in *Eternal Reſt*; beholding all Things paſt, preſent, and to come with one undivided Glance; grant, that I may be approved of *Heaven*, while I obey the *Muſti* and his *Vicar* on *Earth*.

If thou favoureſt the Cauſe of the *Merchant* who brings thee this Letter, thou ſhalt do well. He will inform thee of his Affairs. *God* encreaſe thy Felicity.

Paris, 22[d] *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1644.

LETTER XXII.

To Halil Omri Baſſa.

THOU that art exalted from a *Page*, to one of the Higheſt Dignities in the *Empire*, and poſſeſſeſt an Eminent Share of the *Sultan*'s Favour, wilt not be diſpleaſed if *Mahmut*; whom thou haſt formerly honour'd with thy Friendſhip, puts thee in Mind of ſome Qualifications that are requiſite in a Favourite. I know thy Abilities are great, yet he that walks on Pinnacles, will not refuſe the Aſſiſtance of any kind Hand that offers it, nor tax a Man with Preſumption, for endeavouring to preſerve him from a Fall.

It will not be ſufficient, that thou art very Zealous

Zealous to ſerve the *Sultan*, to aggrandize his Honour, and prop the Imperial Dignity: Nor, that thou art extremely accurate in managing the Affairs committed to thy Charge: That thou art aſſiduous and extraordinary careful; not addicted to Recreations and Pleaſure: That thou art rigorouſly Juſt, deaf to Flattery, and inexorable to Bribes; but in all Things ſollicitous for thy Sovereigns Intereſt and Greatneſs, without any other Byaſs, ſave that of untainted Loyalty. (All theſe, I muſt confeſs, are great Vertues in a Stateſman and a Favourite; yet, they may become Vices, by their Exceſs as well as their Defect; and he that ſteers not his Courſe in the *Golden Mean*, may ſoon precipitate himſelf into Ruine.) But it is alſo neceſſary for thee, to have an Eye to the Satisfaction of the Subject, as well as to the Prince's Prerogative. It will not be ſafe to immolate the Peoples Intereſts and Liberties, to the Humours and Caprices of their Sovereign. Neither will he thank or reward thee, for ſuch a dangerous Piece of Zeal. Nay, ſhould he himſelf command thee to do any Thing, which would intrench on their Rights and Privileges, thou oughteſt rather to ſhew thy Fidelity, in humbly remonſtrating to him the ill Conſequences of ſuch a Proceeding, than by a blind Obedience, to betray both him and thy ſelf to the Publick *Odium*. On thee, to be ſure, it will faſten, however thy Maſter may eſcape; and, thou muſt fall a Victim, to appeaſe the incens'd Multitude and ſave him harmleſs.

This

This was the Caſe of the *Duke d' Olivares*, the late Miniſter and Favourite of the King of *Spain*. He was endued, with all the foremention'd Vertues requiſite in a Stateſman; but, his immenſe Zeal to advance the Kings Prerogative, betrayed him to ſuch Meaſures of Oppreſſion and Tyranny, as were the Occaſion of his Ruine.

The *Spaniards* claim certain Franchiſes and Immunities, which when granted them, they pay a voluntary Homage to the *Caſtilian* Crown. *D' Olivares* ſought to bereave them of theſe their Native Cuſtoms and Liberties, which by degrees gave ſo general a Diſguſt to that apprehenſive Nation, that they broke out into an open Rebellion. Hence ſprung the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roſſilion*; and, the total Defection of *Portugal*. He thought by Rigour, to drive theſe People to Extremes, making them fall into Treaſon, and then taking advantage of their Crimes, to make his Maſter more abſolute. But, theſe indirect Courſes never proſper'd; and, we now ſee the *Duke* of *Braganza*, by this Means eſtabliſhed in the *Throne* of *Portugal*, that Kingdom quite rent from *Spain*, and the other *Provinces* in the Hands of the *French*.

The *Spaniſh* Grandees, ſenſible of the Male-adminiſtration of the Favourite *Duke*, grew diſguſted, with-drew from the *Court*, and from their Charges, leaving the King almoſt deſtitute of Attendants at home, or Officers abroad; yet, none durſt diſcover the Grounds of their Diſcontent, till the *Conſtable* of *Caſtile*

ſtile broke the Ice, on the following Occaſion. This *Conſtable*, is one of the *Prime Nobility* of *Spain*, deducing his *Pedigree* from a *Race* of *Kings*. Him had *Olivares* made his Mortal Enemy, by propoſing a Match between a Son of his, and the *Conſtable*'s Daughter. This Son, whether Natural or only Adopted, is not certainly known; but, he had lived an obſcure and debauch'd Life, not ſo much as taken Notice of unleſs for his diſſolute Manners, and enormous Crimes, which had once expos'd him to the Sentence of Death, had he not met with better Fortune than he deſerv'd. All the *Nobles* were highly diſguſted, when they ſaw this Prodigal own'd by *Olivares* for his Natural Son and Heir, inveſted with the higheſt Dignities of the Kingdom, and made Maſter of prodigious Riches; eſpecially, ſince he was no Ways worthy of ſuch Preferment, retaining ſtill his former Vices, and giving every where Proofs of an abject and baſe *Genius*. To ſee ſuch an one made *Preſident* of the *Indies*, and at the Height of Honour, in a fair Way to ſucceed the *Duke* in his *Miniſtry*, irritated the whole *Court*, and drove the *Conſtable* of *Caſtile* to Impatience. He utterly refuſes the Match, diſdaining that his Daughter ſhould be linked to ſuch an Upſtart. He remonſtrates to the King, the exorbitant Ambition of *Olivares*. In fine, being ſeconded by other *Lords* of the *Court*, and by Letters from the *German Emperour*, he ſo far prevailed on the King, that his Eyes began to be opened, and he now clearly ſaw, that all

all the Diſorders of the Government, ow'd their Origin to the ill Conduct of *Olivares*. Wherefore, taking the Advice of his faithful Counſellors, he baniſh'd him the *Court*, depriv'd him of all Authority, confin'd him firſt to a Place not far from *Madrid*, and afterwards to *Thoro*, a City in *Old Caſtile*.

Thus fell that great *Miniſter*, through his own Ambition to riſe. Seeking by unwarrantable Methods to ſecure his Maſter's Favour, he incurr'd the Height of his Diſpleaſure, and brought upon his own Head, an irrecoverable Diſgrace and Ruine.

I ſend thee this Example, as a Teſtimony of my Friendſhip and Fidelity; and, that thou mayſt inform the *Divan*, of the true Grounds of this Man's Misfortune. The King has now taken the Reins of Government into his own Hands, though, 'tis thought, too late.

I wiſh thee an Encreaſe of Vertues and Happineſs, and that thy Moderation may keep thee ſtedfaſt in the *Sultan*'s Favour.

Paris, 4th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

IT is, thou knoweſt, a conſiderable Time ſince I was Love-ſmitten with the Beautiful *Daria*, who was Fair as an Angel, and diſcreet above any Mortal Creature. It's hard to ſay, whether the Beauty of her Mind or that of her Body, ſtruck deepeſt Impreſſions on my Soul. How long were the Nights and how ſhort my Slumbers, and what a general Diſtraction of Thoughts were I in? I could not abide my Chamber, and when I went out, no other Place could pleaſe me. I knew not what I ſaid or thought, whether I dreamt or was really awake, ſtood or ſate, went backwards or forwards, all Poſtures and Places being alike, ſeeing none of them could afford me the Relief I ſought after.

I imagin'd no leſs, but that I muſt thus languiſh on; yet I find, That Time and Abſence have, at length, made Way for Reaſon. Marvel not, dear *Oglou*, I have ſuffered theſe Tranſports. Our Paſſions are not in our Power; we cannot love and hate when and whom we pleaſe. There is a Conformity of Blood, wherein the Stars, they ſay, work Wonders. It's true, no Man can love and be wiſe at the ſame Time; but, prithee tell me, didſt ever know any Wiſe Man, who was not one Time or other in Love? Remember [illegible] own Paſſion for the ſame Object, whi[illegible] make thee the eaſier

to

to excuſe mine. I'll tell thee a Story, which I have ſome-where read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my Weakneſs.

A certain Country-Man having loſt his *Aſs*, came to the *Muezin*, or *Cryer*, deſiring him to give Notice at the Door of one of their *Moſques*: which he did for Three ſeveral *Feſtivals*. But, no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urged the *Muezin* to continue his *Proclamations*, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The *Muezin* being an arch Wag, and tired with the Fellow's Importunity, one Day when the Ceremonies of their *Superſtitious* Worſhip was ended, and People flockt amain out of the *Moſque*, he made this following *Proclamation: If there be any Man here amongſt you, who will come forth, and ſolemnly profeſs, he never was in Love, he ſhall have a fat Pig.*

An ungainly loobily Fellow, who was leaning liſtning on his Staff, bawled out, *That he could ſafely take his Oath, he was the Perſon who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the *Muezin* taking him by the Sleeve, preſents him to the Country-Man, ſaying, *Here, Friend, I have found your* Aſs, *the* Pig *is mine.*

Rejoyce with me for the Recovery of my Liberty, and believe an experienced Man, when he tells thee, that a Man's Love to his Friend, though it be not ſo violent and ſtrong as that to his Miſtriſs, yet is more ſolid and laſting.

Paris, 12th *of the* 11th Moon, *of the Year* 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the* Port.

SInce thou, who art the Center and Source of all dignity, haſt drawn back one Ray of Honour into thy Self, whoſe Emanation before made ſome of thy Slaves Illuſtrious, with the Title and Power of *Captain Baſſa*: Since thou thy ſelf, I ſay, who art always *Generaliſſimo* by *Land*, vouchſafeſt alſo at this Juncture to become *Baſſa* of the Sea; I wiſh that both Elements may prove propitious to thee, and *Fate* crown thy Arms with the Height of Succeſs. May the *King* of the *Waters*, proclaim a *Neſiraum* where-ever thou ſaileſt, and may the *Winds* pay Homage to the Banner of the *Ottoman Empire*. In a Word, may yielding Waves and timely Gales, convey thee ſafe and proſperous to *Venice*; and, may *Fortune* always attend that Courage, which never forſook thee when thy Maſter's Honour lay at Stake.

The *Empire* of the *Oſmans*, is highly obliged to *Providence*, for ſuch a Valiant and Experienced Leader of their Armies. There is need of the Reſolution of *Alexander the Great*, to encounter with all the Formidable Difficulties and Hazards of this War. Thou art not marching againſt the ſoft and effeminate *Perſians*,

ſians, Men drown'd in the Luxurious Debaucheries of *Aſia*, and enervated by continual Voluptuouſneſs: But, thou muſt combat with the fierce *Raſcians*, hardy *Servians*, the valiant Inhabitants of *Dalmatia* and *Iſtria*, Men inur'd to Toils and Fatigues, and ſteel'd in Blood and Slaughter. I tell thee, there is no *State* in the World, that takes more Care to breed her Subjects up in all the Diſcipline of War, than this *Republick*. Thou haſt heard of the famous *Arſenal* of *Venice*, wilt thou believe what *Adonai* the *Few* has told me, concerning that Nurſery of War? He is newly come from thence, and ſays, That this *Arſenal* alone is half a League in Circuit; that there is but one Gate and Channel into it, by which their Veſſels paſs in and out; That in this Place, as in a Seminary, are bred up an infinite Number of Slaves, who are a little Common-wealth by themſelves. Some of theſe are employ'd all the Year round, in making Gallies, Galliaſſes, Pinnaces, Brigantines and other Shipping, with all Materials belonging to them, as Maſts, Oars, *&c.* Others make Bullets, Chains, Anchors, Cannon, and all kinds of Artillery. A Third ſort, are buſied in making Ropes, Sails, Shrouds, and ſuch like *Naval* Implements.

He ſays moreover, that in this Magazine are contain'd 40000 Piſtols; 200000 Daggers; 60000 Partizans; Javelins 100000; Croſs-bows 30000; Long-bows 50000; with 500000 Swords; Muſquets 200000; 1000 Cannon; as many Sacres; 500 Culverins. All theſe are preſerv'd

preserv'd as a Treasury of War, besides Infinite Quantities of all Manner of Weapons and Ammunition, which are daily carried from hence, to furnish their Ships by Sea, and their Armies and Forts by Land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, That this is a Wise and Martial Nation, and that the Conquest of *Venice* will cost much Sweat and Blood.

Wilt thou hear what this *Jew* says of their Publick Buildings, which are all made of the best Marble? He counts Sixty six Parish-Churches; Fifty two Monasteries; Twenty six Nunneries; Eighteen Chapels; Seventeen Hospitals; and Six Schools. He numbers Fifty six Courts of Justice. Ten Gates of Brass; Four hundred and fifty Stone-Bridges; Eighty Thousand Boats, which cannot be served with less than double that number of Water-men. The Inhabitants of this City are computed to be 800000. By all this, thou mayst comprehend the Greatness and Wealth of this *Republick*, and that it is no Inglorious Enterprize to carry on a War against it.

These *Infidels*, give Publick Toleration to *Harlots*; which is practised not only in this City, but all over *Italy*, and brings a vast Revenue into the Treasury. The *Whores-pence* of *Venice*, is said to amount Yearly to 100000 Zechins.

The Multitude of *Jews* also, does mightily enrich that City, who have no less than Nine *Synagogues* there. They are Masters of Infinite Wealth, and engross the greatest Part of the *Levantine* Traffick, whereby *Venice*

nice is become ſuperlatively Wealthy, and has required the Epithete of *Rich*. This is grown a Faſhion in *Italy*, That every City has its peculiar Title, as *Rome* the *Holy*, *Padua* the *Learned*, *Milan* the *Great*, *Naples* the *Proud*, and *Venice* the *Rich*.

One Thing extremely pleaſes me, and had it not a ſhew of *Idolatry*, I could not but applaud it, as an Argument of the Generoſity of this *State*. *Adonai* tells me, That there are no leſs than 165 Marble, and 23 Brazen Statues, erected by the Order, and at the Charges of this *Republick*, in Honour of the like Number of Valiant Soldiers, who have merited well of the Publick. This is an efficacious Encouragement to Others, a Spur to Vertue, the Cheriſher of Martial Ardor. And *Venice* herein ſeems to imitate the Gratitude of *Ancient Rome*, which never ſpared any Coſt, to honour her *Heroes*, and render their Memory *Immortal*.

God grant thee Victory over theſe *Infidels*, that at thy Return, laden with the *Venetian* Spoils, thou mayſt rejoice in the Royal Careſſes and Favour of our Glorious *Sultan*; and, that not only *Conſtantinople*, but all the *Ottoman Empire*, may celebrate Triumphs for the Succeſs of thy Arms.

Paris, 21ſt *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

To Ognet Oglou.

IT appears by thy melancholy Letter, thou haſt not forgot the Loſs thou formerly ſuſtainedſt by Fire, but ſtill continueſt to diſturb thy ſelf, with diſmal Apprehenſions of ſpending thy Days in ignominious Poverty. I am afraid, thou didſt ſet thy Heart too much on thy Wealth, which makes thee ſo uneaſy under thy Misfortune. Perhaps, thy Money was thy Maſter, and *God* in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the *Contemplation* of the *Univerſe*.

Never fear Want; the ſame *Providence* which took Care of thee before thou cameſt into the World, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a Little that we need, and it will not be long before it will be impoſſible for us to want any Thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and induſtrious. And a Man may ſatisfy *Nature*, without the leaſt Obligation to *Fortune*; who, when ſhe ſeems moſt angry with us, ſcarce ever denies us Neceſſaries. The Belly, indeed, is a troubleſome Creditor, yet is quieted with a Little. *Seneca* tells us, That *Epicurus* confined himſelf to a narrower Allowance, than that of the ſevereſt Priſons, to the moſt heinous Offender; and, found himſelf at Eaſe too

too in a ſtricter Diet, than any Man in the worſt Condition needs to fear. But, the Miſery of it is, we are governed in all Things by Opinion, and every Thing is to us as we think it to be.

The ſame great Man tells us, of one *Apicius*, who poiſon'd himſelf for fear of ſtarving, when he had Two Hundred and Fifty *Piaſters* in his Coffers. And, another more *Modern Philoſopher* relates, That a rich Man, an Acquaintance of his, falling mad, ſnatch'd up a Straw, and complained he muſt periſh with Hunger, for he ſaw there was no Grain in the empty Husks.

It's ſaid of the *Emperor Galba*, That he was wont to weep, when he ſaw his Table better covered than ordinary. And, I have read of a certain *Chriſtian Mufti*, who was ſo wretchedly covetous, that he would ſteal privately into the Great *Moſque* of *Rome*, and put out the Lamps there to ſave Charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an Anſwer, That this was never thy Humor, and theſe Citations make little Impreſſion on a Man, that has had his Houſe and Goods burnt, and narrowly eſcaped in his own Perſon.

Shall I tell thee then, what hap'ned lately in theſe Parts, which will, perhaps, make thee more contented and thankful for thy Life, ſeeing what was theſe poor Peoples Lot, might have been thine.

Certain conſiderable Merchants coming to this Town, and Lodging at an Inn, not far

from my Quarters, the Houſe being full of Gueſts, they were forced to be content with an upper Room; where, entertaining one another with pleaſant Diſcourſe, to paſs away the Time till Supper, on a ſudden the Kitchin was all in a Flame, unfortunately encreaſed with combuſtible Matter lying near the Chimney. Some ſay, there was great Quantity of Oil and Gun-Powder (an odd Store-Houſe to lay ſuch Commodities in.) However, the Fire appeared ſo ſuddainly and violently, that in a Moment all the Floor under them, was ſeized with it.

Theſe Gentlemen, who were Two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street, as ſoon as they heard the Cry of Fire, began to make towards their Trunks and Portmantles, which were lock'd up in a large Coffer, the Key of which hung at their *Hoſteſs*'s Girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had, in a Manner, conſum'd all beneath them. Whilſt they were buſied in trying to break open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became inſtantly ſo full of Smoak, as was like to Choak them. They could neither ſave themſelves by going up or down, the Houſe being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours ſeeing their own Houſes in Danger, were ſo concerned for themſelves, that they had no time to Pity Others. So that few People attempted to ſuccour theſe poor *Gentlemen*, who, on their ſide, endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood,

to

to force a Paſſage; but, the Walls and Windows were too Strong to give Way to their Efforts, being ſecur'd with thick Iron Barrs, faſtned in the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already ſeized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair off their Heads, and ſtamping on the Ground, they ſet forth ſuch dreadful Shrieks, as moved all that heard them to extream Compaſſion.

They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets, in vain crying for Help; the Fire being ſo encreas'd, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Inſtruments to break a Way into the Chamber, theſe poor Wretches miſerably periſhed in the Flames.

Thank *God* thou haſt ſtill thy Life and Senſes. Turn theſe laſt the right Way, and thou wilt find thou haſt loſt Nothing.

Paris, 21ſt of the 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of the* Ottoman Empire.

THE *Spaniards*, are the Proudeſt People in the World. They ſtrut like Cranes, as they go along the Streets, and Walk by Rules of *Geometry*. Here are many of them in this City, ſince the Revolt of *Catalonia* and *Roſſilion*. The *French* accuſe them of Uncomplaiſance and Ill Manners, in that they will not change their Habit or Gate, in a Country ſo averſe from Formality.

They are extremely addicted to *Rhodomontado's*; as thou wilt eaſily gueſs by this which follows: *Lewis* XIII. asking a *Spaniſh* Officer, who was a Priſoner of War, Why the Kings of *Spain* went not in Perſon to the Wars, as the Kings of *France*: He Anſwer'd, *If the King, my Maſter, ſhould lead his own Army into the Field, the whole Earth would tremble under him.*

Another being ask'd, Why the *Spaniſh* King in his Style, boaſted, *That the Sun was his Helmet*, replyed, *Becauſe that* Luminary *never ſets on all my Maſter's Territories.* But the *French-man* wittily retorted, *He will neither ſet, nor riſe on any of your Maſter's Dominions ere long, if the* Great Lewis *goes on with his Conqueſts.* In-

Indeed, to pass from *Jest* to *Earnest*, this Victorious King, continually pares away some Part or other of the *Spanish Monarchy*. I have acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, with the most important Passages of this War, except the taking of *Dunkirk*, which I did not then think so considerable a Place, as I am since inform'd it is. 'Tis a Sea-Town, lying on the Northern Shore of *France*, and commanding the *Narrow Seas*, between the *Continent* and *England*. Some say, that it is one of the strongest Towns in *Europe*. The *French* King, by the Conquest of this Place, is in a condition to give the Law by Sea, to all the *Northern* Nations.

The *Great God* who protects the *Ottoman Empire*, set Limits to the Conquests of this *Christian* King, and so continue the Wars of these *Infidel* Princes, that neither any One of them may be in a Condition, nor All of them together be agreed, to make Head against the Arms of our *Invincible Sultan*.

Paris 3d *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year, 1644.

LETTER XXVII.

To Dicheu Huſſein Baſſa.

THOU haſt already in the *Divan*, heard of the preſent Convulſions of the *Engliſh State*. I communicated to the *Vizir Azem*, what Intelligences I had received of the *Troubles* of that *Kingdom*. Beſides, the *Imperial City* is full of Strangers of all Nations, who maintain Correſpondences with their ſeveral reſpective Countries: Whence it comes to paſs, That whatſoever is done in the moſt remote Corners of the Earth, is ſoon known to the *Miniſters* of the *Sublime Port*, which is the *Sanctuary* of the *whole World*. But, I ſhall gratifie thee, in unveiling the Interiour of thoſe Events, which have made ſuch a Noiſe. Thou art naturally curious in thy Reſearches; and, I ſhall preſent thee with ſome additional Remarks, which I have made on the *Engliſh* Affairs, ſince I wrote to the *Supreme Miniſter* on that Subject.

I acquainted him, that the late *Cardinal Richlieu*, had a Hand in embroiling that *Iſland*, as he had in exciting the *Tumults* of *Catalonia*, and promoting the *Revolution* of *Portugal*. The Part which he acted, was by Proxy. He had his Agents there, to blow up into a Flame, the Sparks which lay ſmothering in the Breaſts of that Diſcontented People. Thoſe of the *Latin Church*, reflect it as a Judgment on the

Engliſh

Engliſh Nation, that they have never been free from Conſpiracies, Seditions and Rebellions, ſince the Time they ſhook off their Obedience to the *Roman Mufti*; which was, in the Days of King *Henry* VIII. As if, that Revolt in Point of Religion, had been the Source of all the following Tumults and Diſorders in the *State*. 'Tis certain, *Religion* has great Influence on Mens Morals, and where a Liberty of innovating is once allow'd, it makes continued Progreſſions. Some *French Antiquaries* ſay, that the *Engliſh* embrac'd the *Roman* Communion for the Space of Seven Hundred Years; and, that during ſo long a Time, they never had any *Civil Wars*, but ſuch as were made on the Account of Succeſſion to the *Crown*. But, that after they had chang'd their *Faith*, they were always reſtleſs, ſtill hatching ſome Alteration in the *Government*. I know not how far theſe Obſervations are juſtifiable, Men being generally partial to their own Cauſe. But, the preſent Stirs in that *Iſland*, ſeem to owe their Increaſe, if not their Birth, to the Latitude which the Subjects take in Matters of *Conſcience*. Whilſt every Man, carves out to himſelf ſuch a *Religion*, as beſt pleaſes him; without being accountable to the *State*, or paying any *Tribute*, as is the Practice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Hence, it is few Mens Ambition, to conform to the *Religion* of the *Prince*; but, every *Sect* endeavours to perſwade both Prince and People, to ſubſcribe to their Sentiments; and, the moſt potent Party, threatens all the Reſt with

the ill Conſequences of War, in Caſe their *Tenets* be not eſtabliſh'd. Among all the *Religions* which divide the Inhabitants of that *Iſland*, there is none for which they have ſo general an Averſion, as that which they call the *Roman-Catholick*, though it were once the *Eſtabliſh'd Religion* of the Country. This is now become the publick Eye-ſore; and, the reſt of the *Sects*, though they are at immortal Difference with each other, yet all join Heart and Hand to oppoſe this Common Bug-bear. The *French* ſay, That the *Proteſtants* are like the *Engliſh Maſtiffs*; Two of which, I remember, were preſented to *Sultan Amurath*, by the *French Embaſſador*, with this Character of them, *That though when they quarrell'd they would fight with each other to Death, yet ſhould a Bear be let looſe upon them, in the Midſt and Heat of their Fury, they would ſoon become Friends, and turn the Battel upon their Savage Enemy.* Such they ſay, is the Humour of the *Engliſh Sectaries*; and, the Factious have improv'd it ſo far, as to faſten the *Odium* of the Vulgar on the King himſelf, by ſuggeſting, That he deſigns to introduce the *Roman Religion* into that Country: whereas, according to the Relation of Travellers and knowing Men, he is a zealous *Proteſtant*. This is the Pretence of taking up Arms againſt him: An Artifice, by which *Rebellion* is generally uſher'd in; whilſt the Defence of *Religion*, is made a Cloak for *Sacrilege* and *Treaſon*.

Theſe *Infidels* have found out a Way to divide a Man from himſelf, by *Metaphyſical* Niceties,

Niceties, a *Science* wherein the *True Believers* are happily ignorant. They are actually in Arms againſt their *Sovereign*, yet they declare they fight for him: Maintaining their *Rebellion* by this *Sophiſtry*, *That they fight againſt his* Natural *Perſon*, *to defend his* Political; as if they could ſeparate one from the other. Some thinking Men ſay, 'tis well if they do not divorce his *Soul* from his *Body*, by the Help of theſe Juggling Diſtinctions.

His *Viceroy* in *Ireland*, has already loſt his Head, for no other Crime, but his Loyalty to his Maſter, who is blam'd for giving Conſent to the Execution of ſo faithful a *Miniſter*. Yet, the Curious pretend to trace the Footſteps of *Juſtice* in this Man's Deſtiny, ſince he fell a Sacrifice to the ſame *Democratick* Principles, whereof he had formerly been a zealous Patron, having been obſerved to be once a great Oppoſer of the *Royal Prerogative*. If this be true, it ſeems as if *Nemeſis* herſelf had brought him to his Puniſhment.

Thou wilt wonder at the Preſumption of theſe People, in diveſting the King of the *Military* Power by Sea and Land, and aſſuming it themſelves. Eſpecially, when thou conſidereſt, that this is the *Eſſential Prerogative* of *Sovereignty*, without which it is but an *Empty Title*.

Our Invincible *Sultans* are poſſeſſed of ſuch an uncontroulable Authority, as cannot be transferr'd to any *Subject*, or to *all* the *Subjects* of ſo vaſt an *Empire* put together; but is only communicated at the *Imperial* Plea-

fure, as Rays from the Sun, whoſe Emanations, though they are immenſe and infinite; yet do they not in the leaſt, diminiſh or weaken that Immortal Fountain of Light. But, the *Engliſh* have not that Veneration for their *Prince*, as is found in the *Muſſulmans:* They eſteem Him but the *Truſtee* of the *Common-wealth*, the Creature of the Populace, having imbib'd the *Principles* of *Ariſtotle*, *Cato* and other *Democratick Philoſophers*, who teach, That the *Sovereign Power* is Originally in the *People*, and but tranſmitted from *them* to the *Prince*, by way of *Deputation* and *Credence*. My Letter to the *Prime Vizir*, will inform thee what the *Engliſh Parliament* is. At this Time, as I'm inform'd, it conſiſts for the moſt Part of Men of this Stamp: Yet they do not openly profeſs theſe *Antimonarchick* Tenets; but, under the Mask of *Loyalty*, amuſe the credulous Multitude with ſpecious Pretences, *Of making the* King *the moſt* Glorious Monarch, *and his* Subjects *the* Happieſt People in the World. But, 'tis thought, he will rather confide in his *Arms*, the *Juſtice* of his *Cauſe*, and the *Protection* of *God*, than ſuffer himſelf to be any longer cajol'd by their falſe *Rhetorick*.

He has given them Battel once, wherein they ſay, the Victory was in an even Balance, and neither Side could claim it.

The *Rebels* have put to Death the *Engliſh Mufti*, whom they call the *Arch-biſhop*. They ſtruck off his Head with an Ax, in the open Street, on the 10*th* Day of the 1*ſt* Moon of the Year 1643. Be-

Before I conclude this Letter, I ſhall relate to Thee a Paſſage, which happen'd in this King's Infancy, worthy of Remark: In former Ages, there were a Sort of *Philoſophers* or *Prophets* in *England*, whom they call'd *Druids*, and *Bards*. Theſe inſtructed the People in the *Belief* of a *God*, the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and other *Principles* of *Natural Religion*. They foretold Things to come, and had acquir'd ſo great a Reputation, that the Kings of that Country would undertake no Affair of Moment, till they had firſt conſulted theſe *Oracles*. 'Tis ſaid, there are yet living ſome of that *Prophetick* Race in the Mountains of *Scotland*. One of which, a man of great Sanctity and Wiſdom, being an Hundred and Twenty Years old, came to viſit this King's Father; at which Time he ſaw this King, being then an Infant in his Nurſes Arms, whilſt his Elder Brother and Heir of the *Crown* ſtood by. The Old Man, after his Complements to the Father, takes the Infant Prince in his Arms, and beſtows his Benediction on it, in theſe Terms, *Hail Royal Babe, Heir of Two* Crowns; *thou ſhalt Reign a long Time* happily; *but, in the End, a* Lily *ſhall be thy Bane.* The *Nobles* that were preſent, thinking that the Extremity of Age had bereav'd him of his Reaſon, were ready to thruſt him away; offering to take the Child from Him, and telling Him, *That he miſtook; for, this was not the* Heir *of the* Crown, *but his* Brother, *who ſtood by.* But he, with a compoſed Look and an aſſured Carriage, made Anſwer, *That what*

what he ſpoke, was Truth; adding withal, *That the Elder Brother ſhould die before his Father*; *and, That this ſhould live to inherit the* Kingdoms *of* Scotland *and* England. The Event has made good ſome Part of his *Prophecy*; for, his Elder Brother dyed at Twelve Years of Age, and he at this Day poſſeſſes thoſe Two Kingdoms; but, how *the* Lily *ſhall be his Bane*, Time muſt evince. It is thought, That by the *Lily*, is meant the *French* King; becauſe, that is the *Arms* of the *Royal Blood* of *France*. It is hard to determine of future Events; yet there are ſome, who obſerving the Influence which this *Court* has had on the *Engliſh* Commotions, and how far *Cardinal Richlieu* had engaged King *Lewis* XIII. in Revenging the Affronts which were given to his Siſter the *Queen* of *England*, by that Inhoſpitable Nation, make no Difficulty of interpreting this *Prophecy*; but conclude, That the Unfortunate King of *England*, will at length fall a *Victim* to the *French Reſentments*, though his own *Subjects* be Inſtrumental to his Ruine.

I will continue my Intelligence of the *Engliſh* Affairs, as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray the Great *God*, to protect the *Muſſulman Empire* from *Sedition* and *Treaſon*, and keep the *Subjects* of *Sultan Ibrahim* in their *due Obedience*.

Paris 15th *of the* 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

To Bajazet Ali Hogia, Preacher *to the* Seraglio.

HERE are to be met with in these *Western Parts*, infinite Numbers of People, who not only despise and vilifie *our Law*, but *their own*, and openly scoff at all *Religions* in the World. These are known by the Name of *Libertines* or *Atheists*, which is to say, People that profess themselves Enemies to the Belief of a *God*. A lewd and unthinking Herd of Animals, who dare not be alone, lest they should come to the Remembrance of themselves, and be Wiser.

These People are in some sort, like *Ninus* that great *Assyrian Monarch*, who vaunted, He never saw the Stars, nor desired it, Worshipp'd neither Sun nor Moon, never spoke to his People, nor took any Account of them, but was valiant in Eating and Drinking.

He was said to have this Inscription on his Tomb:

I WAS FORMERLY NINUS, *THE* GREAT LORD *OF THE* WORLD, *AND LIVED AS THOU DOST, BUT AM NOW NOTHING BUT DUST. ALL THE MEAT I HAVE EATEN, ALL THE HANDSOM WOMEN*

WOMEN I HAVE ENJOY'D, ALL THE WORSHIP THAT WAS PAID ME, AND ALL THE RICHES I WAS POSSESS'D OF, HAVE FAIL'D ME; AND WHEN I SET FORWARD FROM THIS WORLD *INTO THE* INVISIBLE STATE, *I HAD NEITHER GOLD, NOR HORSE, NOR CHARIOT. I AM NOW, I SAY, BUT THE DUST THOU TREADEST ON.*

Such another was *Sardanapalus*, one of the Succeſſors of *Ninus* in that *Monarchy*, and in the Corruption of his Manners. An effeminate Prince, a Slave to his Luſts, and not worthy of an *Imperial Crown*. It was not to his Vertue or Courage that *Nineveh* was oblig'd, for ſuſtaining a Siege of 28 *Moons*, but to the Impregnable Strength of her own Walls. For, ſo ſoon as he was told, that the *Oracle* was fulfill'd, and that the River *Euphrates* was joyn'd in League with his Enemies, and had by an unuſual Flood, broke down a conſiderable Part of the Walls in which he truſted; all his Bravery vaniſh'd; he ſhew'd he was a Coward, and kill'd himſelf for fear of Death. Yet, ſuch was the forcid Impotence of his Spirit, that even in this Way, he durſt not die alone; but, taking his Concubines and neareſt Attendants, with all his Gold and Jewels, he forced them to accompany him into the Hollow of a Funeral Pile, which he fir'd with his own Hands, and

and burnt his Servants with Himſelf. I do not eſteem it an Effect of Courage, to make Death a Sanctuary from the inevitable Miſeries of a hated Life. But, to be either willing to die, in the Height of humane Enjoyments, or to be reſolv'd to live and out-brave theſe very Calamities, which would tempt any Man to die, is the peculiar Mark of an Heroick Reſolution.

However, thus died *Sardanapalus*, having deſired, that a *Monument* might be erected to his Memory, with this Inſcription;

SARDANAPALUS *LIV'D MUCH IN A LITTLE TIME, HAVING ALWAYS GRATIFIED HIS SENSES: HE BUILT TWO CITIES,* ANCHIALA *AND* TARSUS, *IN ONE DAY; PERFORM'D THE TASK OF MANY YEARS, IN FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS. ADVISES THEE, READER, TO IMITATE HIS EXAMPLE; EAT, DRINK, AND ENJOY THY SELF; FOR, AFTER DEATH, THERE IS NEITHER PLEASURE NOR PAIN.*

Theſe were but *Pigmies* in *Atheiſm*, in Compariſon of others. *Dionyſius*, the *Sicilian Monarch*, was a *Gyant* in *Infidelity*. He not only committed *Sacrilege*, but, made it his Paſtime. He droll'd upon the *Gods*, while he robb'd their *Temples*; into which he never enter'd without a *Feſt*, nor departed from

from their *Altars* without a *Satyr*. He put a *Woollen Garment* on the *Image* of *Jupiter Olympius*, instead of the *Golden Robe* with which King *Hiero* had cloath'd it; and, excus'd the *Sacrilege*, by saying, *Exchange was no Robbery*, and, *that he consulted the Ease and Health of the* God, *both for* Summer *and* Winter. He play'd the *Barber* to the *Statue* of *Æsculapius*; and, shav'd off his *Golden Beard*, saying, *That since* Apollo *his* Father *was beardless, it was but good Manners for the* Son *to be so too*. When he came into a Rich *Temple* in *Syracusa*, and saw in the Hands of *Mars*, a Sword, whose Hilt was thick set with Diamonds, Emeralds and Rubies, he made a mock-Obeisance, and took the Sword from the extended Arm of the *Image*, saying, *The* God *of* War *presented him with that Sword, as an Earnest of his future Victories*, and, *he should be very ungrateful and impious, not to accept the Gift of the* Deity. It was a nasty Affront which *Nero* put upon the *Syrian Goddess*, when he caus'd his Excrements to be thrown in her Face.

These were Royal *Atheists*, and no Body durst controul their Impious Pranks. The *Libertines* now a-days are more modest and politick. They dare not violate *Temples*, nor prophane the *Altars* of the *Christians* openly, but secretly they undermine all *Religion*, and dispute People out of their *Faith*.

Some of these *Atheists* maintain the World to be Eternal. Others hold, that it came by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; which, after

after an Eternal Dance in an Infinite Space, at last jumbled together into that exquisite Order we now behold and contemplate. They profess themselves *Disciples* of *Epicurus*, yet willfully corrupt the *Doctrines* of that Vertuous *Philosopher*; who, though he taught, That the *Supreme Felicity* of Man consisted in *Pleasure*, yet never meant that of the *Body*, but the purer Joys and Tranquillity of the *Mind*, arising from a Life lead according to *Reason*: Whereas, these *Modern Epicureans*, place their highest Contentment in the Satisfaction of their Sensual Appetites. A Jolly Crew, who number their Days by Debaucheries, and reckōn that Hour misspent, wherein they have not drawn some Line of Voluptuousnes. And, as if they had consecrated Themselves to *Bacchus* and *Venus*, Women and Wine divide the most important Actions of their whole Lives.

They are professed Enemies to the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, of Good and Evil *Spirits*, of the *Day* of *Judgment*, of *Heaven* and *Hell*. They esteem *Religion* only as an Invention of *Politicians*, to reduce the World under some Form of Government; and spare not to call *Moses*, and *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, *Impostors*, as well as *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*. They laugh at *Miracles*, and ridicule *Prophecies*; and, you had as good talk to them of a *Man* in the *Moon*, as of an *Apparition* from the *Dead*.

These Sort of *Libertines*, are not only to be found in the *Court* of *France*, but in General all

all over *Europe*. The *Contagion* is *Epidemick*, the *Infection* has ſpread it ſelf through *Clergy* and *Laity*, *Nobles* and *Vulgar*; inſomuch, as he paſſes for a Man of no Wit, who has not a Spice of *Atheiſm*.

This will not ſeem ſtrange when thou ſhalt know, that even among their *Mufti's* themſelves, there have been ſome *Lucians*; who eſteemed *Religion* but an *Old Wife's Tale*, and us'd the moſt important *Articles* of their *Faith*, but as Inſtruments of Ambition and Avarice, to aggrandiſe themſelves and fill their Coffers. *Leo* X. a famous *Roman Pontiff*, will be recorded to all Poſterity, for that *Sarcaſm* of his on *Jeſus*, the *Meſſias* of the *Chriſtians*; *How much are we enriched, by this* Fable *of* Chriſt? Indeed, if we reflect well on the *Maxims* and *Practices* of that *Court*, it will not be hard to conclude, That *Gold* is the *Great God* of the *Romans*, and the *Ultimate Object* of their *Adoration*, ſince that alone can open or ſhut *Heaven* and *Hell*; no Piety or Vertue, no Prayers or Tears, Alms or Penances being available, unleſs made ſo by the meritorious Adjunct of this powerful Metal. Neither need the moſt enormous Sinners deſpair of Pardon, if they have but *Pluto* for their *Proctor*, and *Gold* for their *Apology*; there being certain *Rates* ſet upon all *Sins*, which if paid, thoſe of the deepeſt Dye are as readily abſolv'd, as the ſmalleſt *Peccadillo's*.

This Spiritual Merchandiſe of Souls in the *Supreme Court* of *Chriſtendom*, has in no ſmall Degree contributed to the *Atheiſm* of the Age.

While

While Religion is thereby render'd Cheap and Vile, a mere Artifice of Government, a Stratagem of the *Prieſthood*, to keep Fools in Awe and Subjection. And therefore, ſuch as have a better Opinion of themſelves, and would be thought Men of Sence, take Occaſion to carp at the very Fundamental Principles of all Religion, and to diſpute againſt the *Being* of a *God*. Rather than tamely couch under the Luggage of manifeſt Impoſtures, they like wild Colts throw off the Yoke even of natural Religion and common Morality: And, becauſe they have too much *Sence* to be abus'd with *Religious Umbrages*, and too little *Faith* to ſwallow all the *Pious Frauds* of the *Church* for undoubted *Oracles* of *Heaven*, they will have no *Faith* at all, nor give any Credit to the Dictates of Correct Reaſon; but, turning *Scepticks* in all Things, are ſtedfaſt to Nothing but the Satisfaction of their Luſts; looking upon it as ill Husbandry of the preſent Time, to ſquander away the leaſt Moment on the Thoughts of a Future Life.

But thou, *Venerable Hogia*, who haſt been preſent at the *Myſteries* of the *Holy Sepulchre*, and kiſs'd the Floor of *Abraham*'s *Oratory*, art Happy in the Poſſeſſion of a blameleſs *Faith*. Thou haſt renounced the vain Pleaſures of Senſe; and, thy Life, is one continued *Series* of Abſtinence, Prayer, Faſting, Alms and other Good Works. Having been bleſs'd, with frequent Viſions of *Paradiſe*, and Anticipations of the *Immortal State*; pray

pray that *Mahmut* may perſevere in the *Faith* of a *Muſſulman*, and the Integrity of a *Loyal Slave* to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 20th of the 12th *Moon*,
of the Year 1644.

LETTER XXIX.

To Egry Boinou, *a White* Eunuch.

I Cannot forget the Time, ſince thou and I ſate together in the *Chioſc* at *Scutari*, and entertain'd each other with the Stories of the Antient *Greek Poets*. The Proſpect which that Gallery afforded, renew'd our Memory of ſeveral Nations Strife about the Birth-place of *Homer*; and, from thence gave us Occaſion, to diſcourſe and make Compariſons between Him and *Heſiod*, *Orpheus*, and the Reſt of the celebrated *Poets*, *Philoſophers*, and *Sages* of the *Eaſt*. I remember, we paſſed by Degrees from one Subject to another, till at length we fell upon the *Tranſlation* of their *Heroes*, and the *Genealogy* of their *Gods*. Thou wilt ſay, I have a good Memory, ſhould I now rehearſe the *Series* of our Converſation on this Point. But, I will not be ſo troubleſome for the ſake of Applauſe. Though I often think over thy Sentiments with infinite Delight, yet I will not repeat them here, leſt I tempt thee to throw away my Letter,

before

before thou haſt half read it. Only give me leave to put thee in mind, How thou didſt then vindicate the *Infant* World, for placing thoſe Excellent Souls in *Heaven*, who had been Illuſtrious Benefactors to Mankind on *Earth*: And, that though after-Ages fell into the Crime of *Idolatry*, by giving Divine Honours to the firſt Inventors of Arts and Sciences, and by Sacrificing to the *Manes* of departed *Heroes*; yet, it was thy Opinion, That thoſe who firſt conſecrated them to *Immortality*, and a Fame that ſhould know no End, did but perform the Rights of Gratitude, execute the Dictates of Innocent Nature, without ever dreaming of the Religious Ceremonies which their deluded Poſterity ſuperinduc'd.

To do thee Juſtice, this was a Noble Thought, full of Humanity, and exactly ſquaring with unbyaſs'd Reaſon; and, I muſt confeſs, I owe the frequent Cure of my Melancholy, to the Force of this generous Sentiment.

The *Chriſtians*, eſpecially here in the *Weſt*, out-go the *Jews* in the Superſtitious Narrowneſs of their Principles: and, as the later confined Salvation to the Lineage of *Jacob*, ſo the former reſtrain it to the *Latin Church*. I have often convers'd with ſome of their Learned *Deviſes*, on the Theme of the *Pagans* Salvation, but can by no Arguments beat them off from their inveterate Prejudice. They will not allow ſo much as one of the *Heathens* to be ſaved, and but a Hundred and forty four Thouſand

ſand of the *Jews*, accounting Twelve Thouſand of every Tribe. This is the ſevere Arithmetick of the *Weſtern* Religion, whoſe Profeſſors thereby render themſelves greater *Infidels* than thoſe they damn. 'Tis to be hop'd, there is a larger Calcule with *God* for the Number of the *Bleſſed*, or elſe one would think, *Hell* would be too populous, and the *Devil* would be forced to make frequent Decimations, and ſend Colonies abroad, to make Room for the ever freſh Glut of his new Gueſts.

For my Part, who was Educated in the impartial Rudiments of Truth, in the ſerene Principles of the *Mahometan Faith*, I believe, That there are ſome ſaved of all Religions, and that at the *Day of Judgment*, there ſhall be erected a *Fourth Banner* for ſuch to reſort to, who never heard of *Moſes*, *Jeſus* or *Mahomet*. Aſſuredly, there is no Malice in the *Omnipotent*, and he will not Damn Men for their Involuntary Ignorance of his *Revealed Laws*, provided they live up to the genuine Dictates of *Nature* and *Reaſon*, which are the trueſt Standards of Vertue and Poſitive Religion.

The *Chriſtians* have a *Heaven* for their *Saints*, and a *Hell* for *Sinners*; in this they agree with the *Muſſulmans*. They have a *Limbo* for *Infants*, that die unbaptiz'd; and, *another* for the Vertuous *Iſraelites*, who lived before the *Meſſias*. Their Charity had been complete, had they provided a *Third*, for Juſt and Vertuous Men of all Religions; whom it

is

is too hard to damn on the Score of what they know not, ſo long as they unblameably practiſe whatſoever Good they know. The *Chapter* of *Priſons* in the *Alcoran*, ſeems to contain a more equal Diſtribution of Juſtice, when it aſſigns a *Middle-Place*, between *Paradiſe* and *Hell*, to thoſe who have led an indifferent Life, equally checquer'd with Vertue and Vice. They there ſhall behold the *Joys* of the *Bleſſed*, and the *Torments* of the *Damned*; yet ſhall neither taſte of the One, nor feel the Other; but paſs their Time in a tedious Neutrality, between the *Height* of *Bliſs*, and the *Depth* of *Miſery*.

But, what *Muſſulman* will queſtion the Salvation of the *Gentiles*, when the *Book* of *Glory* it ſelf tells us, That *Alexander the Great* was an *Holy Prophet*; and yet we know, he neither was of the Seed of *Abraham*, nor was he ſo much as Circumciz'd?

My Converſe with the Learned *Derviſes* in this City, has taught me ſome of their *School-Diſtinctions:* among which, they uſe a pretty one in the Damnation of unbaptized Infants; teaching, That ſuch are damn'd to the *Pain of Loſs*, but not to the *Pain of Sence*. I am apt to think this Diſtinction may very well be adapted to the Caſe of many Men, who as their Vertues are not of that Heroick Stamp, as to carry them directly to *Paradiſe*; ſo, neither are their Vices of ſo black a Tincture, as to ſink them immediately to *Hell*. I believe, there are Proportionate Rewards and Puniſhments for all Sorts and Degrees of Vertue and Vice;

Vice; and that the Souls of the Departed, are marſhall'd and diſpoſed in Receptacles agreeable to their proper Rank and Quality. And, if I can but get to *Virgil*'s pleaſant Greens and ſhady Woods, the fortunate Manſions of Innocent and Juſt-Men; I will not envy the *Heroes*, nor deſire to be canoniz'd among the *Gods*. *Elyzium* or *Paradiſe* are much One to me: I ſeek not the Name, but the Nature of *Bliſs*. Provided I may but gain a Place of Reſt and Refreſhment, and be admitted into agreeable Company, I will not complain, nor diſturb the Peace of the *Bleſſed*, with an Ambitious Queſt of the Higheſt Dignities in *Heaven*; as if a Man could not be Happy, unleſs he be made a *Vizir* of the *Bench* above.

Let thou and I, dear *Egry*, live in ſuch an exact Conformity of Manners here, that when we go hence, we may by the *Divine Numen*, be both diſpoſed in the ſame Apartment and Society, carry our Friendſhip along with us to that other World; and, let us make a Covenant, That whoſoever dies firſt, ſhall ſoon appear to the Surviver, and give him a true Account of his State, if it be in the Power of the Dead to perform ſuch Bargains.

In the mean Time, I counſel thee to make much of this preſent Life; not by ſordid Voluptuouſneſs and Vice, from which I know thy natural Averſion, but by borrowing from each Element, an Occaſion of improving thy Science and Vertue. This is the Way to be raiſed above the Elements, in which at preſent

ſent thou art a Sojourner; and, to attain thy Native Skies, and Kindred Stars, where the Renown'd *Poets*, *Philoſophers*, *Law-givers*, and other Vertuous Men, are gone before us, expect our Coming, and are ready to welcom us to the Rights of their happy Society. Adieu.

Paris, 13th *of the* 1ſt Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXX.

To the Selictar Aga, *or* Sword-Bearer.

IT is apparent, that the *States* of the World are void of Compaſſion, and that they are altogether actuated by a Principle of Intereſt.

Monſieur la Tuillerie, Ambaſſador from *France* to the King of *Denmark*, arrived at that *Court* with ſpecious Pretexts of Mediation, promiſing to do his utmoſt to accommodate the Differences between the Two *Crowns* of *Denmark* and *Suedeland*, with all poſſible Advantages to the former. But, when the Buſineſs came to the Tryal, when he ſaw King *Chriſtian* advancing into the Field againſt *Guſtavus*, with an Army of near Twenty thouſand Men, which in all likelihood would have given the *Suedes* occaſion to

repent their raſh and unjuſt Incurſions; he charmed the good-natur'd old King, with ſuch fair Promiſes, and ſubtle Inſinuations, that he cauſed him to retreat at the Moment of giving Battel.

In the ſame Manner dealt *Galaſſo* with the King, who did but make a ſhow with his Forces, without doing any effectual Service. For, when he might have compelled the *Swediſh General*, either to Fight or Retire, he ſuffered him freely to paſs through *Holſtein* and return into *Germany*.

The Curious and Inquiſitive, lay the Blame of this Treachery on *Cardinal Mazarini*, whoſe Piſtols, they ſay, had corrupted *Galaſſo*, and made him run counter to his Maſter's Inſtructions.

But, in my Opinion, this is an unjuſt Cenſure of the *Cardinal*, who was afterwards known to be Inſtrumental, in ſpurring on the *Hollanders* to compoſe theſe Quarrels: Which at laſt was accompliſhed, by the dext'rous Mediation of this Great *Miniſter*.

I wiſh the Differences between our glorious *Sultan* and the *Venetians*, were as well adjuſted with Honour to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary *of* State.

THE Wars of *Germany* and *Suedeland*, are the Principal Subject of Diſcourſe all over *Europe*; eſpecially in this *Court*, which has a great Intereſt in the good Succeſs of the *Suediſh* Arms; the Houſe of *Auſtria*, being the moſt formidable Enemy, that *France* has in the World.

General Torſtenſon marches about, like another *Scanderbeg*, Victorious where-ever he ſtrikes. 'Twas to his own Ruine, that *Galaſſo* ſuffer'd him to paſs quietly through *Holſtein*; when, in Conjunction with the *Daniſh* Army, he was in a Condition to give him Battel, or compel him to retire.

No ſooner was *Galaſſo* ſeparated from the *Danes*, and Encamped near *Madgeburgh*; but, *Torſtenſon* began to obſerve his Motions, and lay down not far from him, between whom there paſſed many Skirmiſhes, which very much leſſen'd the *German* Army. Beſides, they were extremely incommoded for want of Proviſions; ſo, that at his return to *Bohemia*, he could preſent the *Emperour* but with a few of his Men, and give but a ſhallow Account of the loſs of the Reſt.

In the mean Time, *Conningſmark* and *Pa-*

penheim, Two other *Swediſh* Commanders, are not idle, having taken *Staden* and *Boxtehawdt*, with moſt of the other Important Places in the *Archbiſhoprick* of *Bremen*.

Thus the *German* Affairs decline apace; and, the *Suedes*, who not long ago were obſcure and ſcarce regarded, begin to make a conſiderable Figure in the World.

I ſhall ſend thee a conſtant Account, of what is moſt Remarkable. *God* augment thy Felicity.

Paris, 21ſt *of the* 2d Moon,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXII.

To Berber Muſtapha Aga.

THE Bloody Battel of *Jankow*, has unpercht the *Imperial Eagle*, which can no longer endure the Smoke of *Swediſh* Gun-Powder.

The *German Court*, is removed in a great Fright to *Prague* in *Bohemia*, there to curſe the Avarice of the Souldiers; whoſe greedy Deſire of the *Swediſh* Prey, betray'd the *German* Army to the Swords of their Conquerors.

This Battel was fought, on the Sixth Day of the Third *Moon* of this preſent Year. *Goetz*, one

one of the *Imperial Generals*, was kill'd in the firſt On-ſet; which ſo Inflamed *Baron John de Werdt*, that with Four Thouſand Men, he brake into the *Left Wing* of the *Suedes*, putting them into an Irrecoverable Diſorder. The *Germans* ſeeing their Enemies retreat in much Confuſion, fell to plundering the Baggage. *General Torſtenſon*, turning their Covetouſneſs to his Advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaden with Booty; then ſuddenly falls upon them, and turn'd the Fortune of the Day to his own Side.

There were above Three Thouſand of the *Imperialiſts* kill'd upon the ſpot, and Four Thouſand taken Priſoners; among which, were the *Generals*, *Hatsfeldt*, *Mercy*, *Broy*, *Zaradeskie*, and Seven other Principal Commanders.

By this Fatal Stroke, the *Suedes* have opened to themſelves a Paſſage into *Moravia*, *Auſtria*, and *Hungary*. So that, in Time they may extend their Conqueſts, even to the Confines of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I pray the *Great God*, to continue the Wars between theſe *Infidel Nations*; that ſo, not attending to the General Intereſt of *Chriſtendom*, but weakening each other, they may at Length become a Prey to the *True Believers*.

Paris, 1ſt *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Oſman Adrooneth, *an* Aſtrologer *at* Scio.

I Know not whether it be an Effect of the Stars, or the Sport of *Spirits*, that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from *Heaven* or *Hell*, *Nature* or *Magick Art*, *Chance* or *Deſtiny*; the Marks it has left behind are very Terrible, and the Aſtoniſhment is not yet off from the Peoples Hearts.

Three Days ago, I was riding from *Paris* to *St. Germain en Lay*, where the *Court* reſides. When I was got about Half Way on the Road, there aroſe a ſudden Blaſt of Wind, which ruſhing vehemently among the Trees, made an uncouth Noiſe, and ſtruck me with ſome Surprize and Horror: But, my Amazement was ſoon encreaſed, when I perceived the Hedges and Trees that grew along the Road ſide, torn up and carried away by an inviſible Hand. I was afraid, my Horſe and I ſhould have been taken up for Company. For, this Whirlwind paſſed very near us, twiſting in all that was in its way; and, ſwiftly moving in a Circular Figure, it grew to ſuch a Bigneſs, by the continual Addition of Trees, Hedges, Stones, Earth, *&c.* that it ſeemed like a flying Wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without ſome Appre-

Apprehenſion of Danger, yet hitherto this was the pleaſanteſt and moſt diverting Spectacle that ever I ſaw in my Life. Trees are a very grateful Object on the Earth, but they are much more ſo in the Air; and, eſpecially at that Height and Diſtance, they affect the Eye with unſpeakable Delight. I was raviſhed to ſee a moving Forreſt, almoſt as high as the Clouds. The pendulous Gardens of *Babylon*, would have appear'd but a Trifle, in Compariſon of this Noble Scene.

I followed it with my Eye as far as I could, till at length my Sight was intercepted by a thick Shower of Rain, which drove me into a Houſe for Shelter. Where, before I came away, I was informed, that what I eſteemed ſo delightful, proved very Tragical to the Neighbouring Villages. Falling down from that Height I left it at, and ſcattering its former Load, it fell violently into the Groves and Orchards, tearing up ſome Thouſands of Trees by the Roots, and carrying them away like Chaff in the Air, throwing down many Hundreds of Houſes, removing others from the Foundations, and doing the poor Husbandmen ſuch irreparable Damages, as the like has not been known in the Memory of Man.

Common Humanity, taught me to pity theſe *Infidels*; and, the Natural Principle of Self-preſervation, made me bleſs my ſelf, That I had eſcaped ſo imminent a Danger. But tell me, Thou who art converſant in the *Secrets* of *Nature*, who knoweſt the *Influ-*

ences of the *Stars*, and the *hidden Force* of the *Elements*, What is the Cauſe of theſe wild Fits and Convulſions of the Air? The Superſtitious here ſay, the *Devils* are let looſe at ſuch a Time from their *Infernal* Priſons, to keep a *Carnaval*, and play their wanton Pranks in open Light, there being no *Holidays* in *Hell*. Others believe, *Magicians* are at Work; and, by the Force of Spells, raiſe Hurricanes and Storms. But, the Learned ſay, That theſe are only the Effects of *Nature*, proceeding from *Meteors* and *Exhalations* in the Air. I, for my Part, never puzzle my ſelf with a vain Search, after that which cannot be demonſtrated. If theſe *Hurricanes* be *Natural*, then 'tis certain, *Nature* does not diſcover her Power at all Times, nor in the conſtant *Series* of her Works; but, has her Reſerves, and Times of State, wherein ſhe diſplays her Self with greater Pageantry, to create Reſpect: Since the unthinking Part of Mankind, is ſooner taken with ſuch unuſual Events as make a Noiſe, than with the Ancient ſtanding Miracles of the Creation, the ſilent and regular Motions, exquiſite Order, and never-ceaſing Activity of the Sun, Moon and Stars. Thus, we are never ſenſible of the Heat that is within us, or the Circulation of our Blood, becauſe we are always habituated to feel it from our *Embryo*.

I tell thee, Sage *Oſman*, if I have any Dread upon me, it is of *Earthquakes*; becauſe, they take from us all ſure Footing. From Thunder, Lightning, and all the Storms in

in open Air, *Tiberius*'s Remedy may ſecure us: Nay, the very Beaſts will be our Guides to ſome ſafe Den or Cave: But, from an Earthquake, there's no Retreat; that undermines and blows us up without any warning, neither have we Time or Means to eſcape. This makes me always think, I walk upon a Cobweb; ſo thin and brittle is this outward Cruſt of Earth we tread on.

He that Founded the *Earth*, and has admirably kneaded this *Globe* together with Water, grant us a Refuge in Time of Danger, and an *Eternal Sanctuary* in *Paradiſe*.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Need not Apologize for my long Silence. *Eliachim* assures me, he has acquainted *Nathan Ben Saddi* with the Occasion of it, by whom the News of my Imprisonment might be transmitted to the *Sublime Port*. When I was first seized upon, I had not the Liberty to send for *Eliachim*, or see any Body that I desired to speak with. But, that honest *Jew*, soon heard the News, and writ to *Vienna* to prevent any *Dispatches* that might come from thence, or from *Constantinople*. He has now fully convinced me of his Fidelity, which I so long suspected; and, I dare trust him henceforward, with the most important Concerns of my *Commission*. His Sagacity and Conduct in this Occurrence, is worthy of Acknowledgment and Reward; having dextrously blinded *Cardinal Mazarini*, who is an *Argus*; baffl'd his severest Scrutinies, and been highly Instrumental in procuring me the Liberty I now again enjoy.

The *Arabian* Proverb says, *The* Camel *that Travels often to* Meccha, *will return Lame at last*. I had for a long Time essayed, to penetrate into the Drifts of this *Cardinal*, as well as those of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, yet found nothing but Riddles. One might as soon trace *Arethusa* in her Wandrings under Ground,

Ground, or purſue a Man in the Intricate Mazes of *Dædalus*, as diſcover the Intrigues of this *State-Serpent*. His Deſigns are a perfect *Labyrinth*. However, walking one Day in one of their *Churches*, I caſt my Eye on a Stone in the Pavement, juſt before the *Image* of the *Virgin Mary*, which by the perpetual kneeling of many Thouſand Votaries, was worn away half a Cubit. The Sight of this, made me conclude, That there is no Difficulty ſo great, which by aſſiduous Induſtry, and conſtant Reſolution, may not be overcome. Chear'd with this Thought, I determin'd with my ſelf, never to faint, or give over my moſt ſtrenuous Endeavours, to unlock the Cabinet of this *Great Miniſter*, wherein I knew all the *Secrets* of *Europe* were laid up. I left no Stone unturn'd, to compaſs my Deſign. I haunted the *Court* daily, and follow'd the *Cardinal* like his Shadow. I inſinuated with his Followers and Creatures, Flatter'd the Soft and Ambitious, preſented Gifts to the Covetous; was Merry and Frank with ſome, Reſerv'd and Grave with others: In fine, I ſo aim'd to comport my ſelf with every One, that I might win All. At length, knowing that there was a Private *Agent* from *Prince Ragotski* come to this *Court*, my Zeal for the *Grand Signior*, ſuggeſted to me, That if I could wind my ſelf into this Man's Acquaintance, I ſhould be able to unravel ſome *great Secret*, and do an Acceptable Service to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Opportunities are ſeldom wanting to the Watch-

Watchful and Diligent. I had Acquaintance enough at the *Court*. And appearing often in the Retinue of *Mazarini*; and, the *Cardinal* ſometimes ſingling me out and Diſcourſing with me, in the Preſence of the *Tranſylvanian*, this Stranger took more than ordinary Notice of me: Which gave me Occaſion to addreſs my ſelf to him, in Hopes to accompliſh my Purpoſe. But, *Fate* had otherwiſe decreed. The *Agent* remember'd my Face, and told me in the *Sclavonian* Tongue, That he had ſeen me in the *Grand Signior's Seraglio*. It is not hard for thee, Illuſtrious *Kaimacham*, to conceive the Diſorder I was in at this Challenge. But, reſuming Courage, I replyed, *That it was poſſible he might have ſeen me there; for, I had formerly ſerv'd a* German Embaſſador *at the* Ottoman Court, *in Quality of* Secretary. He ſeem'd ſatisfied with my Anſwer, diſſembling his farther Thoughts: But, as I afterwards perceiv'd, I owe my Confinement to this fatal Interview. No doubt, but he remarqu'd the particular Station I was in at the *Seraglio*, when he came thither to Negotiate for *Prince Ragotski*, in *Sultan Amurath's* Time. For, before I went to Bed that Night, I was ſent for to *Cardinal Mazarini*, and ſtrictly Examined about my Country, my Religion, my Buſineſs at *Paris*, and other Matters; and, was ſent away Priſoner to the *Baſtile*, (which was formerly a *Citadel*, erected to awe this Town, but not being found ſerviceable in that Kind, is ſince made a Priſon.) That which moſt puzzles

puzzles me, is, That I was not confronted Face to Face, with this *Tranſylvanian*. My Confinement was very cloſe, being denyed the Uſe of Pen, Ink and Paper, and the Acceſs of any of my Friends. Indeed, I knew not what uſe to make of thoſe Materials, nor durſt I write to any Body, leſt I ſhould have brought them into the ſame Snare, and done my ſelf a greater Diſſervice. All my Comfort was, That I had left no Writings in my Lodgings, which could diſcover the Affairs of my *Commiſſion*. 'Tis true, when I was ſearch'd, they found the *Alcoran* in my Pocket, which gave a mighty Jealouſie to the *Cardinal*; but, I excuſed it by ſaying, I kept that Book, that I might not forget my *Arabick*; in which, the *Cardinal* knew I was well skill'd, having formerly ſeen a *Tranſlation*, which I made out of that Language for *Cardinal Richlieu*. Beſides, they found in my Chamber, *Plutarch*'s *Lives*, the *Annals* of *Tacitus*; *Livy*'s *Roman Hiſtory*; a *Philoſophical Treatiſe* of *Averroes*, and a ſmall *Tract* of St. *Auguſtine*, one of the *Chriſtian Fathers*: Which made it appear, as reaſonable to conclude me a *Pagan* or a *Chriſtian*, for having their Books by me, as a *Turk* for having the *Alcoran*.

I ſtill perſiſted, in aſſerting my ſelf to be *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that I was a *Chriſtian* (*Heaven* forgive the Perjury!) I had a *Friar* ſent to me, who exhorted me to a Confeſſion of my Sins, thinking this way to pump the *Mighty Secret* from me. But, this turn'd

to

to my Advantage; for, calling to mind a Learned and Ingenuous *Friar*, with whom I had convers'd, and contracted ſome Friendſhip, I ſignified my Reſolution to confeſs my ſelf to him. This is a Privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every Man, to chuſe his own *Confeſſor*. The *Friar* was ſent for: And, this being the only time I was like to ſpeak to any of my Friends without Witneſſes, I improv'd the Advantage; and, to make my *Confeſſion* ſeem the more ſincere, I accuſed my ſelf of what I ne'er was guilty of, telling him with a well counterfeited Sorrow, That the true Reaſon of abandoning *Moldavia*, was, becauſe I had murdered a near Kinſman there. My *Confeſſion* ended, and *Abſolution* granted, the *Friar* embraced me, and told me, That he would do me all the Service he could, in Order to my Releaſe. I expreſſed my Gratitude in the beſt Terms I could, and begged of him to viſit me often, ſince he was the only Perſon would be allowed to do me that kind Office. I will not detain thee longer, Sage *Baſſa*, in Expectation of the Iſſue.

This honeſt *Friar*, was as good as his Word. He was admitted to ſee me almoſt daily, without Suſpicion. I truſted him with *Eliachim*'s Acquaintance; which render'd him very Serviceable; for, he often brought me Money from the *Jew*, when he knew not how otherwiſe to convey it to me. In a word, between them both, they ſo wrought on the *Cardinal*, that after Six *Moons* Impriſonment,

I was

I was releas'd, and am now in more Credit than before.

The *Great God* grant, that the Malice of the *Infidels*, may always turn to the Advantage of the *True Believers*; and, that from their Jealouſies, occaſions may ariſe to promote the Intereſt of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 24th of the 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Venerable Mufti.

AT length I am releas'd from a tedious Impriſonment, the Occaſion of which the *Kaimacham* will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in *Spain*, my Uſage had been much worſe. And, for this Reaſon, I eſteem *France* the Nobleſt and Freeſt Kingdom within the *Pale* of the *Latin Church*; that it never would ſubmit to the *Tyranny* of the *Inquiſition*: Which is a kind of *Eccleſiaſtical Divan*, or *High Court* of *Judicature*, where Crimes againſt the *Church* and *State* are tryed. It was firſt erected, at the Inſtance of one *Dominick*, who for this meritorious Project, was afterwards canonized *A Saint*. The original Deſign of it was, to extirpate the *Moors* and *Jews* out of *Spain* and *Portugal*. But now, 'tis made a Trap for all Strangers, and eſpecially

cially those they call *Hereticks*. Whosoever falls into it, is commonly fleec'd of his Estate, and not seldom chous'd out of his Life. For, the first Thing the *Holy Fathers Inquisitors* do, is, to make a zealous and devout Inspection into the Possessions of the Prisoner. If they find him Rich, that is sufficient to make him Criminal; and, the *good* Fathers, will take a *pious* Care to dispose of his Wealth. They have their Spies in all Companies, who inform them of Mens Words and Actions. These Hounds, are always upon the Scent; and, will smell a *Heretick* out, if he breaths within the Purlieu of their Hunt. A Man dares not say, *his Soul's his own* in these Countries; nor, claim the Privilege to exercise his Reason. The Inhabitants live in a most abject Slavery to the *Priesthood*, and Travellers must drag the Chain, bridle their Tongues, and curb their Actions for their own Security. But, in *France*, the *Inquisition* is abhorred; and, an immortal Aversion conceiv'd against the Tyranny and cruel Practices of the *Spaniards*. The People are of more generous Tempers, the Laws not so rigorous, and yet they come far short of the Justice of the *Ottoman Empire*. Though my Confinement was tedious, yet 'twas tolerable; and, if I could not be happy in a Prison, so neither was I properly miserable.

When Evil surprizes us, we commonly affright our selves, by beholding it in its gross Bulk; our scattered Spirits, are astonished at an Infinite Bugbear. Whereas, if we take a more

more particular Survey of the dreadful Object, anatomize and view it Piece by Piece; we find, that the greatest part of what so dismay'd us, had no other Existence, than in our own Imagination. Thus, when I was first seized by *Cardinal Mazarini*'s Order, I presag'd to my self no less than insufferable Tortures, an ignominious Death, and (which affected me with the most sensible Grief) the Discovery of my *Commission*, and the Affairs of the *Sublime Port*. When I first enter'd the Prison, I bid adieu to all Joy and Comfort in *This Life*, and thought of Nothing, but preparing my self for that *Other World*, where I hop'd to be renewed again to immense Pleasures, the Delights of *Paradise*, as a Reward of my Sufferings for that *Law*, which was brought down from *Heaven* by the *Angel Gabriel*.

These were my first Thoughts in Prison; but, when Sleep had compos'd my Spirits, and Time had rendered me more familiar with the Place of my Restraint, I began to think, it was not impossible to live, and even to regain my Liberty. However, I resolved to alleviate the Grief of my Restraint, by contracting my Desires within a narrower Compass, and circumscribing my Wishes within those Walls which confined my Body. I framed to my self Felicities, out of the Contemplation of my Misery; and, by considering what I enjoyed, I pacified my Discontent for what I wanted. I was not so close shut up, but that I could at Pleasure let in fresh Air, and take a Prospect of the City and adjacent Fields, at my

my Window. This made me reliſh my Priſon, with ſome Degree of Content. The Want which moſt afflicted me, was, that of Fountain Water; which, I durſt not ſo much as ask for, in ſuch Quantities as are requiſite to the Cleanneſs of a *Muſſulman*, leſt I ſhould have confirmed them in the Suſpicion, which was the Occaſion of my Impriſonment. For, I was ſure, my Actions would be narrowly obſerved.

The ſame Caution, made me not refuſe to eat of Swines Fleſh, and drink freely of Wine, when once invited to the *Governour*'s Table. 'Tis true, I had great Scruples and Fears upon me. But, I comforted my ſelf with thoſe Paſſages in the *Alcoran*, which ſeem to indulge us this Liberty in Caſe of Neceſſity, by aſſuring us, That *God* is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and that he requires not Unreaſonable Performances of his Creatures. Otherwiſe, I ſhould have thought, every Morſel I ſwallowed of that execrable Meat, would have choak'd me, and every Draught of Wine, have been my Poiſon. Tell me, *Great Oracle of Truth*, Whether in this I have not ſinned? I think my ſelf not innocent, till thou haſt pronounc'd me ſo. However, this Frankneſs in Eating and Drinking with the *Chriſtians*, without the leaſt Reſerve or Niceneſs, contributed ſomething to their better Opinion of me. Men are generally ſo wedded to their own Cuſtoms, that he looks like a Monſter, who thwarts them, and does not comply with the preſent Mode. And, the *French*, have

have a *Proverb*, *That when a Man's at* Rome, *he muſt live like the* Romans.

I believe, I was invited to this *Collation*, in Order to a Diſcovery; and, had I refuſed to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing Argument to theſe *Infidels*, That I was a *Muſſulman*.

If I have ſinned in this Point, I humbly crave thy *Abſolution* and *Prayers*; but, if I have done well, inform me, that ſo I may have *Peace* of *Conſcience*.

Paris, 24th *of the* 7th *Moon*,
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mehmet, *an* Eunuch-Page *in the* Seraglio.

THOU haſt long ago heard of my Impriſonment at *Paris*: let not the News of my Releaſe be unwelcome to thee. If thou didſt then Sympathize with my Sufferings, now take a Share in my Joy. I believe, thou haſt Friendſhip enough to do both; and, I am willing thou ſhouldſt divide the *One* with me, as well as the *Other*.

I will not therefore make thee melancholy, with a Rehearſal of my Fears and Apprehenſions, my Wants and Diſcontents, with other doleful Circumſtances of a Priſon. I am now at Liberty, let Sadneſs vaniſh. Yet, I have not ſo forgot my late Grief, as to be now exceſſive in my Joy; ſince I am liable to the ſame, or a Worſe Diſaſter again. It is never good to be ſecure, while we are ignorant what's the next Potion that *Fate* is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a Man upon his Guard; and, if any Stroke of Misfortune be aim'd at him, he is aware of the Blow, and ſo can either dexterouſly ward it off, or at leaſt take Honourable Quarter: Whereas, he that ſuffers himſelf to be diſſolv'd, and his Mind unbent with Proſperity, is taken Captive by Evil, without being able to make any eaſie Conditions

tions for himſelf. I love to have my Eyes open, and to look round the whole *Horizon* of Contingencies: I watch for the very Poſſibilities of Misfortune, that ſo I may not be catch'd napping by a Calamity, but be always in a State to Fence, or make Compoſition.

I will now tell thee with more Freedom than I did the *Muſti*, what happened to me during my Impriſonment. The *Governour* of the *Cittadel* where I was confin'd, invited me one Day to a Banquet. I need not give thee an Inventory of the various Diſhes, with which his Table was furniſhed: Our Entertainment was generous, he regal'd me beyond the Expectation of a Priſoner; and, had there not been a Deſign in it, I ſhould have admired the Bounty of this *Infidel*. But, his Treat was a Snare, and contrived for a *Teſt* of my *Religion*, Whether I was a *Diſciple* of *Mahomet* or *Jeſus*. Thou knoweſt, the *Chriſtians* eat Swines Fleſh, and drink Wine, which the *Muſſulmans* have in Abomination. We had Plenty of both at this Feaſt, and I durſt not be ſqueamiſh at either. I tell thee, though I eat of the One with little Pleaſure, yet I drank of the other without any Diſguſt. Theſe *Nazarenes*, imitate the Ancient *Gratians* at their Banquets, in drinking of *Healths* to ſuch as they moſt eſteem. The *Governour* plied me with Glaſſes, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and Self-preſervation, taught me to begin the Debauch; and, the Charms of that tempting Liquor, would not ſuffer me to ſhrink to the End.

The

The Wines of *France* are very delicate, and we had choice of the Best. The Pleasure I enjoyed at this Banquet, had almost reconciled me to the *Disciples* of *Hali*; and, I could have wish'd, our *Prophet* had been in a better Humour, when he forbid us the Juice of the Grape. He promises us Rivers of Wine in *Paradise*; and, while I was in my Cups, I thought he might connive at us, for taking a Glass or two sometimes on Earth. If thou hast not yet tasted this Enchanting Liquour, I wish thee to abstain as long as thou livest; for otherwise, thou wilt find it very difficult, to overcome the Desires of it, or to live without it. For my Part, I greedily longed for it, before ever I tasted it, because it was forbid. And now I have often had my Fill of it, my Appetite is encreased. The more I drink, the greater is my Thirst after it; which is never like to be quenched, till I shall drink at the Original Fountains of Wine in *Paradise*.

I do not think it is so great a Sin, as our *Doctors* would make us believe; since, the *Divine Lawgiver* prescribes Abstinence from Wine, rather as a Counsel than a Command. If thou art of another Opinion, I Censure thee not. The late *Sultan Amurath* was of my Mind; and, many *Grandees* at the *Port*, count it no *Heresie*. All the Danger lies in the Excess, I am no Advocate for Drunkards. Let these Things be spoken like Words in a Dream, which cannot be remembred again. Thou hast Prudence enough to take Care, that

that this Letter fall not into the Hands of such as shall dispose of it in the Wall of the *Hazoda*. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly discloſe such Paſſages as I would not have others be privy to.

After all, I declare I ſhould eſteem my ſelf much more happy, might I exchange *Paris* for *Conſtantinople*, and the moſt delicious Wines of *Europe*, for the wholeſom *Sherbets* of *Aſia*.

May *Heaven* fulfil my Deſire, to ſee thee once again, with the Reſt of my Friends at the *Seraglio*. Continue thy Affection to *Mahmut*, who loves his Friends without Hypocriſie. Adieu.

Paris 24th *of the* 7th *Moon, of the Year* 1645. *according to the* Chriſtian *Style*.

The End of the Second Volume.

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